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THE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

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THE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

WITH A

PREFATORY CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM

BY

LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
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PAMELA;

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PAMELA.

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THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Sunday, the fourth day of my happiness.

Not going to chapel this morning, the reason of which I told you, I bestowed the time, from the hour of my beloved's rising, to breakfast, in prayer and thanksgiving, in my closet; and now I begin to be quite easy, cheerful, and free in my spirits; and the rather, as I find myself encouraged by the tranquillity, and pleasing vivacity, in the temper and behaviour of my beloved, who thereby shows he does not repent of his goodness to me.

I attended him to breakfast with great pleasure and freedom, and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said, Now does my dearest begin to look upon me with an air of serenity and satisfaction: it shall be always, added he, my delight to give you occasion for this sweet becoming aspect of confidence and pleasure in me.—My heart, dear sir, said I, is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish tumults, which, combating with my gratitude, might give an unacceptable appearance to my behaviour: but now your goodness, sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneasy apprehensions, and my heart is all of *one* piece, and devoted to you, and grateful tranquillity. And could I be so happy as to see

you and my good Lady Davers reconciled, I have nothing in this world to wish for more, but the continuance of your favour. He said, I wish this reconciliation, my dearest, as well as you: and I do assure you, more for your sake than my own; and if she would behave tolerably, I would make the terms easier to her, for that reason.

He said, I will lay down one rule for you, my Pamela, to observe in your dress; and I will tell you everything I like or dislike, as it occurs to me: and I would have you do the same, on your part; that nothing may lie upon either of our minds that may occasion the least reservedness.

I have often observed, in married folks, that, in a little while, the lady grows careless in her dress; which, to me, looks as if she would take no pains to secure the affection she had gained; and shows a slight to her husband, that she had not to her lover. Now, you must know, this has always given me great offence; and I should not forgive it, even in my Pamela: though she would have *this* excuse for herself, that thousands could not make, that she looks lovely in everything. So, my dear, I shall expect of you always to be dressed by dinner-time, except something extraordinary happens; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or stay at home. For this, my love, will continue to you that sweet ease in your dress and behaviour, which you are so happy a mistress of; and whomsoever I bring home with me to my table, you'll be in readiness to receive them; and will not want to make those foolish apologies to unexpected visitors, that carry with them a reflection on the conduct of those who make them; and, besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your husband, as you would to persons less familiar to your sight.

This, dear sir, said I, is a most obliging injunction; and I most heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it.—Why, my dear, said he, you may better do this than half your sex; because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seemed to think it the privilege of birth and fortune, to turn day into night, and night into

day, and are seldom stirring till it is time to sit down to dinner; and so all the good old family rules are reversed: For they breakfast, when they should dine; dine, when they should sup; and sup, when they should go to bed; and, by the help of dear quadrille, sometimes go to bed when they should rise.—In all things but these, my dear, continued he, I expect you to be a lady. And my good mother was one of this oldfashioned cut, and, in all other respects, as worthy a lady as any in the kingdom. And so you have not been used to the new way, and may the easier practise the other.

Dear sir, said I, pray give me more of your sweet injunctions. Why then, continued he, I shall, in the usual course, and generally, if not hindered by company, like to go to bed with my dearest by eleven; and, if I don't, shan't hinder you. I ordinarily now rise by six in summer. I will allow you to lie half an hour after me, or so.

Then you'll have some time you may call your own, till you give me your company to breakfast; which may be always so, as that we may have done at a little after nine.

Then will you have several hours again at your disposal, till two o'clock, when I shall like to sit down at table.

You will then have several useful hours more to employ yourself in, as you shall best like; and I would generally go to supper by eight; and when we are resolved to stick to these oldfashioned rules, as near as we can, we shall have our visitors conform to them too, and expect them from us, and suit themselves accordingly: For I have always observed, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous jests at first, and that too from such, generally, as are not the most worthy to be minded; and, after a while, they will say, It signifies nothing to ask him: he will have his own way. There is no putting him out of his bias. He is a regular piece of clock-work, they will joke, and all that: And why, my dear, should we not be so? For man is as frail a piece of machinery as any clock-work whatever; and, by irregularity, is as subject to be disordered.

Then, my dear, continued the charming man, when they see they are received, at my *own* times, with an open countenance and cheerful heart; when they see plenty and variety at my board, and meet a kind and hearty welcome from us both; they will not offer to break in upon my conditions, nor grudge me my regular hours: And as most of these people have nothing to do, except to rise in a morning, they may as well come to breakfast with us at half an hour after eight, in summer, as at ten or eleven; to dinner at two, as at four, five, or six; and to supper at eight, as at ten or eleven. And then our servants, too, will know, generally, the times of their business, and the hours of their leisure or recess; and we, as well as they, shall reap the benefits of this regularity. And who knows, my dear, but we may revive the good old fashion in our neighbourhood, by this means?—At least, it will be doing our parts towards it; and answering the good lesson I learned at school, *Every one mend one.* And the worst that will happen will be, that when some of my brother rakes, such as those who broke in upon us, so unwelcomely, last Thursday, are got out of the way, if that can ever be, and begin to consider who they shall go to dine with in their rambles, they will only say, We must not go to him, for his dinner-time is over; and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better; or, perhaps, they will take a supper and a bed with me instead of it.

Now, my dearest, continued the kind man, you see here are more of my injunctions, as you call them; and though I will not be so set, as to quarrel, if they are not always exactly complied with; yet, as I know you won't think them unreasonable, I shall be glad they may, as often as they can; and you will give your orders accordingly to *your* Mrs. Jervis, who is a good woman, and will take pleasure in obeying you.

Oh dearest, dear sir, said I, have you nothing more to honour me with? You oblige and improve me at the same time.—What a happy lot is mine!

Why, let me see, my dearest, said he—But I think of no

nore at present: For it would be needless to say how nuch I value you for your natural sweetness of temper, nd that open cheerfulness of countenance, which adorns 'ou, when nothing has given my fairest apprehensions for ıer virtue: A sweetness, and a cheerfulness, that prepos- esses in your favour, at first sight, the mind of every one hat beholds you.—I need not, I hope, say, that I would ıave you diligently preserve this sweet appearance: Let no hwarting accident, no cross fortune (for we must not xpect to be exempt from such, happy as we now are in ach other!), deprive this sweet face of this its *principal* race: And when anything unpleasing happens, in a uarter of an hour, at farthest, begin to mistrust yourself, nd apply to your glass; and if you see a gloom arising, or risen, banish it instantly; smooth your dear countenance; esume your former composure; and then, my dearest, vhose heart must always be seen in her face, and cannot e a hypocrite, will find this a means to smooth her passions lso: And if the occasion be too strong for so sudden a onquest, she will know how to do it more effectually, by epairing to her closet, and begging that gracious assistance, vhich has never yet failed her: And so shall I, my dear, vho, as you once but too justly observed, have been too nuch indulged by my good mother, have an example from 'ou, as well as a pleasure in you, which will never be alled.

One thing, continued he, I have frequently observed at he house of many a gentleman, that when we have unex- ectedly visited, or broken in upon the family order laid lown by the lady; and especially if any of us have lain nder the suspicion of having occasionally seduced our narried companion into bad hours, or given indifferent xamples, the poor *gentleman* has been oddly affected at ur coming; though the good breeding of the *lady* has nade her just keep up appearances. *He* has looked so onscious; has been so afraid, as it were, to disoblige; has nade so many excuses for some of us, before we had been ccused, as have always shown me how unwelcome we have

been; and how much he is obliged to compound with his lady for a tolerable reception of us; and, perhaps, *she* too, in proportion to the honest man's concern to court her smiles, has been more reserved, stiff, and formal; and has behaved with an indifference and slight that has often made me wish myself out of *her* house; for too plainly have I seen that it was not *his*.

This, my dear, you will judge, by my description, has afforded me subject for animadversion upon the married life; for a man may not (though, in the main, he is willing to flatter himself that he is master of his house, and will assert his prerogative upon great occasions, when it is strongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and such women as those I have described, are always ready to take the field, and are worse enemies than the old Parthians, who annoy most when they seem to retreat; and never fail to return to the charge again, and carry on the offensive war, till they have tired our resistance, and made the husband willing, like a vanquished enemy, to compound for small matters, in order to preserve something. At least the poor man does not care to let his friends see his case; and so will not provoke a fire to break out, that he sees (and so do his friends too) the *meek* lady has much ado to smother; and which, very possibly, burns with a most comfortable ardour, after we are gone.

You smile, my Pamela, said he, at this whimsical picture; and, I am sure, I never shall have reason to include you in these disagreeable outlines; but yet I will say, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my house, that you accustom yourself to one even, uniform complaisance: That no frown take place on your brow: That however ill or well provided we may be for their reception, you show no flutter or discomposure: That whoever you may have in your company at the time, you signify not, by the least reserved look, that the stranger is come upon you unseasonably, or at a time you wished he had not. But be facetious, kind, obliging to all; and, if to one more than another, to such as have the least reason to expect it from you, or who are most inferior

at the table; for thus will you, my Pamela, cheer the doubting mind, quiet the uneasy heart, and diffuse ease, pleasure, and tranquillity around my board.

And be sure, my dear, continued he, let no little accidents ruffle your temper. I shall never forget once that I was at Lady Arthur's; and a footman happened to stumble, and let fall a fine china dish, and broke it all to pieces: It was grievous to see the uneasiness it gave the poor lady: And she was so sincere in it, that she suffered it to spread all over the company; and it was a pretty large one too; and not a person in it but turned either her consoler, or fell into stories of the like misfortunes; and so we all became, for the rest of the evening, nothing but blundering footmen, and careless servants, or were turned into broken jars, plates, glasses, tea-cups, and such like brittle substances. And it affected me so much, that, when I came home, I went to bed, and dreamt, that Robin, with the handle of his whip, broke the fore glass of my chariot; and I was so solicitous, methought, to keep the good lady in countenance for *her* anger, that I broke his head in revenge, and stabbed one of my coach-horses. And all the comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not exposed myself before company; and there were no sufferers but guilty Robin, and one innocent coach-horse.

I was exceedingly diverted with the facetious hints, and the pleasant manner in which he gave them; and I promised to improve by the excellent lessons contained in them.

I then went up and dressed myself, as like a bride as I could, in my best clothes; and, on inquiry, hearing my dearest master was gone to walk in the garden, I went to find him out. He was reading in the little alcove; and I said, Sir, am I licensed to intrude upon you?—No, my dear, said he, because you cannot *intrude*. I am so wholly yours, that, wherever I am, you have not only a right to join me, but you do me a very acceptable favour at the same time.

I have, sir, said I, obeyed your first kind injunction, as

to dressing myself before dinner; but maybe you are busy, sir. He put up the papers he was reading, and said, I can have no business or pleasure of equal value to your company, my dear. What were you going to say?—Only, sir, to know if you have any more kind injunctions to give me? —I could hear you talk a whole day together.—You are very obliging, Pamela, said he; but you are so perfectly what I wish, that I might have spared those I gave you; but I was willing you should have a taste of my freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me: For I am confident there can be no friendship lasting, without freedom, and without communicating to one another even the little caprices, if my Pamela can have any such, which may occasion uneasiness to either.

Now, my dear, said he, be so kind as to find some fault with me, and tell me what you would wish me to do, to appear more agreeable to you. Oh, sir, said I, and I could have kissed him, but for shame (to be sure I shall grow a sad fond hussy), I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not one!—He saluted me very kindly, and said, he should be sorry if I had, and forbore to speak it. Do you think, my dear sir, said I, that your Pamela has no conscience? Do you think, that because you so kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that she must rack her invention for trials of your goodness, and knows not when she's happy?—Oh, my dearest sir, added I, less than one half of the favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost wishes!

My dear angel, said he, and kissed me again, I shall be troublesome to you with my kisses, if you continue thus sweetly obliging in your actions and expressions. Oh, sir, said I, I have been thinking, as I was dressing myself, what excellent lessons you teach me!

When you commanded me, at your table to cheer the doubting mind and comfort the uneasy heart, and to behave most kindly to those who have least reason to expect it, and are most inferior; how sweetly, in every instance that could possibly occur, have you done this yourself by your

poor, unworthy Pamela, till you have diffused, in your own dear words, ease, pleasure, and tranquillity around my glad heart!

Then again, sir, when you bid me not be disturbed by little accidents, or by strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an instance did you give me of this, when, on our happy wedding-day, the coming of Sir Charles Hargrave, and the other two gentlemen (for which you were quite unprovided, and which hindered our happiness of dining together on that chosen day), did not so disturb you, but that you entertained the gentlemen pleasantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly! What charming instances are these, I have been recollecting with pleasure, of your pursuing the doctrine you deliver.

My dear, said he, these observations are very kind in you, and much to my advantage: But if I do not always (for I fear these were too much accidents) so well pursue the doctrines I lay down, my Pamela must not expect that my imperfections will be a plea for her non-observance of my lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt I shall never be half so perfect as you; and so I cannot permit you to recede in your goodness, though I may find myself unable to advance as I ought in my duty.

I hope, sir, said I, by God's grace, I never shall. I believe it, said he; but I only mention this, knowing my own defects, lest my future lessons should not be so well warranted by my practice, as in the instances you have kindly recollected.

He was pleased to take notice of my dress; and spanning my waist with his hands, said, What a sweet shape is here! It would make one regret to lose it; and yet, my beloved Pamela, I shall think nothing but that loss wanting, to complete my happiness.—I put my bold hand before his mouth, and said, Hush, hush! Oh fie, sir!—The freest thing you have ever yet said, since I have been yours!—He kissed my hand, and said, Such an innocent wish, my dearest, may be permitted me, because it is the end of the institu-

tion.—But say, would such a case be unwelcome to my Pamela?—I will say, sir, said I, and hid my blushing face on his bosom, that your wishes, in everything, shall be mine; but, pray, sir, say no more. He kindly saluted me, and thanked me, and changed the subject.—I was not too free, I hope.

Thus we talked, till we heard the coaches; and then he said, Stay here, in the garden, my dear, and I'll bring the company to you. And when he was gone, I passed by the back-door, kneeled down against it, and blessed God for not permitting my then so much desired escape. I went to the pond, and kneeled down on the mossy bank, and again blessed God there, for His mercy in my escape from myself, my then worst enemy, though I thought I had none but enemies, and no friend near me. And so I ought to do in almost every step of this garden, and every room in this house!—And I was bending my steps to the dear little chapel, to make my acknowledgment there; but I saw the company coming towards me.

Miss Darnford said, So, Miss Andrews, how do you do now? Oh, you look so easy, so sweetly, so pleased, that I know you'll let me dance at your wedding, for I shall long to be there! Lady Jones was pleased to say I looked like an angel: And Mrs. Peters said, I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady Darnford was also pleased to make a fine compliment, and said, I looked freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear heart! I wish, thought I, you would spare these compliments; for I shall have some joke, I doubt, passed on me by and by, that will make me suffer for all these fine things.

Mr. Peters said, softly, God bless you, dear *daughter!*—But not so much as my wife knows it.—Sir Simon came in last, and took me by the hand, and said, Mr. B——, by your leave; and kissed my hand five or six times, as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free jest, by way of compliment, in his way. Well, I think a *young rake* is hardly tolerable; but an *old rake*, and an *old beau*, are two very sad things!—And all this before

daughters, women-grown!—I whispered my dearest, a little after, and said, I fear I shall suffer much from Sir Simon's rude jokes, by and by, when you reveal the matter.—Tis his way, my dear, said he; you must now grow above these things.—Miss Nanny Darnford said to me, with a sort of half grave, ironical air,—Well, Miss Andrews, if I may judge by your easy deportment now, to what it was when I saw you last, I hope you will let my sister, if you won't me, see the happy knot tied! For she is quite wild about it.—I courtesied, and only said, You are all very good to me, ladies.—Mr. Peters's niece said, Well, Miss Andrews, I hope, before we part, we shall be told the happy day. My good master heard her, and said, You shall, you shall, madam.—That's pure, said Miss Darnford.

He took me aside, and said softly, Shall I lead them to the alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to dinner?—Neither, sir, I think, said I, I fear I shan't stand it.—Nay, said he, they must know it; I would not have invited them else.—Why then, sir, said I, let it alone till they are going away.—Then, replied he, you must pull off your ring. No, no, sir, said I, that I must not.—Well, said he, do you tell Miss Darnford of it yourself.—Indeed, sir, answered I, I cannot.

Mrs. Jewkes came officiously to ask my master, just then, if she should bring a glass of rhenish and sugar before dinner, for the gentlemen and ladies: And he said, That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. Jewkes.

And she came, with Nan attending her, with two bottles and glasses, and a salver; and must needs, making a low courtesy, offer first to me; saying, Will your ladyship begin? I coloured like scarlet, and said, No;—my master, to be sure!

But they all took the hint; and Miss Darnford said, I'll be hanged if they have not stolen a wedding! Said Mrs. Peters, It must certainly be so! Ah! Mr. Peters.

I'll assure you, said he, I have not married them. Where were you, said she, and Mr. Williams, last Thursday morning? Said Sir Simon, Let me alone, let me alone;

if anything has been stolen, I'll find it out! I'm a justice of the peace, you know. And so he took me by the hand, and said, Come, madam, answer me, by the oath you have taken: Are you married or not?

My master smiled, to see me look so like a fool; and I said, Pray, Sir Simon!—Ay, ay, said he; I thought you did not look so smirking upon us for nothing.—Well, then, Pamela, said my master, since your blushes discover you, don't be ashamed, but confess the truth!

Now, said Miss Darnford, I am quite angry; and, said Lady Darnford, I am quite pleased; let me give you joy, dear madam, if it be so. And so they all said, and saluted me all round.—I was vexed it was before Mrs. Jewkes; for she shook her fat sides, and seemed highly pleased to be a means of discovering it.

Nobody, said my master, wishes me joy. No, said Lady Jones very obligingly, nobody need; for, with such a peerless spouse, you want no good wishes:—And he saluted them; and when he came last to me, said, before them all, Now, my sweet bride, my Pamela, let me conclude with you; for here I began to love, and here I desire to end loving, but not till my life ends.

This was sweetly said, and taken great notice of; and it was doing credit to his own generous choice, and vastly more than I merited.

But I was forced to stand many more jokes afterwards: For Sir Simon said, several times, Come, come, madam, now you are become one of us, I shall be a little less scrupulous than I have been, I'll assure you.

When we came in to dinner, I made no difficulty of what all offered me, the upper end of the table; and performed the honours of it with pretty tolerable presence of mind, considering. And, with much ado, my good benefactor promising to be down again before winter, we got off the ball; but appointed Tuesday evening, at Lady Darnford's, to take leave of all this good company, who promised to be there, my master designing to set out on Wednesday morning for Bedfordshire.

We had prayers in the little chapel, in the afternoon; but they all wished for the good clerk again, with great encomiums upon you, my dear father; and the company stayed supper also, and departed exceeding well satisfied, and with abundance of wishes for the continuance of our mutual happiness; and my master desired Mr. Peters to answer for him to the ringers at the town, if they should hear of it; till our return into this country; and that then he would be bountiful to them, because he would not publicly declare it till he had first done so in Bedfordshire.

—o—

Monday, the fifth day.

I HAVE had very little of my dear friend's company this day; for he only stayed breakfast with me, and rode out to see a sick gentleman about eighteen miles off, who begged (by a man and horse on purpose) to speak with him, believing he should not recover, and upon part of whose estate my master has a mortgage. He said, My dearest, I shall be very uneasy, if I am obliged to tarry all night from you; but, lest you should be alarmed, if I don't come home by ten, don't expect me: For poor Mr. Carlton and I have pretty large concerns together; and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my presence (as I know he loves me, and his family will be more in my power, if he dies, than I wish for), charity will not let me refuse.

It is now ten o'clock at night, and I fear he will not return. I *fear*, for the sake of his poor sick friend, who, I doubt, is worse. Though I know not the gentleman, I am sorry for his own sake, for his family's sake, and for my dear master's sake, who, by his kind expressions, I find, loves him: And, methinks, I should be sorry any grief should touch his generous heart; though yet there is no living in this world, without too many occasions for concern, even in the most prosperous state. And it is fit it should be so; or else, poor wretches, as we are! we should look no farther, but be like sensual travellers on a journey

homeward, who, meeting with good entertainment at some inn on the way, put up their rest there, and never think of pursuing their journey to their proper home.—This, I remember, was often a reflection of my good lady's, to whom I owe it.

—o—

Eleven o'clock.

MRS. JEWKES has been with me, and asked if I will have her for a bedfellow, in want of a better? I thanked her; but I said, I would see how it was to lie by myself one night.

I might have mentioned, that I made Mrs. Jewkes dine and sup with me; and she was much pleased with it, and my behaviour to her. And I could see, by her manner, that she was a little struck inwardly at some of her former conduct to me. But, poor wretch! it is much, I fear, because I am what I am; for she has otherwise very little remorse, I doubt. Her talk and actions are entirely different from what they used to be, quite circumspect and decent; and I should have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another light.

By this we may see, my dear father and mother, of what force example is, and what is in the power of the heads of families to do: And this shows, that evil examples, in superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, because such persons are bad *themselves*, and not only do no good, but much *harm* to others; and the condemnation of such must, to be sure, be so much the greater!—And how much the greater still must my condemnation be, who have had such a religious education under you, and been so well nurtured by my good lady, if I should forget, with all these mercies heaped upon me, what belongs to the station I am preferred to!—Oh how I long to be doing some good! For all that is past yet, is my dear, dear master's, God bless him! and return him safe to my wishes! for methinks, already, 'tis a week since I saw him. If my love would not

be troublesome and impertinent, I should be nothing else; for I have a true grateful spirit; and I had need to have such a one, for I am poor in everything but will.

Tuesday morning, eleven o'clock.

My dear, dear—master (I'm sure I should still say; but I will learn to rise to a softer epithet, now and then) is not yet come. I hope he is safe and well!—So Mrs. Jewkes and I went to breakfast. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his kindness to me, and to you, which is still *me*, more intimately!—I have just received a letter from him, which he wrote overnight, as I find by it, and sent early this morning. This is a copy of it.

TO MRS. ANDREWS.

Monday night.

'My dearest Pamela,—I hope my not coming home 'this night will not frighten you. You may believe I can't 'help it. My poor friend is so very ill, that I doubt he 'can't recover. His desires to have me stay with him are 'so strong, that I shall sit up all night with him, as it is 'now near one o'clock in the morning; for he can't bear 'me out of his sight: And I have made him and his distressed 'wife and children so easy, in the kindest assurances I could 'give him of my consideration for him and them, that I am 'looked upon (as the poor disconsolate widow, as she, I 'doubt, will soon be, tells me), as their good angel. I could 'have wished we had not engaged to the good neighbour-'hood at Sir Simon's for to-morrow night; but I am so 'desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house, that, 'as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, 'who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off. 'What I beg of you, therefore, my dear, is, that you would 'go in the chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the day 'the better, because you will be diverted with the com-

'pany, who all so much admire you; and I hope to join 'you there by your tea-time in the afternoon, which will 'be better than going home, and returning with you, as it 'will be six miles difference to me; and I know the good 'company will excuse my dress, on the occasion. I count 'every hour of this little absence for a day: for I am, with 'the utmost sincerity,

'My dearest love, for ever yours, &c.

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be a freedom 'that would be very pleasing to them; and the more, 'as they don't expect it.'

I begin to have a little concern, lest his fatigue should be too great, and for the poor sick gentleman and family; but told Mrs. Jewkes, that the least intimation of his choice should be a command to me, and so I would go to dinner there; and ordered the chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a messenger came up, just as I was dressed, to tell her she must come down immediately. I see at the window that visitors are come; for there is a chariot and six horses, the company gone out of it, and three footmen on horseback; and I think the chariot has coronets. Who can it be, I wonder?—But here I will stop, for I suppose I shall soon know.

Good sirs! how unlucky this is! What shall I do!—Here is Lady Davers come, her own self! and my kind protector a great great many miles off!—Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, comes and tells me this, and says, she is inquiring for my master and me. She asked her, it seemed, naughty lady as she is, if I was *whored* yet! There's a word for a lady's mouth! Mrs. Jewkes says, she knew not what to answer. And my lady said, She is not married, I hope? And said she, I said, No: because you have not owned it yet publicly. My lady said, That was well enough. Said I, I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes; and let the chariot go to the bottom of the elm-walk, and I will steal out of the door un-

perceived.—But she is inquiring for you, madam, replied she, and I said you was within, but going out; and she said, she would see you presently, as soon as she could have patience. What did she call me? said I. *The creature,* madam; *I will see the creature,* said she, *as soon as I can have patience.* Ay, but, said I, *the creature* won't let her, if she can help it.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favour my escape, for this once; for I am sadly frighted.—Said she, I'll bid the chariot go down, as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserved; for she sits cooling herself in the parlour, over against the staircase. That's a good Mrs. Jewkes! said I: But who has she with her? Her woman, answered she, and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables; and they have three footmen.—And I wish, said I, they were all three hundred miles off!—What shall I do?—So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the coast is clear.

Mrs. Jewkes tells me I must come down, or she will come up. What does she call me now? said I. *Wench,* madam. *Bid the wench come down to me.* And her nephew and her woman are with her.

Said I, I can't go, and that's enough!—You might contrive it that I might get out, if you would.—Indeed, madam, said she, I cannot; for I went to shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase. Then, said I, I'll get out of the window, I think! —(and fanned myself;) for I am sadly frightened. Laud, madam, said she, I wonder you so much disturb yourself!— You're on the right side the hedge, I'm sure; and I would not be so discomposed for anybody. Ay, said I, but who can help constitution? I daresay you would no more be so discomposed, than I can help it.—Said she, Indeed, madam, if it was to me, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you *are,* and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome. Ay, ay, replied I, fine talking!—But how unlucky this is, your good master is not at home!

What answer shall I give her, said she, to her desiring to see you?—Tell her, said I, I am sick a-bed; I'm dying, and must not be disturbed; I'm gone out—or anything.

But her woman came up to me just as I had uttered this, and said, How do you do, Mrs. Pamela? My lady desires to speak to you. So I must go.—Sure she won't beat me!—Oh that my dear protector was at home!

Well, now I will tell you all that happened in this frightful interview.—And very bad it was.

I went down, dressed as I was, and my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, to be just ready to step into the chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling fits had been over now; but I was mistaken; for I trembled sadly. Yet resolved to put on as good an air as I could.

So I went to the parlour, and said, making a very low courtesy, Your servant, my good lady! And your servant again, said she, *my lady*, for I think you are dressed out like one.

A charming girl, though! said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath: Dear aunt, forgive me, but I must kiss her; and was coming to me. And I said, Forbear, uncivil gentleman! I won't be used freely. Jackey, said my lady, sit down, and don't touch the creature:—She's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, I'll assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, child, said she sneeringly, how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on, of late!—I hear strange reports about thee!—Thou'rt almost got into fool's paradise, I doubt!—And wilt find thyself terribly mistaken in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family to humour thy baby-face!

I see, said I, sadly vexed (her woman and nephew smiling by), your ladyship has no very important commands for me; and I beg leave to withdraw. Beck, said she to her woman, shut the door, my young lady and I must not have done so soon.

Where's your well-mannered deceiver gone, child?—says she.—Said I, When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear child, said she in drollery, don't be too *pert* neither, I beseech thee. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready to take thy freedoms, as thy mannerly master is!—So, a little of that modesty and humility that my mother's waiting-maid used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself, since my mother's son has taught thee to forget thyself.

I would beg, said I, one favour of your ladyship, that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree.—Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget my degree, wouldst thou not keep thy distance then?

If you, madam, said I, lessen the distance yourself, you will descend to my level, and make an equality, which I don't presume to think of; for I can't descend lower than I am—at least in your ladyship's esteem!

Did I not tell you, Jackey, said she, that I should have a wit to talk to?—He, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapped out an oath, and said, drolling, I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!—Sir, said I, I hope there was no need of your information, and so I can't thank you for it; and am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath to convince me of the truth of it.

He looked more foolish than I, at this, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand:—And said at last, Why, Mrs. Pamela, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof!—Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine gentleman; and it will not be easily done, I daresay.

How now, pert one, said my lady, do you know whom you talk to?—I think I do not, madam, replied I: and for fear I should forget myself more, I'll withdraw. Your ladyship's servant, said I; and was going: but she rose, and gave me a push, and pulled a chair, and, setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands; but I was ready to cry though. And I went, and sat down, and fanned myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence. And my lady, though she did not hear *her*, said, You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave.

So I stood up, and said, When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, one might be indulged to sit down. But I asked you, said she, Whither your master is gone? To one Mr. Carlton, madam, about eighteen miles off, who is very sick. And when does he come home?—This evening, madam. And where are you going? To a gentleman's house in the town, madam.—And how was you to go? In the chariot, madam.—Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure!—I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child!—Was you ever out in it with your master?

Pray, your ladyship, said I, a little too pertly, perhaps, be pleased to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all!—Why, boldface, said she, you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time.

I could no longer refrain tears, but said, Pray your ladyship, let me ask what I have done, to be thus severely treated? I never did your ladyship any harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleased to hint, I should be more entitled to your pity, than your anger.

She rose, and took me by the hand, and led me to her chair; and then sat down; and still holding my hand, said, Why, Pamela, I did indeed pity you while I thought you innocent; and when my brother seized you, and brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concerned for you; and I was still more concerned for you, and loved you, when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and

have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruined (*this shocked me a little*), I cannot help showing my displeasure to you.

Madam, replied I, I must beg no hasty judgment; I have *not* lost my innocence.—Take care, take care, Pamela! said she: don't lose your veracity, as well as your honour! —Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please?—I will make one proposal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me?—I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you'll go with me.—Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, madam, replied I, and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this. Then, said she, very mannerly, Thou liest, child, that's all: and I give thee up!

And so she arose, and walked about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, Your ladyship's very good; 'tis a plain case; a very plain case!

I would have removed the chair, to have gone out; but her nephew came and sat in it. This provoked me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honour I was raised to, though I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit; and I said, What, sir, is *your* pretence in this house, to keep me a prisoner here? Because, said he—I like it.—Do you so, sir? replied I: if that is the answer of a gentleman to such an one as I, it would not, I daresay, be the answer of a gentleman to a gentleman.—My lady! my lady! said he, a challenge, a challenge, by gad! No, sir, said I, I am of a sex that gives no challenges; and you think so too, or you would not give this occasion for the word.

Said my lady, Don't be surprised, nephew; the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bed-fellow.—Pamela, Pamela, said she, and tapped me upon the shoulder two or three times, in anger, thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy bold master's assurance, and art fit to go anywhere.—Then, and please

your ladyship, said I, I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may quit it.

No, replied she, I will know first what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent? I can give, said I, a very good one: but I beg to be excused. I will hear it, said she. Why, then, answered I, I should perhaps have less reason to like this gentleman, than where I am.

Well, then, said she, I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and give you up safe to them. What do you say to that?—Ay, Mrs. Pamela, said her nephew, now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore gad, madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleased, madam, said I, to call off this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me baited. I'll be d—d, said he, if she does not make me a bull-dog! Why she'll toss us all by and by? Sir, said I, you indeed behave as if you were in a bear-garden.

Jackey, be quiet, said my lady. You only give her a pretence to evade my questions. Come, answer me, Pamela. I will, madam, said I, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be beholden to your ladyship for this honour; for I am to set out to-morrow morning on the way to my parents.—Now again thou liest, wench!—I am not of quality, said I, to answer such language.—Once again, said she, provoke me not, by these reflections, and this pertness; if thou dost, I shall do something by thee unworthy of myself. That, thought I, you have done already; but I ventured not to say so. But who is to carry you, said she, to your father and mother? Who my master pleases, madam, said I. Ay, said she, I doubt not thou wilt do everything he pleases, if thou hast not already. Why now tell me, Pamela, from thy heart, hast thou not been in bed with thy master? Ha, wench!—I was quite shocked at this, and said, I wonder how your ladyship can use me thus!—I am sure you can expect no answer; and my sex, and my tender

years, might exempt me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality, and who, be the distance ever so great, is of the same sex with me.

Thou art a confident wench, said she, I see!—Pray, madam, said I, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town, to dinner. No, replied she, I can't spare you; and whomsoever you are to go to, will excuse you, when they are told 'tis *I* that command you not to go;—and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Would-be*, if you consider, that it is the unexpected coming of your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that *commands* your stay.

But a pre-engagement, your ladyship will consider, is something.—Ay, so it is; but I know not what reason waiting-maids have to assume these airs of *pre-engagements!* O Pamela, Pamela! I am sorry for thy thus aping thy betters, and giving thyself such airs: I see thou'rt quite spoiled! Of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wast, and humble too, thou art now fit for nothing in the world but what I fear thou art.

Why, please your ladyship, said her kinsman, what signifies all you say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy-dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out.—Bad as you take me to be, madam, said I, I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me; and I won't bear it.

Well, Jackey, said she, be silent; and, shaking her head, Poor girl!—said she—what a sweet innocence is here destroyed!—A thousand pities!—I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and then has assumed a carriage upon it, that all those creatures are distinguished by!

I cried sadly for vexation; and said, Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word.——

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and asked if her ladyship was ready for dinner? She said, Yes. I would have gone out

with her: but my lady said, taking my hand, she could not spare me. And, miss, said she, you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by, for you *shan't* go; and, if you behave well, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you.

Mrs. Jewkes said to me, Madam, may I speak one word with you?—I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes, said I; for my lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner.

What you have to say, Mrs. Jewkes, said she, you may speak before me. But she went out, and seemed vexed for me; and she says, I looked like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlour, and for *three* persons, and she led me in: Come, my little dear, said she, with a sneer, I'll hand you in; and I would have you think it as well as if it was my brother.

What a sad case, thought I, should I be in, if I were as naughty as she thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.

Jackey, said my lady, come, let us go to dinner. She said to her woman, Do you, Beck, help Pamela to 'tend us; we will have no men-fellows.—Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves? I have not, madam, said I, deserved this at your ladyship's hands.

Mrs. Jewkes, coming in with the first dish, she said, Do you expect anybody else, Mrs. Jewkes, that you lay the cloth for *three?* Said she, I hoped your ladyship and madam would have been so well reconciled, that she would have sat down too.—What means the clownish woman? said my lady, in great disdain: Could you think the creature should sit down with me? She does, madam, and please your ladyship, with my master.—I doubt it not, good woman, said she, and lies with him too, does she not? Answer me, fat-face!—How these ladies are privileged.

If she does, madam, said she, there may be a *reason* for it, perhaps! and went out.—So! said she, has the wench got thee over too? Come, my little dear, pull off thy gloves, I say; and off she pulled my left glove herself, and spied my ring. Oh, my dear God! said she, if the wench

has not got a ring!—Well, this is a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably tricked? And so, poor innocent, thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble? And, I'll warrant, my little dear has topped her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition!—Why, said she, and turned me round, thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus tricked out, and talkest of thy *pre-engagements!* Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee!

I was then resolved to try to be silent, although most sadly vexed.—So I went and sat me down in the window, and she took her place at the upper end of the table; and her saucy Jackey, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her. Said he, Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam? Ay, well thought of! said my lady: Pray, Mrs. Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place!—I said nothing.

Said she, with a poor pun, Thou hast some modesty, however, child! for thou canst not *stand it*, so must, *sit down*, though in my presence!—I still kept my seat, and said nothing.—Thought I, this is a sad thing, that I am hindered too from showing my duty where it is most due, and shall have anger there too, may be, if my dear master should be there before me!—So she ate some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a fowl, said, If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast, or anything. But may be, child, said he, thou likest the rump; shall I bring it thee? And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself.—For he is the son of Lord ——; and his mother, who was Lord Davers' sister, being dead, he has received what education he has, from Lord Davers' direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! he'll ne'er die for a plot—at least of his own hatching. If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But, for one of

25 or 26 years of age, much about the age of my dear master, he is a most odd mortal.

Pamela, said my lady, help me to a glass of wine. No, Beck, said she, *you* shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my lady bride confer that honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand* up. I was silent, and never stirred.

Dost hear, *chastity?* said she, help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee.—What! not stir? Then I'll come and help *thee* to one. Still I stirred not, and, fanning myself, continued silent. Said she, When I have asked thee, meek one, half a dozen questions together, I suppose thou wilt answer them all at once! Pretty creature, is not that it?

I was so vexed, I bit a piece of my fan out, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myself.

I believe, said she, my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, modest one, I shall be entitled to an answer.

He rose and brought the bottle and glass; Come, said he, Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help my lady, and I will be your deputy. Sir, replied I, it is in a good hand; help my lady yourself.—Why, creature, said she, dost thou think thyself above it?—And then flew into a passion:—Insolence! continued she, this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or——

So I took a little spirit then—Thought I, I can but be beat.—If, said I, to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received honours, that she thinks require her to act another part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I *cannot* do it.

She seemed quite surprised, and looked now upon her kinsman, and then upon her woman—I'm astonished—quite astonished!—Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you my brother's wife; would you not?

Your ladyship, said I, *compels* me to say this!—Well,

returned she, but dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?—Silence, said her kinsman, gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?

Tell me, said my lady, what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister?—Madam, replied I, that is a question will better become your most worthy brother to answer, than me.

She was rising in great wrath: but her woman said, Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded so, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she'll be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger. True, Beck, very true, said my lady; but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature in the meantime.

I would have gone out at the door, but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride, and violent temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behaviour, you will, maybe, have cause to repent it: and went and sat down in the window again.

Another challenge, by gad! said he; but I am glad she says her master!—You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is married, and so has not been *so* much deluded as you think for: And, coming to me with a most barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, My new aunt, your *blessing* or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!

I gave him a most contemptuous look: Tinselled toy! said I (for he was laced all over), twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better; meantime, sport with your footman, and not with me! and so I removed to another window nearer the door, and he looked like a sad fool, as he is.

Beck, Beck, said my lady, this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers's to

be thus used by such a slut? And was coming to me: And indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, Pray your ladyship, don't so discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your good ladyship and your brother: For my master doats upon madam.

Woman, said she, do thou be silent! Sure, I that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants in it!

I beg pardon, madam, replied Mrs. Jewkes; and, turning to me, said, Madam, my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you thus. So I rose to go out; but my lady said, If it was only for *that* reason, she shan't go.—And went to the door and shut it, and said to Mrs. Jewkes, Woman, don't come again till I call you; and coming to me, took my hand, and said, Find your legs, miss, if you please.

I stood up, and she tapped my cheek! Oh! says she, that scarlet glow shows what a rancorous little heart thou hast, if thou durst show it! but come this way; and so led me to her chair: Stand there, said she, and answer me a few questions while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent master to account; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravelled; for, between you, I will come to the bottom of it.

When she had sat down, I moved to the window on the other side of the parlour, looking into the private garden; and her woman said, Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry. Stand by her ladyship, as she bids you. Said I, Pray, good now, let it suffice *you* to attend your lady's commands, and don't lay *yours* upon *me*.—Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela, said she. Times are much altered with you, I'll assure you! Said I, Her ladyship has a very good plea to be free in the house that she was *born* in; but you may as well confine your freedoms to the house in which you had your *breeding*. Why, how now, Mrs. Pamela, said she;

since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a piece of my mind. Hush, hush, *good woman,* said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes, my lady wants not your assistance: —Besides, I can't scold!

The woman was ready to flutter with vexation; and Lord Jackey laughed as if he would burst his sides: G—d d—n me, Beck, said he, you'd better let her alone to my lady here; for she'll be too many for twenty such as you and I! —And then he laughed again, and repeated—I *can't scold,* quoth-a! but, by gad, miss, you can speak d—d spiteful words, I can tell you that!—Poor Beck, poor Beck!—'Fore gad, she's quite dumb-foundered!

Well, but, Pamela, said my lady, come hither, and tell me truly, Dost thou think thyself really married?—Said I, and approached her chair, My good lady, I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me, and not be so angry as you are: But I can't bear to be used thus by this gentleman, and your ladyship's woman. Child, said she, thou art very impertinent to my kinsman; thou canst not be civil to me; and my ladyship's woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing!—Dost thou think thou art really married?

I see, madam, said I, you are resolved not to be pleased with *any* answer I shall return: If I should say, I am not, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and, perhaps, I should tell a fib. If I should say, I am, your ladyship will ask, how I have the impudence to be so?—and will call it a sham marriage. I will, said she, be answered more directly. Why, what, madam, does it signify what I think? Your ladyship will believe as you please.

But canst thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly, said she, to think thyself actually married to *my* brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots. —Well, well, said I (and was in a sad flutter), as I am easy, and pleased with my lot, pray, madam, let me continue so, as long as I can. It will be time enough for me to know the worst, when the worst comes. And if it should

be so bad, your ladyship should pity me, rather than thus torment me before my time.

Well, said she, but dost not think I am concerned, that a young wench, whom my poor dear mother loved so well, should thus cast herself away, and suffer herself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand as thou madst for so long a time?

I think myself far from being deluded and undone, and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my life. Thou liest, child, said she.

So your ladyship told me twice before.

She gave me a slap on the hand for this; and I made a low courtesy, and said, I humbly thank your ladyship! but I could not refrain tears: And added, Your dear brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, though I do. Come a little nearer me, my dear, said she, and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou think'st thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he was here, I would serve thee worse, and him too. I wish he was, said I.—Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?

Now, pray, madam, said I (but got to a little distance), be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honour*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said one thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench and the creature you imagine me to be?—Come hither, my pert dear, replied she, come but within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should not be worthy my happy lot if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam? I suppose not, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayest fast till thy mannerly master comes homes.

Pray your ladyship, said her woman, let the poor girl sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*.—Said I, You are very kind, Mrs. Worden; but times, as you said, are much altered with me; and I have been of late so much honoured with better company, that I can't stoop to yours.

Was ever such confidence! said my lady.—Poor Beck! poor Beck! said her kinsman; why she beats you quite out of the pit!—Will your ladyship, said I, be so good as to tell me how long I am to tarry? For you'll please to see by that letter, that I am obliged to attend my master's commands. And so I gave her the dear gentleman's letter from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honour done me by him. Ay, said she, this is my worthy brother's hand. It is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to you, I suppose, child? And so she read on, making remarks, as she went along, in this manner:

MY *dearest* PAMELA,—'Mighty well!'—*I hope my not coming home this night will not frighten you!*—'Vastly 'tender, indeed!—And did it frighten you, child?'—*You may believe I can't help it.* 'No, to be sure!—A person 'in thy way of life, is more tenderly used than an honest 'wife. But mark the end of it!'—*I could have wished* —'Pr'ythee, Jackey, mind this,'—*we*—'mind the significant *we,' had not engaged to the good neighbourhood, at Sir Simon's, for to-morrow night.*—'Why, does the good neigh-'bourhood, and does Sir Simon, permit thy visits, child? 'They shall have none of mine, then, I'll assure them!'—*But I am so desirous to set out on Wednesday for the other house*—'So, Jackey, but we just nicked it, I find:'—*that, as well as in return for the civilities of so many good friends, who will be there on purpose, I would not put it off.*—'Now 'mind, Jackey.'—*What I beg of you*—'Mind the wretch, 'that could use me and your uncle as he has done; he is 'turned beggar to this creature!'—*I beg of you, therefore, my dear*—'*My dear!* there's for you!—I wish I may not be 'quite sick before I get through.'—*What I beg of you, there-*

fore, my dear [and then she looked me full in the face], *is, that you will go in the chariot to Sir Simon's, the sooner in the day the better;*—'Dear heart! and why so, when WE 'were not expected till night? Why, pray observe the reason '—Hem!' [said she]—*Because you will be diverted with the company;*—'Mighty kind, indeed!'—*who all*—'Jackey, 'Jackey, mind this,'—*who all so much admire you.* 'Now 'he'd ha' been hanged before he would have said so com- 'plaisant a thing, had he been married, I'm sure!'—Very true, aunt, said he: A plain case that!—[Thought I, that's hard upon poor matrimony, though I hope my lady don't find it so. But I durst not speak out.]—*Who all so much admire you* [said she], 'I must repeat that—Pretty miss! '—I wish thou wast as *admirable* for thy virtue, as for 'that baby-face of thine!'—*And I hope to join you there by your tea-time in the afternoon!*—'So you're in very 'good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all 'your important pre-engagements!'—*which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be six miles difference to me; and I know the good company will excuse my dress on the occasion.*—'Very true; any 'dress is good enough, I'm sure, for such company as '*admire* thee, child, for a companion, in thy ruined state! '—Jackey, Jackey, mind, mind, again! more fine things 'still!'—*I count every hour of this little absence for a day!* —'There's for you! Let me repeat it'—*I count every hour of this little absence for a day!*—'Mind, too, the wit of 'the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. 'Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his deary; 'no less than, according to *his* amorous calculation, a 'dozen days and nights, at least! and yet, TEDIOUS as it 'is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, 'accurate, and consistent brother!—But wise men in love 'are always the greatest simpletons!—But now comes 'the reason *why* this LITTLE ABSENCE, which, at the same 'time, is so GREAT an ABSENCE, is so *tedious:*'—FOR I *am*—'Ay, now for it!'—*with the* UTMOST *sincerity, my dearest love*—'Out upon DEAREST love! I shall never love

'the word again! Pray bid your uncle never call me dearest 'love, Jackey!'—*For ever yours!*—'But, brother, thou 'liest!—Thou knowest thou dost.—And so, my good Lady 'Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest love* 'will be *for ever yours!* And hast thou the vanity to 'believe this?—But stay, here is a postscript. The poor 'man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love.*— 'He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, his *dearest love,* you are 'mighty happy in such a lover!'—*If you could go to dine with them*—'Cry you mercy, my *dearest love,* now comes 'the pre-engagement!'—*it will be a freedom that will be very pleasing to them, and the more, as they don't expect it.*

Well, so much for this kind letter! But you see you cannot honour this admiring company with this little expected, and, but in complaisance to his folly, I daresay, little desired freedom. And I cannot forbear *admiring* you so much myself, my *dearest love,* that I will not spare you at all, this whole evening: For 'tis a little hard, if thy master's sister may not be blest a little bit with thy charming company.

So I found I had shown her my letter to very little purpose, and repented it several times, as she read on.—Well, then, said I, I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and say, that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me, that you will not let me leave you.—Pretty creature, said she; and wantest thou thy good master to come, and quarrel with his sister on thy account?—But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, What it is thou meanest by showing me this letter?—Why, madam, said I, to show your ladyship how I was engaged for this day and evening.—And for nothing else? said she. Why, I can't tell, madam, said I: But if you can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope I should not be the *worse* treated.

I saw her eyes began to sparkle with passion: and she took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, I know,

confident creature, that thou showedst it me to insult me!—You showed it me, to let me see, that he could be civiller to a beggar born, than to me, or to my good Lord Davers!—You showed it me, as if you'd have me to be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe your marriage true, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* do too; and you showed it me, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and untainted beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee one hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot!

Was not this very dreadful! To be sure, I had better have kept the letter from her. I was quite frightened!—And this fearful menace, and her fiery eyes, and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.—So I said, weeping, Good your ladyship, pity me!—Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world!

Though I know, said she, the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring here, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense, yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art married to *my* brother!—I could not bear the thought!—So take care, Pamela; take care, beggarly brat; take care.

Good madam, said I, spare my dear parents. They are honest and industrious: they were once in a very creditable way, and never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend anybody: And I can bear the cruellest imputations on myself, because I know my innocence; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who went through the greatest trials, without being beholden to anything but God's blessing, and their own hard labour; I cannot bear reflection.

What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art! God give me patience with thee! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness, together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the herald's office, to set out thy wretched obscurity! Provoke me, I desire thou wilt!

One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art married to my brother.

Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me: And since nothing I can say will please you, but your ladyship is resolved to quarrel with me; since I must not say what I think, on one hand nor another; whatever your ladyship designs by me, be pleased to do, and let me depart your presence!

She gave me a slap on the hand, and reached to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes hearkening without, and her woman too, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us: Your ladyship knows not what you do! Indeed you don't! My master would never forgive me, if I suffered, in his house, one he so dearly loves to be so used; and it must *not* be, though you are Lady Davers. Her woman too interposed, and told her, I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But she was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, and Mrs. Jewkes took my hand to lead me out: But her kinsman set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said, I should not go, till his aunt permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was so terrified, that I cried out, Oh, the sword! the sword! and, not knowing what I did, I ran to my lady herself, and clasped my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy, and said, sinking on my knees, Defend me, good your ladyship! the sword! the sword!—Mrs. Jewkes said, Oh! my lady will fall into fits! But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carried so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, Jackey, don't draw your sword!—You see, as great as her spirit is, she can't bear that.

Come, said she, be comforted; he shan't frighten you! —I'll try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose, and I did not faint. And my lady said, Mrs. Jewkes, if *you* would be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves; and, Jackey, do you withdraw; only you, Beck, stay.

So I sat down in the window, all in a sad fluster; for, to be sure, I was sadly frightened.—Said her woman, You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela. Yes, let her sit till she is a little recovered of her fright, said my lady, and do you set my chair by her. And so she sat over against me, and said, To be sure, Pamela, you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well upon my nephew (who is a man of quality too), as me. And palliating her cruel usage, and beginning, I suppose, to think herself she had carried it further than she could answer it to her brother, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. Own, said she, you have been very saucy; and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon, and I will try to pity you. For you are a sweet girl, after all; if you had but held out, and been honest.

'Tis injurious to me, madam, said I, to imagine I am not honest!—Said she, Have you not been a-bed with my brother? tell me that.——Your ladyship, replied I, asks your questions in a strange way, and in strange words.

Oh! your delicacy is wounded, I suppose, by my plain questions!—This niceness will soon leave you, wench: It will, indeed. But answer me directly. Then your ladyship's next question, said I, will be, Am I married? And you won't bear my answer to that—and will beat me again.

I han't beat you yet; have I, Beck? said she. So you want to make out a story, do you?—But, indeed, I can't bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, that it might look like a cloak to thy yielding, and get better terms from him. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little;—almost as much at thirty-two, as thou dost at sixteen.—Remember that!

I rose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room, Beat me again, if you please, said I, but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much married as your ladyship!

At that she ran to me; but her woman interposed again: Let the vain wicked creature go from your presence, madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship. Stand away, Beck, said she. That's an assertion that I would not take from my brother, I can't bear it. As much married as I!—Is that to be borne? But if the creature believes she is, madam, said her woman, she is to be as much pitied for her credulity, as despised for her vanity.

I was in hopes to have slipt out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pulled me back. Pray your ladyship, said I, don't kill me!—I have done no harm. —But she locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. So, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, I lifted up the sash, and said, Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know, that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship.

She was resolved to be displeased, let me say what I would. Said she, No, no; he'll then think, that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her. I thought your ladyship, replied I, could not have taken exceptions at this message. Thou knowest nothing, wench, said she, of what belongs to people of condition: How shouldst thou? Nor, thought I, do I desire it, at this rate.

What shall I say, madam? said I. Nothing at all, replied she; let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and he will make every one *a day*, in his amorous account.—Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whispered, Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by.

As much married as I! repeated she.—The insolence of the creature!—And so she walked about the room, talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent. And then it was, Am I not worthy an answer? If I speak, said I, your ladyship is angry at me, though ever

so respectfully; if I do not, I cannot please: Would your ladyship tell me but how I shall oblige you, and I would do it with all my heart!

Confess the truth, said she, that thou art an undone creature; hast been in bed with thy master; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast occasioned between him and me; and then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may take pity of thee, and patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; and if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and to be hindered from being where was the desire of my soul, and afraid too of incurring my dear master's displeasure; and, as I sat, I saw it was no hard matter to get out of the window into the front yard, the parlour being even with the yard, and so have a fair run for it; and after I had seen my lady at the other end of the room again, in her walks, having not pulled down the sash, when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipped out in a minute, and ran away as hard as I could drive, my lady calling after me to return, and her woman at the other window: But two of her servants appearing at her crying out, and she bidding them to stop me, I said, Touch me at your peril, fellows! But their lady's commands would have prevailed on them, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been kindly ordered, by Mrs. Jewkes, to be within call, when she saw how I was treated, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said, He would *chine* the man, that was his word, who offered to touch his lady; and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, The creature flies like a bird! And, indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me; and I never stopped, till I got to the chariot; and Robert had got down, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jumped,

without touching the step, saying, Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach! And he mounted; and Colbrand said, Don't be frightened, madam; nobody shall hurt you.—And shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

Mr. Colbrand was so kind, but I did not know it till the chariot stopped at Sir Simon's, to step up behind the carriage, lest, as he said, my lady should send after me; and he told Mrs. Jewkes, when he got home, that he never saw such a runner as me in his life.

When the chariot stopped, which was not till six o'clock, so long did this cruel lady keep me, Miss Darnford ran out to me: O madam, said she, ten times welcome! but you'll be beat, I can tell you! for here has been Mr. B—— come these two hours, and is very angry with you.

That's hard indeed, said I;—Indeed I can't afford it;—for I hardly knew what I said, having not recovered my fright. Let me sit down, miss, anywhere, said I; for I have been sadly off. So I sat down, and was quite sick with the hurry of my spirits, and leaned upon her arm.

Said she, Your lord and master came in very moody; and when he had stayed an hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said, He did not expect so little complaisance from you. And he is now sat down, with great persuasion, to a game at loo.—Come, you must make your appearance, lady fair; for he is too sullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no strangers, have you, miss? said I.—Only two women relations from Stamford, replied she, and an humble servant of one of them.—Only all the world, miss! said I.—What shall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.

Just as I had said so, came in Lady Darnford and Lady Jones to chide me, as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in my dear master. I ran to him. How dy'e, Pamela? said he; and saluting me, with a little more formality than I could well bear.—I ex-

pected half a word from me, when I was so complaisant to your choice, would have determined you, and that you'd have been here to dinner;—and the rather, as I made my request a reasonable one, and what I thought would be agreeable to you. Oh, dear sir, said I, pray, pray, hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeased! Mrs. Jewkes will tell you, that as soon as I had your kind commands, I said, I would obey you, and come to dinner with these good ladies; and so prepared myself instantly, with all the pleasure in the word. Lady Darnford and miss said I was their dear!—Look you, said miss, did I not tell you, stately one, that something must have happened? But, oh these tyrants! these men!

Why, what hindered it, my dear? said he: give yourself time; you seem out of breath!—Oh, sir, said I, out of breath! well I may!—For, just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the court-yard but Lady Davers!—Lady Davers! Nay, then, my sweet dear, said he, and saluted me more tenderly, hast thou had a worse trial than I wish thee, from one of the haughtiest women in England, though my sister!—For, she too, my Pamela, was spoiled by my good mother!—But have you seen her?

Yes, sir, said I, and *more* than seen her!—Why sure, said he, she has not had the insolence to strike my girl!—Sir, said I, but tell me you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner; and these good ladies but excuse me; and I'll tell you all another time; for to take up the good company's attention now will spoil their pleasantry, and be to them, though more important to me, like the broken china you cautioned me about.

That's a dear girl! said he; I see my hints are not thrown away upon you; and I beg pardon for being angry with you; and, for the future, will stay till I hear your defence before I judge you. Said Miss Darnford, This is a little better! To own a fault is some reparation; and what every lordly husband will not do. He said, But tell me, my dear, did Lady Davers offer you any incivility? Oh, sir, replied I, she is your sister, and I must not tell you all; but

she has used me very severely! Did you tell her, said he, you were married? Yes, sir, I did at last; but she will have it 'tis a sham marriage, and that I am a vile creature: and she was ready to beat me when I said so: for she could not have patience, that I should be deemed her sister, as she said.

How unlucky it was, replied he, I was not at home?—Why did you not send to me here? Send, sir! I was kept prisoner by force. They would not let me stir, or do you think I would have been hindered from obeying you? Nay, I told them, that I had a pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of pre-engagements! And then I showed her your kind letter; and she made a thousand remarks upon it, and made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her; and I was a *creature* and *wench*, and all that was naught. But you must not be angry with her on my account.

Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her; for she came before dinner, I presume, if it was soon after you had received my letter? No, sir, dine with my *lady!* no, indeed! Why, she would make me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me before the men-servants; which you know, sir, was very good of her ladyship.

Well, said he, but *did* you wait upon her? Would you have had me, sir? said I.—Only, Pamela, replied he, if you did, and knew not what belonged to your character, as my wife, I shall be very angry with you. Sir, said I, I did not, but refused it, out of consideration to the dignity you have raised me to; else, sir, I could have waited on my knees upon your sister.

Now, said he, you confirm my opinion of your prudence and judgment. She is an insolent woman, and shall dearly repent it. But, sir, she is to be excused, because she won't believe I am indeed married; so don't be too angry at her ladyship.

He said, Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the com-

pany; I'll only ask a question or two more, and attend you. Said Lady Jones, I so much long to hear this story of poor madam's persecution, that, if it was not improper, I should be glad to stay. Miss Darnford would stay for the same reason; my master saying, he had no secrets to ask; and that it was kind of them to interest themselves in my grievances.

But Lady Darnford went in to the company, and told them the cause of my detention; for, it seems, my dear master loved me too well, to keep to himself the disappointment my not being here to receive him, was to him; and they had all given the two Misses Boroughs and Mr. Perry, the Stamford guests, such a character of me, that they said they were impatient to see me.

Said my master, But, Pamela, you said *they* and *them*: Who had my sister with her besides her woman? Her nephew, sir, and three footmen on horseback; and she and her woman were in her chariot and six.

That's a sad coxcomb, said he: How did he behave to you?—Not extraordinarily, sir: but I should not complain; for I was even with him; because I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my lady.

By Heaven! said he, if I knew he behaved unhandsomely to my jewel, I'd send him home to his uncle without his ears. Indeed, sir, returned I, I was as hard upon him as he was upon me. Said he, 'Tis kind to say so; but I believe I shall make them dearly repent their visit, if I find their behaviour to call for my resentment.

But, sure, my dear, you might have got away when you went to your own dinner? Indeed, sir, said I, her ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir.—So you han't ate any dinner? No, indeed, sir, nor had a stomach for any. My poor dear, said he. But then, how got you away at last? Oh, sir, replied I, I jumped out of the parlour window, and ran away to the chariot, which had waited for me several hours, by the elm-walk, from the time of my lady's coming (for I was just going, as I said); and Mr. Colbrand conducted me through her servants, whom she called to, to

stop me; and was so kind to step behind the chariot, unknown to me, and saw me safe here.

I'm sure, said he, these insolent creatures must have treated you vilely. But tell me, what part did Mrs. Jewkes act in this affair? A very kind part, sir, said I, in my behalf; and I shall thank her for it. Sweet creature! said he, thou lovest to speak well of everybody; but I hope she deserves it; for she knew you were married.—But come, we'll now join the company, and try to forget all you have suffered, for two or three hours, that we may not tire the company with our concerns; and resume the subject as we go home: and you shall find I will do you justice, as I ought. But you forgive me, sir, said I, and are not angry? Forgive you, my dear! returned he—I hope you forgive me! I shall never make you satisfaction for what you have suffered *from* me, and *for* me! And with those words he led me into the company.

He very kindly presented me to the two stranger ladies, and the gentleman, and them to me: and Sir Simon, who was at cards, rose from table, and saluted me: Adad! madam, said he, I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems you have been a prisoner! 'Twas well you was, or your spouse and I should have sat in judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful punishment for your first crime of *læsæ majestatis* (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a sort of treason against my liege lord and husband): for we husbands hereabouts, said he, are resolved to turn over a new leaf with our wives, and *your* lord and master shall show us the way, I can tell you that. But I see by your eyes, my sweet culprit, added he, and your complexion, you have had sour sauce to your sweet meat.

Miss Darnford said, I think we are obliged to our sweet guest, at last; for she was forced to jump out at a window to come to us. Indeed! said Mrs. Peters;—and my master's back being turned, says she, Lady Davers, when a maiden, was always vastly passionate; but a very good lady when her passion was over. And she'd make nothing of

slapping her maids about, and begging their pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwise she used to say the *creatures* were even with her.

Ay, said I, I have been a many *creatures* and *wenches*, and I know not what; for these were the names she gave me. And I thought I ought to act up to the part her dear brother has given me; and so I have but just escaped a good cuffing.

Miss Boroughs said to her sister, as I overheard, but she did not design I should, What a sweet creature is this! and then she takes so little upon her, is so free, so easy, and owns the honour done her, so obligingly! Said Mr. Perry, softly, The loveliest person I ever saw! Who could have the heart to be angry with her one moment?

Says Miss Darnford, Here, my dearest neighbour, these gentry are admiring you strangely; and Mr. Perry says, you are the loveliest lady he ever saw; and he says it to his own mistress's face too, I'll assure you!—Or else, says Miss Boroughs, I should think he much flattered me.

O madam! you are exceedingly obliging! but your kind opinion ought to teach me humility, and to reverence so generous a worth as can give a preference against yourself, where it is so little due. Indeed, madam, said Miss Nanny Boroughs, I love my sister well; but it would be a high compliment to any lady, to be deemed worthy a second or third place after you.

There is no answering such politeness, said I: I am sure Lady Davers was very cruel to keep me from such company. 'Twas our loss, madam, says Miss Darnford. I'll allow it, said I, in degree; for you have all been deprived, several hours, of an humble admirer.

Mr. Perry said, I never before saw so young a lady shine forth with such graces of mind and person. Alas! sir, said I, my master coming up, mine is but a borrowed shine, like that of the moon. Here is the sun, to whose fervent glow of generosity I owe all the faint lustre, that your goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind distinction.

Mr. Perry was pleased to hold up his hands; and the ladies looked upon one another. And my master said, hearing part of the last sentence, What's the pretty subject, that my Pamela is displaying so sweetly her talents upon?

Oh! sir, said Mr. Perry, I will pronounce you the happiest man in England: and so said they all.

My master said, most generously, Thank ye, thank ye, thank ye, all round, my dear friends. I know not your subject; but if you believe me so, for a *single* instance of this dear girl's goodness, what must I think myself, when blessed with a *thousand* instances, and experiencing it in every single act and word! I do assure you my Pamela's *person*, all lovely as you see it, is far short of her *mind:* That, indeed, first attracted my admiration, and made me her *lover:* but they were the beauties of her mind, that made me her *husband;* and proud, my sweet dear, said he, pressing my hand, am I of that title.

Well, said Mr. Perry, very kindly and politely, excellent as your lady is, I know not the gentleman that could deserve her, but that one who could say such just and such fine things.

I was all abashed; and took Miss Darnford's hand, and said, Save me, dear miss, by your sweet example, from my rising pride. But could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy creature should I be! Said Miss Darnford, You deserve them all, indeed you do.

The greatest part of the company having sat down to loo, my master being pressed, said he would take one game at whist; but had rather be excused too, having been up all night: and I asked how his friend did? We'll talk of that, said he, another time; which, and his seriousness, made me fear the poor gentleman was dead, as it proved.

We cast in, and Miss Boroughs and my master were together, and Mr. Perry and I; and I had all four honours the first time, and we were up at one deal. Said my master, An honourable hand, Pamela, should go with an

honourable heart; but you'd not have been up, if a knave had not been one. Whist, sir, said Mr. Perry, you know, was a court game originally; and the knave, I suppose, signified always the prime minister.

'Tis well, said my master, if now there is but one knave in a court, out of four persons, take the court through.

The king and queen, sir, said Mr. Perry, *can* do no wrong, you know. So there are two that *must* be good out of four; and the ace seems too plain a card to mean much hurt.

We compliment the king, said my master, in that manner; and 'tis well to do so, because there is something sacred in the character. But yet, if force of example be considered, it is going a great way; for certainly a good master makes a good servant, generally speaking.

One thing, added he, I will say, in regard to the ace; I have always looked upon that plain and honest looking card in the light you do: and have considered whist as an English game in its original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For by the ace I have always thought the laws of the land denoted; and as the ace is above the king or queen, and wins them, I think the law should be thought so too; though, maybe, I shall be deemed a *whig* for my opinion.

I shall never play at whist, said Mr. Perry, without thinking of this, and shall love the game the better for the thought; though I am no party-man. Nor I, said my master; for I think the distinctions of *whig* and *tory* odious; and love the one or the other only as they are honest and worthy men; and have never (nor never shall, I hope) given a vote, but according to what I thought was for the public good, let either *whig* or *tory* propose it.

I wish, sir, replied Mr. Perry, all gentlemen in your station would act so. If there was no undue influence, said my master, I am willing to think so well of all mankind, that I believe they generally would.

But you see, said he, by my Pamela's hand, when all the

court-cards get together, and are acted by *one mind*, the game is usually turned accordingly: Though now and then, too, it may be so circumstanced, that *honours* will do them no good, and they are forced to depend altogether upon *tricks*.

I thought this way of talking prettier than the game itself. But I said, though I have won the game, I hope I am no *trickster*. No, said my master, God forbid but *court-cards* should *sometimes* win with *honour!* But you see, for all that, your game is as much owing to the *knave* as the *king;* and you, my fair-one, lost no advantage, when it was put into your power.

Else, sir, said I, I should not have done justice to my partner. You are certainly right, Pamela, replied he; though you thereby beat your husband. Sir, said I, you may be my partner next, and I must do justice, you know. Well, said he, always choose so worthy a friend, as chance has given you for a partner, and I shall never find fault with you, do what you will.

Mr. Perry said, You are very good to me, sir; and Miss Boroughs, I observed, seemed pleased with the compliment to her humble servant; by which I saw she esteemed him, as he appears to deserve. Dear sir! said I, how much better is this, than to be locked in by Lady Davers!

The supper was brought in sooner on my account, because I had had no dinner; and there passed very agreeable compliments on the occasion. Lady Darnford would help me first, because I had so long fasted, as she said. Sir Simon would have placed himself next me: And my master said, He thought it was best, where there was an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, that they should sit intermingled, that the gentlemen might be employed in helping and serving the ladies. Lady Darnford said, She hoped Sir Simon would not sit above any ladies at his own table especially. Well, said he, I shall sit over against her, however, and that's as well.

My dearest sir could not keep his eyes off me, and seemed generously delighted with all I did, and all I said; and

every one was pleased to see his kind and affectionate behaviour to me.

Lady Jones brought up the discourse about Lady Davers again; and my master said, I fear, Pamela, you have been hardly used, more than you'll say. I know my sister's passionate temper too well, to believe she could be over-civil to you, especially as it happened so unluckily that I was out. If, added he, she had no pique to you, my dear, yet what has passed between her and me, has so exasperated her that I know she would have quarrelled with my *horse*, if she had thought I valued it, and nobody else was in her way. Dear sir, said I, don't say so of good Lady Davers.

Why, my dear, said he, I know she came on purpose to quarrel; and had she not found herself under a very violent uneasiness, after what had passed between us, and my treatment of her lord's letter, she would not have offered to come near me. What sort of language had she for me, Pamela? Oh, sir, very good, only her *well-mannered-brother*, and such as that!

Only, said he, 'tis taking up the attention of the company disagreeably, or I could tell you almost every word she said. Lady Jones wished to hear a further account of my lady's conduct, and most of the company joined with her, particularly Mrs. Peters; who said, that as they knew the story, and Lady Davers's temper, though she was very good in the main, they could wish to be so agreeably entertained, if he and I pleased; because they imagined I should have no difficulties after this.

Tell me then, Pamela, said he, did she lift up her hand at you? Did she strike you? But I hope not! A little slap of the hand, said I, or so.—Insolent woman! She did not, I hope, offer to strike your face? Why, said I, I was a little saucy once or twice; and she would have given me a cuff on the ear, if her woman and Mrs. Jewkes had not interposed. Why did you not come out at the door? Because, said I, her ladyship sat in the chair against it, one while, and another while locked it; else I offered several times to get away.

She knew I expected you here: You say, you showed her my letter to you? Yes, sir, said I; but I had better not; for she was then more exasperated, and made strange comments upon it. I doubt it not, said he; but, did she not see, by the kind epithets in it, that there was no room to doubt of our being married? Oh, sir, replied I, and made the company smile, she said, For that very reason she was sure I was not married.

That's like my sister! said he; exactly like her; and yet she lives very happily herself: for her poor lord never contradicts her. Indeed he *dares* not.

You were a great many *wenches*, were you not, my dear? for that's a great word with her.—Yes, sir, said I, *wenches* and *creatures* out of number; and worse than all that. What? tell me, my dear. Sir, said I, I must not have you angry with Lady Davers; while you are so good to me, 'tis all nothing; only the trouble I have that I cannot be suffered to show how much I honour her ladyship, as your sister.

Well, said he, you need not be afraid to tell *me:* I must love her after all; though I shall not be pleased with her on this occasion. I know it is her love for me, though thus oddly expressed, that makes her so uneasy: and, after all, she comes, I'm sure, to be reconciled to me; though it must be through a good hearty quarrel first: for she can show a good deal of sunshine; but it must be always after a storm: and I'll love her dearly, if she has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my dearest.

Mr. Peters said, Sir, you are very good, and very kind; I love to see this complaisance to your sister, though she be in fault, so long as you can show it with so much justice to the sweetest innocence and merit in the world. By all that's good, Mr. Peters, said he, I'd present my sister with a thousand pounds, if she would kindly take my dear Pamela by the hand, and wish her joy, and call her sister! —And yet I should be unworthy of the dear creature that smiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her sake, and the pleasure it would give her, that I say this: for I will

never be thoroughly reconciled to my sister till she does; for I most sincerely think, as to myself, that my dear wife, there she sits, does me more honour in her new relation, than she receives from me.

Sir, said I, I am overwhelmed with your goodness!—And my eyes were filled with tears of joy and gratitude: and all the company with one voice blessed him. And Lady Jones was pleased to say, The behaviour of you two happy ones, to each other, is the most edifying I ever knew. I am always improved when I see you. How happy would every good lady be with such a gentleman, and every good gentleman with such a lady!—In short, you seem made for one another.

O madam, said I, you are so kind, so good to me, that I know not how to thank you enough!—Said she, You deserve more than I can express; for, to all that know your story, you are a matchless person. You are an ornament to our sex: and your virtue, though Mr. B—— is so generous as he is, has met with no more than its due reward. God long bless you together!

You are, said my dearest sir, very good to me, madam, I am sure. I have taken liberties in my former life, that deserved not so much excellence. I have offended extremely, by trials glorious to my Pamela, but disgraceful to me, against a virtue that I now consider as almost sacred; and I shall not think I deserve her, till I can bring my manners, my sentiments, and my actions, to a conformity with her own. In short, my Pamela, continued he, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with despair to attain the awful heights of virtue at which you have arrived. Perhaps, added the dear gentleman, the scene I have beheld within these twelve hours, has made me more serious than otherwise I should have been: but I'll assure you, before all this good company, I speak the sentiments of my heart, and those not of this day only.

What a happy daughter is yours, oh my dear father and

mother! I owe it all to God's grace, and to yours and my good lady's instructions: And to these let me always look back with grateful acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myself, and be proud, my inexpressible happiness.

The company were so kindly pleased with our concern, and my dear master's goodness, that he, observing their indulgence, and being himself curious to know the further particulars of what had passed between my lady and me, repeated his question, What she had called me besides *wench* and *creature?* And I said, My lady, supposing I was wicked, lamented over me, very kindly, my depravity and fall, and said, What a thousand pities it was, so much virtue, as she was pleased to say, was so destroyed; and that I had yielded, after so noble a stand! as she said.

Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies, said I; you know my story, it seems; and I am commanded, by one who has a title to all my obedience, to proceed.

They gave all of them bows of approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my story—the men-servants withdrawing, at a motion of Mr. B——, on my looking towards them: and then, at Lady Darnford's coming in, I proceeded.

I told her ladyship, that I was still innocent, and would be so, and it was injurious to suppose me otherwise. Why, tell me, wench, said she—But I think I must not tell you what she said. Yes, do, said my master, to clear my sister; we shall think it very bad else.

I held my hand before my face—Why, she said, Tell me, wench, hast thou not been—hesitating—a very free creature with thy master? That she said, or to that effect —And when I said, She asked strange questions, and in strange words, she ridiculed my delicacy, as she called it; and said, My niceness would not last long. She said, I must know I was not really married, that my ring was only a sham, and all was my cunning to cloak my yielding, and get better terms. She said, She knew the world as

much at thirty-two, as I did at sixteen; and bid me remember that.

I took the liberty to say (but I got a good way off), that I scorned her ladyship's words, and was as much married as her ladyship. And then I had certainly been cuffed, if her woman had not interposed, and told her I was not worthy her anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my credulity, as despised for my vanity.

My poor Pamela, said my master, this was too, too hard upon you! Oh, sir, said I, how much easier it was to me than if it had been so!—That would have broken my heart quite!—For then I should have deserved it all, and worse; and these reproaches, added to my own guilt, would have made me truly wretched!

Lady Darnford, at whose right hand I sat, kissed me with a kind of rapture, and called me a sweet exemplar for all my sex. Mr. Peters said very handsome things; so did Mr. Perry: and Sir Simon, with tears in his eyes, said to my master, Why, neighbour, neighbour, this is excellent, by my troth. I believe there is something in virtue, that we had not well considered. On my soul, there has been but one angel come down for these thousand years, and you have got her.

Well, my dearest, said my master, pray proceed with your story till we have done supper, since the ladies seem pleased with it. Why, sir, said I, her ladyship went on in the same manner; but said, one time (and held me by the hand), she would give me a hundred guineas for one provoking word; or, if I would but say I *believed* myself married, that she might fell me at her foot: But, sir, you must not be angry with her ladyship. She called me *painted dirt, baby-face, waiting-maid, beggar's brat,* and *beggar-born;* but I said, As long as I knew my innocence, I was easy in everything, but to have my dear parents abused. They were never beggars, nor beholden to anybody; nor to anything but God's grace and their own labour; that they once lived in credit; that misfortunes might befall anybody; and that I could not bear they should be treated so undeservedly.

Then her ladyship said, Ay, she supposed my master's folly would make us set up for a family, and that the herald's office would shortly be searched to make it out.

Exactly my sister again! said he. So you could not please her any way?

No, indeed, sir. When she commanded me to fill her a glass of wine, and would not let her woman do it, she asked, if I was above it? I then said, If to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, was required of me, I would most gladly do it, were I only the person you think me. But if it be to triumph over one, who has received honours which she thinks require from her another part, that she may not be utterly unworthy of them, I must say, I *cannot* do it. This quite astonished her ladyship; and a little before, her kinsman brought me the bottle and glass, and required me to fill it for my lady, at her command, and called himself my deputy: And I said, 'Tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself. So, sir, added I, you see I could be a little saucy upon occasion.

You please me well, my Pamela, said he. This was quite right. But proceed.

Her ladyship said, She was astonished! adding, She supposed I would have her look upon me as her brother's wife: And asked me, What, in the name of impudence, possessed me, to *dare* to look upon myself as her sister? And I said, That was a question better became her most worthy brother to answer, than me. And then I thought I should have had her ladyship upon me; but her woman interposed.

I afterwards told Mrs. Jewkes, at the window, that since I was hindered from going to you, I believed it was best to let Robert go with the chariot, and say, Lady Davers was come, and I could not leave her ladyship. But this did not please; and I thought it would too; for she said, No, no, he'll think I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her.

Exactly, said he, my sister again.

And she said, I knew nothing what belonged to people of condition; how should I?—What *shall* I say, madam? said I. Nothing at all, answered she; let him expect his *dearest love,* alluding to your kind epithet in your letter, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more hours to this heavy absence, and every one will become a day in his amorous account.

So, to be short, I saw nothing was to be done; and I feared, sir, you would wonder at my stay, and be angry; and I watched my opportunity, till my lady, who was walking about the room, was at the further end; and the parlour being a ground-floor, in a manner, I jumped out at the window, and ran for it.

Her ladyship called after me; so did her woman; and I heard her say, I flew like a bird; and she called to two of her servants in sight to stop me; but I said, Touch me at your peril, fellows! And Mr. Colbrand, having been planted at hand by Mrs. Jewkes (who was very good in the whole affair, and incurred her ladyship's displeasure, once or twice, by taking my part), seeing how I was used, put on a fierce look, cocked his hat with one hand, and put t'other on his sword, and said, he would chine the man who offered to touch his lady. And so he ran alongside of me, and could hardly keep pace with me:—And here, my dear sir, concluded I, I am, at yours and the good company's service.

They seemed highly pleased with my relation; and my master said, he was glad Mrs. Jewkes behaved so well, as also Mr. Colbrand. Yes, sir, said I; when Mrs. Jewkes interposed once, her ladyship said, It was hard, she, who was born in that house, could not have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants. And she called her another time *fat-face,* and *womaned* her most violently.

Well, said my master, I am glad, my dear, you have had such an escape. My sister was always passionate, as Mrs. Peters knows: And my poor mother had enough to do with us both. For we neither of us wanted spirit: and

when I was a boy, I never came home from school or college for a few days, but though we longed to see one another before, yet ere the first day was over, we had a quarrel; for she, being seven years older than I, was always for domineering over me, and I could not bear it. And I used, on her frequently quarrelling with the maids, and being always at a word and a blow, to call her Captain Bab; for her name is Barbara. And when my Lord Davers courted her, my poor mother has made up quarrels between them three times in a day; and I used to tell her, she would certainly beat her husband, marry whom she would, if he did not beat her first, and break her spirit.

Yet has she, continued he, very good qualities. She was a dutiful daughter, is a good wife; she is bountiful to her servants, firm in her friendships, charitable to the poor, and, I believe, never any sister better loved a brother than she me: and yet she always loved to vex and tease me; and as I would bear a resentment longer than she, she'd be one moment the most provoking creature in the world, and the next would do anything to be forgiven; and I have made her, when she was the aggressor, follow me all over the house and garden to be upon good terms with me.

But this case piques her more, because she had found out a match for me in the family of a person of quality, and had set her heart upon bringing it to effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my knowledge, and brought me into the lady's company, unknowing of her design: But I was then averse to matrimony upon any terms; and was angry at her proceeding in it so far without my privity or encouragement: And she cannot, for this reason, bear the thoughts of my being now married, and to her mother's waiting-maid too, as she reminds my dear Pamela, when I had declined her proposal with the daughter of a noble earl.

This is the whole case, said he; and, allowing for the pride and violence of her spirit, and that she knows not, as I do, the transcendent excellences of my dear Pamela,

and that all her view, in her own conception, is mine and the family honour, she is a little to be allowed for: Though, never fear, my Pamela, but that I, who never had a struggle with her, wherein I did not get the better, will do you justice, and myself too.

This account of Lady Davers pleased everybody, and was far from being to her ladyship's disadvantage in the main; and I would do anything in the world to have the honour to be in her good graces: Yet I fear it will not be easily, if at all, effected. But I will proceed.

After supper, nothing would serve Miss Darnford and Miss Boroughs, but we must have a dance; and Mr. Peters, who plays a good fiddle, urged it forward. My dear master, though in a riding-dress, took out Miss Boroughs.

Sir Simon, for a man of his years, danced well, and took me out; but put on one of his free jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger man; and he would have it (though I had not danced since my dear lady's death to signify, except once or twice to please Mrs. Jervis, and, indeed, believed all my dancing days over), that as my master and I were the best dancers, we should dance once together, *before* folks, as the odd gentleman said; and my dear sir was pleased to oblige him: And afterwards danced with Miss Darnford, who has much more skill and judgment than I; though they compliment me with an easier shape and air.

We left the company with great difficulty at about eleven, my dear master having been up all night before, and we being at the greatest distance from home; though they seemed inclinable not to break up so soon, as they were neighbours; and the ladies said, they longed to hear what would be the end of Lady Davers's interview with her brother.

My master said, he feared we must not now think of going next day to Bedfordshire, as we had intended; and perhaps might see them again. And so we took leave, and set out for home; where we arrived not till twelve o'clock;

and found Lady Davers had gone to bed about eleven, wanting sadly that we should come home first; but so did not I.

Mrs. Jewkes told us, that my lady was sadly fretted that I had got away so; and seemed a little apprehensive of what I would say of the usage I had received from her. She asked Mrs. Jewkes, if she thought I was really married? And Mrs. Jewkes telling her yes, she fell into a passion, and said, Begone, bold woman, I cannot bear thee! See not my face till I send for thee! Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever. She said, she would not have told her ladyship, if she had not asked her; and was sorry she had offended.

She sent for her at supper time: Said she, I have another question to ask thee, woman, and tell me yes, if thou darest. Was ever anything so odd?—Why then, said Mrs. Jewkes, I will say No, before your ladyship speaks.—My master laughed: Poor woman! said he.—She called her *insolent*, and *assurance;* and said, Begone, bold woman as thou art! —but come hither. Dost thou know if that young harlot is to lie with my brother to-night?

She said she knew not what to answer, because she had threatened her if she said yes. But at last my lady said, I will know the bottom of this iniquity. I suppose they won't have so much impudence to lie together while I'm in the house; but I daresay they have been bedfellows.

Said she, I will lie to-night in the room I was born in; so get that bed ready. That room being our bed-chamber, Mrs. Jewkes, after some hesitation, replied, Madam, my master lies there, and has the key. I believe, woman, said she, thou tellest me a story. Indeed, madam, said she, he does; and has some papers there he will let nobody see; for Mrs. Jewkes said, she feared she would beat her if she went up, and found by my clothes, and some of my master's, how it was.

So she said, I will then lie in the best room, as it is called; and Jackey shall lie in the little green room adjoining to it. Has thy master got the keys of those?—No, madam, said

Mrs. Jewkes: I will order them to be made ready for your ladyship.

And where dost thou lay thy pursy sides? said she. Up two pair of stairs, madam, next the garden. And where lies the young harlotry? continued she. Sometimes with me, madam, said she. And sometimes with thy virtuous master, I suppose? said my lady.—Ha, woman! what sayest thou? I must not speak, said Mrs. Jewkes. Well, thou mayest go, said she; but thou hast the air of a secret keeper of that sort: I daresay thou'lt set the good work forward most cordially. Poor Mrs. Jewkes! said my master, and laughed most heartily.

This talk we had whilst we were undressing. So she and her woman lay together in the room my master lay in before I was happy.

I said, Dear sir, pray, in the morning let me lock myself up in the closet, as soon as you rise; and not be called down for ever so much; for I am afraid to see her ladyship: And I will employ myself about my journal, while these things are in my head. Don't be afraid, my dear, said he: Am not I with you?

Mrs. Jewkes pitied me for what I had undergone in the day; and I said, We won't make the worst of it to my dear master, because we won't exasperate where we would reconcile: but, added I, I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Jewkes, and I thank you. Said my master, I hope she did not beat your lady, Mrs. Jewkes? Not much, sir, said she; but I believe I saved my lady once: Yet, added she, I was most vexed at the young lord. Ay, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, let me know *his* behaviour. I can chastise him, though I cannot my sister, who is a woman; let me therefore know the part he acted.

Nothing, my dear sir, said I, but impertinence, if I may so say, and foolishness, that was very provoking: but I spared him not; and so there is no room, sir, for your anger. No, sir, said Mrs. Jewkes, nothing else indeed.

How was her woman? said my master. Pretty impertinent, replied Mrs. Jewkes, as ladies' women will be. But,

said I, you know she saved me once or twice. Very true, madam, returned Mrs. Jewkes. And she said to me at table, that you were a sweet creature; she never saw your equal; but that you had a spirit; and she was sorry you answered her lady so, who never bore so much contradiction before. I told her, added Mrs. Jewkes, that if I was in your ladyship's place, I should have taken much more upon me, and that you were all sweetness. And she said, I was got over, she saw.

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Tuesday morning, the sixth of my happiness.

My master had said to Mrs. Jewkes, that he should not rise till eight or nine, as he had sat up all the night before: but it seems, my lady, knowing he usually rose about six, got up soon after that hour; raised her woman and her nephew; having a whimsical scheme in her head, to try to find whether we were in bed together: And, about half an hour after six, she rapped at our chamber door.

My master was waked at the noise, and asked, Who was there? Open the door, said she; open it this minute! I said, clinging about his neck, Dear, dear sir, pray, pray don't!—Oh save me, save me! Don't fear, Pamela, said he. The woman's mad, I believe.

But he called out, Who are you? What do you want? —You know my voice well enough, said she:—I *will* come in.—Pray, sir, said I, don't let her ladyship in.—Don't be frightened, my dear, said he; she thinks we are not married, and are afraid to be found a-bed together. I'll let her in; but she shan't come near my dearest.

So he slipt out of bed, and putting on some of his clothes, and gown and slippers, he said, What bold body dare disturb my repose thus? and opened the door. In rushed she: I'll see your wickedness, said she, I will! In vain shall you think to hide it from me.—What should I hide? said he. How dare you set a foot into my house, after the usage I

have received from you?—I had covered myself over head and ears, and trembled every joint. He looked and 'spied her woman and kinsman in the room, she crying out, Bear witness, Jackey; bear witness, Beck; the creature is *now* in his bed! And not seeing the young gentleman before, who was at the feet of the bed, he said, How now, sir? What's your business in this apartment? Begone this moment!—And he went away directly.

Beck, said my lady, you see the creature is in his bed. I do, madam, answered she. My master came to me, and said, Ay, look, Beck, and bear witness: Here is my Pamela! —My dear angel, my lovely creature, don't be afraid; look up, and see how frantickly this woman of quality behaves.

At that, I just peeped, and saw my lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and she said, Wicked abandoned wretch! Vile brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the creature out of bed before your face, and expose you both as you deserve.

At that he took her in his arms, as if she had been nothing; and carrying her out of the room, she cried out, Beck! Beck! help me, Beck! the wretch is going to fling me down stairs! Her woman ran to him, and said, Good sir, for Heaven's sake do no violence to my lady! Her ladyship has been ill all night.

He sat her down in the chamber she lay in, and she could not speak for passion. Take care of your lady, said he; and when she has rendered herself more worthy of my attention, I'll see her; till then, at her peril, and yours too, come not near my apartment. And so he came to me, and, with all the sweet soothing words in the world, pacified my fears, and gave me leave to go to write in my closet, as soon as my fright was over, and to stay there till things were more calm. And so he dressed himself, and went out of the chamber, permitting me, at my desire, to fasten the door after him.

At breakfast-time my master tapped at the door, and I said, Who's there? I, my dearest, said he. Oh! then, replied I, I will open it with pleasure. I had written on a

good deal; but I put it by, when I ran to the door. I would have locked it again, when he was in; but he said, Am not I here? Don't be afraid. Said he, Will you come down to breakfast, my love? Oh no, dear sir, said I; be pleased to excuse me! Said he, I cannot bear the look of it, that the mistress of my house should breakfast in her closet, as if she durst not come down, and I at home!—Oh, dearest sir, replied I, pray pass that over, for my sake; and don't let my presence aggravate your sister, for a kind punctilio! Then, my dear, said he, I will breakfast with *you* here. No, pray, dear sir, answered I, breakfast with your sister. That, my dear, replied he, will too much gratify her pride, and look like a slight to you.—Dear sir, said I, your goodness is too great, for me to want punctilious proofs of it. Pray oblige her ladyship. She is your guest: surely, sir, you may be freest with your dutiful wife!

She is a strange woman, said he: how I pity her!—She has thrown herself into a violent fit of the colic, through passion: and is but now, her woman says, a little easier. I hope, sir, said I, when you carried her ladyship out, you did not hurt her. No, replied he, I love her too well. I set her down in the apartment she had chosen: and she but now desires to see me, and that I will breakfast with her, or refuses to touch anything. But, if my dearest please, I will insist it shall be with *you* at the same time.

Oh no, no, dear sir! said I; I should not forgive myself if I did. I would on my knees beg her ladyship's goodness to me, now I am in your presence; though I thought I ought to carry it a little stiff when you were absent, for the sake of the honour you have done me. And, dear sir, if my deepest humility will please, permit me to show it.

You shall do nothing, returned he, unworthy of my wife, to please the proud woman!—But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I have used her in so barbarous a manner,

as I understand she exclaims I have; and as she will not eat anything, unless I give her my company.—So he saluted me, and withdrew; and I locked the door after him again for fear.

Mrs. Jewkes soon after rapped at the door. Who's there? said I. Only I, madam. So I opened the door. 'Tis a sad thing, madam, said she, you should be so much afraid in your own house. She brought me some chocolate and toast; and I asked her about my lady's behaviour. She said, she would not suffer anybody to attend but her woman, because she would not be heard what she had to say; but she believed, she said, her master was very angry with the young lord, as she called her kinsman; for, as she passed by the door, she heard him say, in a high tone, I hope, sir, you did not forget what belongs to the character you assume; or to that effect.

About one o'clock my master came up again, and he said, Will you come down to dinner, Pamela, when I send for you? Whatever you command, sir, I must do: but my lady won't desire to see me. No matter whether she will or no. But I will not suffer, that she shall prescribe her insolent will to my wife, and in your own house too. —I will, by my tenderness to you, mortify her pride; and it cannot be done so well as to her face.

Dearest sir, said I, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. It will make my lady but more inveterate. —Said he, I have told her we are married. She is out of all patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Upon that I tell her, then she shall have it her own way, and that I am *not*. And what has she to do with it either way? She has scolded and begged, commanded and prayed, blessed me and cursed me, by turns, twenty times in these few hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes raged: and at last left her, and took a turn in the garden for an hour to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish woman had ruffled me; and just now I came out, seeing her coming in.

Just as he had said so, I cried, Oh! my lady, my lady!

for I heard her voice in the chamber, saying, Brother, brother, one word with you—stopping in sight of the closet where I was. He stepped out, and she went up to the window that looks towards the garden, and said, Mean fool that I am, to follow you up and down the house in this manner, though I am shunned and avoided by you! You a brother!—You a barbarian! Is it possible we could be born of one mother?

Why, said he, do you charge me with a conduct to you that you bring upon yourself?—Is it not surprising that you should take the liberty with me, that the dear mother you have named never gave you an example for to any of her relations?—Was it not sufficient, that I was insolently taken to task by you in your letters, but my retirements must be invaded? My house insulted? And, if I have one person dearer to me than another, that that person must be singled out for an object of your violence?

Ay, said she, that one person is the thing!—But though I came with a resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so unkindly, yet cannot I have patience to look upon that bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty scene of your wickedness with such a——

Hush! said he, I charge you! call not the dear girl by any name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her excellence; and I desire you'll not repeat the freedoms you have taken below.

She stamped with her foot, and said, God give me patience! So much contempt to a sister that loves you so well; and so much tenderness to a vile——

He put his hand before her mouth: Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you! You know not the innocence you abuse so freely. I ought not, neither will I bear it.

She sat down and fanned herself, and burst into tears, and such sobs of grief, or rather passion, that grieved me to hear; and I sat and trembled sadly.

He walked about the room in great anger; and at last said, Let me ask you, Lady Davers, why I am thus inso-

lently to be called to account by you? Am I not independent? Am I not of age? Am I not at liberty to please myself?—Would to God, that, instead of a woman, and my sister, any man breathing had dared, whatever were his relation under that of a father, to give himself half the airs you have done!—Why did you not send on this accursed errand your lord, who could write me such a letter as no gentleman should write, nor any gentleman tamely receive? He should have seen the difference.

We all know, said she, that, since your Italian duel, you have commenced a bravo; and all your airs breathe as strongly of the manslayer as of the libertine. This, said he, I will bear; for I have no reason to be ashamed of that duel, nor the cause of it; since it was to save a friend, and because it is levelled at myself only: but suffer not your tongue to take too great a liberty with my Pamela.

She interrupted him in a violent burst of passion. If I bear this, said she, I can bear anything!—Oh the little strumpet!—He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully, Begone, rageful woman! begone this moment from my presence! Leave my house this instant!—I renounce you, and all relation to you! and never more let me see your face, or call me brother! And took her by the hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the curtains of the window, and said, I will not go! You shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the wretch's hearing, and suffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous treatment of me.

Not considering anything, I ran out of the closet, and threw myself at my dear master's feet, as he held her hand, in order to lead her out; and I said, Dearest sir, let me beg, that no act of unkindness, for my sake, pass between so worthy and so near relations. Dear, dear madam, said I, and clasped her knees, pardon and excuse the unhappy cause of all this evil; on my knees I beg your ladyship to receive me to your grace and favour, and you shall find me incapable of any triumph but in your ladyship's goodness to me.

Creature, said she, art *thou* to beg an excuse for me?—

Art *thou* to implore my forgiveness? Is it to *thee* I am to owe the favour, that I am not cast headlong from my brother's presence? Begone to thy corner, wench! begone, I say, lest thy paramour kill me for trampling thee under my foot!

Rise, my dear Pamela, said my master; rise, dear life of my life; and expose not so much worthiness to the ungrateful scorn of so violent a spirit. And so he led me to my closet again, and there I sat and wept.

Her woman came up, just as he had led me to my closet, and was returning to her lady; and she very humbly said, Excuse my intrusion, good sir!—I hope I may come to my lady. Yes, Mrs. Worden, said he, you may come in; and pray take your lady down stairs with you, for fear I should too much forget what belongs either to my sister or myself!

I began to think (seeing her ladyship so outrageous with her brother) what a happy escape I had had the day before, though hardly enough used in conscience too, as I thought.

Her woman begged her ladyship to walk down; and she said, Beck, seest thou that bed? That was the bed that I was born in; and yet that was the bed thou sawest, as well as I, the wicked Pamela in, this morning, and this brother of mine just risen from her!

True, said he; you both saw it, and it is my pride that you could see it. 'Tis my bridal bed; and 'tis abominable that the happiness I knew before you came hither, should be so barbarously interrupted.

Swear to me but, thou bold wretch! said she, swear to me, that Pamela Andrews is really and truly thy lawful wife, without sham, without deceit, without double-meaning; and I know what I have to say!

I'll humour you for once, said he; and then swore a solemn oath that I was. And, said he, did I not tell you so at first?

I cannot *yet* believe you, said she; because, in this particular, I had rather have called you *knave* than *fool*.—Pro-

voke me not too much, said he; for, if I should as much forget myself as you have done, you'd have no more of a brother in me, than I have a sister in you.

Who married you? said she: tell me that! Was it not a broken attorney in a parson's habit? Tell me truly, in the wench's hearing. When she's undeceived, she'll know how to behave herself better! Thank God, thought I, it is not so.

No, said he; and I'll tell you, that I bless God, I abhorred that project, before it was brought to bear: and Mr. Williams married us.—Nay then, said she—but answer me another question or two, I beseech you: Who gave her away? Parson Peters, said he. Where was the ceremony performed? In my little chapel, which you may see, as it was put in order on purpose.

Now, said she, I begin to fear there is something in it! But who was present? said she. Methinks, replied he, I look like a fine puppy, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent sister: but, if you must know, Mrs. Jewkes was present. Oh the procuress! said she: But nobody else? Yes, said he, all my heart and soul!

Wretch! said she; and what would thy father and mother have said, had they lived to this day? Their consents, replied he, I should have thought it my duty to ask! but not yours, madam.

Suppose, said she, I had married my father's groom! what would you have said to that?—I could not have behaved worse, replied he, than you have done. And would you not have thought, said she, I had deserved it.

Said he, Does your pride let you see no difference in the case you put? None at all, said she. Where can the difference be between a beggar's son married by a lady, or a beggar's daughter made a gentleman's wife?

Then I'll tell you, replied he; the difference is, a man ennobles the woman he takes, be she *who* she will; and adopts her into his *own* rank, be it *what* it will: but a woman, though ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean marriage, and descends from her *own* rank to *his* she stoops to.

When the royal family of Stuart allied itself into the low family of Hyde (comparatively low, I mean), did anybody scruple to call the lady, Royal Highness, and Duchess of York? And did anybody think her daughters, the late Queen Mary and Queen Anne, less royal for that?

When the broken-fortuned peer goes into the city to marry a rich tradesman's daughter, be he duke or earl, does not his consort immediately become ennobled by his choice? and who scruples to call her lady, duchess, or countess?

But when a duchess or countess dowager descends to mingle with a person of obscure birth, does she not then degrade herself? and is she not effectually degraded? And will any duchess or countess rank with her?

Now, Lady Davers, do you not see a difference between my marrying my dear mother's beloved and deserving waiting-maid, with a million of excellences about her, and such graces of mind and person as would adorn any distinction; and your marrying a sordid groom, whose constant train of education, conversation, and opportunities, could possibly give him no other merit, than that which must proceed from the vilest, lowest taste, in his sordid dignifier?

Oh the wretch! said she, how he finds excuses to palliate his meanness!

Again, said he, let me observe to you, Lady Davers, When a duke marries a private person, is he not still her *head*, by virtue of being her husband? But, when a lady descends to marry a groom, is not the groom her *head*, being her husband? And does not the difference strike you? For what lady of quality ought to respect another, who has made so sordid a choice, and set a groom *above* her? For, would not that be to put that groom upon a par with themselves?—Call this palliation, or what you will; but if you see not the difference, you are blind; and a very unfit judge for yourself, much more unfit to be a censurer of me.

I'd have you, said she, publish your fine reasons to the world, and they will be sweet encouragements to all the young gentlemen who read them to cast themselves away on the servant-wenches in their families.

Not at all, Lady Davers, replied he: for, if any young gentleman stays till he finds such a person as my Pamela, so enriched with the beauties of person and mind, so well accomplished, and so fitted to adorn the degree she is raised to, he will stand as easily acquitted, as I shall be to all the world that sees her, except there be many more Lady Davers than I apprehend can possibly be met with.

And so, returned she, you say you are actually and really married, honestly, or rather foolishly married, to this *slut?*

I am, indeed, says he, if you presume to call her so! And why should I not, if I please? Who is there ought to contradict me? Whom have I hurt by it?—Have I not an estate, free and independent?—Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my relations? And why, when I have a sufficiency in my own single hands, should I scruple to make a woman equally happy, who has all I want? For beauty, virtue, prudence, and generosity too, I will tell you, she has more than any lady I ever saw. Yes, Lady Davers, she has all these *naturally;* they are *born* with her; and a few years' education, with her genius, has done more for her, than a whole life has done for others.

No more, no more, I beseech you, said she; thou surfeitest me, honest man! with thy weak folly. Thou art worse than an idolater; thou hast made a graven image, and thou fallest down and worshippest the works of thy own hands; and, Jeroboam-like, wouldst have everybody else bow down before thy calf!

Well said, Lady Davers! Whenever your passion suffers you to descend to witticism, 'tis almost over with you. But let me tell you, though I myself worship this sweet creature, that you call such names, I want nobody else to do it; and should be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the course of our mutual happiness.

Well said, well said, my kind, my well-mannered brother! said she. I shall, after this, very little interrupt your mutual happiness, I'll assure you. I thought you a gentleman once, and prided myself in my brother: But I'll say now with the burial service, *Ashes to ashes, and dirt to dirt!*

Ay, said he, Lady Davers, and there we must all end at last; you with all your pride, and I with my plentiful fortune, must come to it; and then where will be your distinction? Let me tell you, except you and I both mend our manners, though you have been no duellist, no libertine, as you call me, this amiable girl, whom your vanity and folly so much despise, will out-soar us both, infinitely out-soar us; and He who judges best, will give the preference where due, without regard to birth or fortune.

Egregious preacher! said she: What, my brother already turned *Puritan!*—See what marriage and repentance may bring a man to! I heartily congratulate this change!—Well, said she (and came towards me, and I trembled to see her coming; but her brother followed to observe her, and I stood up at her approach, and she said), Give me thy hand, Mrs. Pamela, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs.—— what shall I call thee?—Thou hast done wonders in a little time; thou hast not only made a rake a husband; but thou hast made a rake a preacher! But take care, added she, after all, in ironical anger, and tapped me on the neck, take care that thy vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou callest not thyself my sister.

She shall, I hope, Lady Davers, said he, when she can make as great a convert of you from pride, as she has of me from libertinism.

Mrs. Jewkes just then came up, and said dinner was ready. Come, my Pamela, said my dear master; you desired to be excused from breakfasting with us; but I hope you'll give Lady Davers and me your company to dinner.

How dare you insult me thus? said my lady.—How dare you, said he, insult me by your conduct in my own house, after I have told you I am married? How dare you think of staying here one moment, and refuse my wife the honours that belong to her as such?

Merciful God! said she, give me patience! and held her hand to her forehead.

Pray, sir, dear sir, said I, excuse me, don't vex my lady. —Be silent, my dear love, said he; you see already what

you have got by your sweet condescension. You have thrown yourself at her feet, and, insolent as she is, she has threatened to trample upon you. She'll ask you presently, if she is to owe her excuse to your interposition? and yet nothing else can make her forgiven.

Poor lady, she could not bear this; and, as if she was discomposed, she ran to her poor grieved woman, and took hold of her hand, and said, Lead me down, lead me down, Beck! Let us instantly quit this house, this cursed house, that once I took pleasure in! Order the fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its owner, more. And away she went down stairs in a great hurry. And the servants were ordered to make ready for their departure.

I saw my master was troubled, and I went to him, and said, Pray, dear sir, follow my lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her love to you.—Poor woman! said he, I am concerned for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since things are gone so far. Her pride will get new strength else, and we shall be all to begin again.

Dearest, dear sir, said I, excuse my going down this once! Indeed, my dear, I won't, replied he. What! shall it be said, that my sister shall scare my wife from my table, and I present?—No, I have borne too much already, and so have you: And I charge you come down when I send for you.

He departed, saying these words, and I durst not dispute; for I saw he was determined. And there is as much majesty as goodness in him, as I have often had reason to observe; though never more than on the present occasion with his sister. Her ladyship instantly put on her hood and gloves, and her woman tied up a handkerchief full of things; for her principal matters were not unpacked; and her coachman got her chariot ready, and her footmen their horses; and she appeared resolved to go. But her kinsman and Mr. Colbrand had taken a turn together, somewhere; and she would not come in, but sat fretting on a seat in the fore-yard, with her woman by her; and, at last, said to one of the footmen, Do you, James, stay to attend my nephew; and we'll take the road we came.

Mrs. Jewkes went to her ladyship, and said, Your ladyship will be pleased to stay dinner; 'tis just coming upon table? No, said she, I have enough of this house; I have indeed. But give my service to your master, and I wish him happier than he has made me.

He had sent for me down, and I came, though unwillingly, and the cloth was laid in the parlour I had jumped out of; and there was my master walking about it. Mrs. Jewkes came in, and asked, if he pleased to have dinner brought in? for my lady would not come in, but desired her service, and wished him happier than he had made her. He, seeing her at the window, when he went to that side of the room, all ready to go, stept out to her, and said, Lady Davers, if I thought you would not be hardened, rather than softened, by my civility, I would ask you to walk in; and, at least, let your kinsman and servants dine before they go. She wept, and turned her face from him, to hide it. He took her hand, and said, Come, sister, let me prevail upon you: Walk in. No, said she, don't ask me.—I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me!—You do, said he, and a great deal more, I'll assure you; or else you'd not vex me as you do.—Come, pray walk in. Don't ask me, said she. Her kinsman just then returned: Why, madam, said he, your ladyship won't go till you have dined, I hope. No, Jackey, said she, I can't stay; I'm an *intruder* here, it seems!—Think, said my master, of the occasion you gave for that word. Your violent passions are the only *intruders!* Lay them aside, and never sister was dearer to a brother. Don't say such another word, said she, I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you anything for one kind word!—You shall have one hundred, said he, nay, ten thousand, if they will do, my dear sister. And, kissing her, he added, Pray give me your hand. John, said he, put up the horses; you are all as welcome to me, for all your lady's angry with me, as at any inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. H——, said he, lead your aunt in; for she won't permit that honour to me.

This quite overcame her; and she said, giving her brother

her hand, Yes, I will, and you shall lead me anywhere! and kissed him. But don't think, said she, I can forgive you neither. And so he led her into the parlour where I was. But, said she, why do you lead me to this wench? 'Tis my wife, my dear sister; and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common civilities to her, for your own sake.

Pray, madam, said her kinsman, since your brother is pleased to own his marriage, we must not forget common civilities, as Mr. B—— says. And, sir, added he, permit me to wish you joy. Thank you, sir, said he. And may I? said he, looking at me. Yes, sir, replied my master. So he saluted me, very complaisantly; and said, I vow to Gad, madam, I did not know this yesterday; and if I was guilty of a fault, I beg your pardon.

My lady said, Thou'rt a good-natured foolish fellow; thou might'st have saved this nonsensical parade, till I had given thee leave. Why, aunt, said he, if they are actually married, there's no help for it; and we must not make mischief between man and wife.

But, brother, said she, do you think I'll sit at table with the creature? No contemptuous names, I beseech you, Lady Davers! I tell you she is really my wife; and I must be a villain to suffer her to be ill used. She has no protector but me; and, if you will permit her, she will always love and honour you.—Indeed, indeed I will, madam, said I.

I cannot, I won't sit down at table with her, said she: Pamela, I hope thou dost not think I will?—Indeed, madam, said I, if your good brother will permit it, I will attend your chair all the time you dine, to show my veneration for your ladyship, as the sister of my kind protector. See, said he, her condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a conduct unworthy of my wife; and I hope my sister will not expect it neither.

Let her leave the room, replied she, if I must stay. Indeed you are out of the way, aunt, said her kinsman; that is not right, as things stand. Said my master, No,

madam, that must not be; but, if it must be so, we'll have two tables; you and your nephew shall sit at one, and my wife and I at the other: and then see what a figure your unreasonable punctilio will make you cut.—She seemed irresolute, and he placed her at the table; the first course, which was fish, being brought in. Where, said she to me, wouldst thou presume to sit? Wouldst have me give *place* to thee *too*, wench?—Come, come, said my master, I'll put that out of dispute; and so set himself down by her ladyship, at the upper end of the table, and placed me at his left hand. Excuse me, my dear, said he; this once excuse me!—Oh! your cursed complaisance, said she, to such a ——. Hush, sister! hush! said he: I will not bear to hear her spoken slightly of! 'Tis enough, that, to oblige your violent and indecent caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.

Come, sir, added he, pray take your place next your gentle aunt!—Beck, said she, do you sit down by Pamela there, since it must be so; we'll be hail fellow all! With all my heart, replied my master: I have so much honour for all the sex, that I would not have the meanest person of it stand, while I sit, had I been to have made the custom. Mrs. Worden, pray sit down. Sir, said she, I hope I shall know my place better.

My lady sat considering; and then, lifting up her hands, said, Lord! what will this world come to?—To nothing but what's very good, replied my master, if such spirits as Lady Davers's do but take the rule of it. Shall I help you, sister, to some of the carp? Help your beloved! said she. That's kind! said he.—Now, that's my good Lady Davers! Here, my love, let me help you, since my sister desires it.—Mighty well, returned she, mighty well!—But sat on one side, turning from me, as it were.

Dear aunt, said her kinsman, let's see you buss and be friends: since 'tis so, what signifies it? Hold thy fool's tongue! said she: Is thy tone so soon turned since yesterday? Said my master, I hope nothing affronting was offered yesterday to my wife, in her own house. She hit

him a good smart slap on the shoulder: Take that, impudent brother! said she. I'll *wife* you, and in *her own* house! She seemed half afraid: but he, in very good humour, kissed her, and said, I thank you, sister, I thank you. But I have not had a blow from you before for some time!

'Fore gad, sir, said her kinsman, 'tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her ladyship is as good a woman as ever lived; but I've had many a cuff from her myself.

I won't put it up neither, said my master, except you'll assure me you have seen her serve her lord so.

I pressed my foot to his, and said, softly, Don't, dear sir! —What! said she, is the creature begging me off from insult? If *his* manners won't keep him from outraging me, I won't owe his forbearance to *thee*, wench.

Said my master, and put some fish on my lady's plate, Well does Lady Davers use the word *insult!*—But, come, let me see you eat one mouthful, and I'll forgive you; and he put the knife in one of her hands, and the fork in the other. As I hope to live, said he, I cannot bear this silly childishness, for nothing at all! I am quite ashamed of it.

She put a little bit to her mouth, but laid it down in her plate again: I cannot eat, said she; I cannot swallow, I'm sure. It will certainly choke me. He had forbid his men-servants to come in, that they might not behold the scene he expected; and rose from table himself, and filled a glass of wine, her woman offering, and her kinsman rising, to do it. Meantime, his seat between us being vacant, she turned to me: How now, confidence, said she, darest thou sit next *me?* Why dost thou not rise, and take the glass from thy property?

Sit still, my dear, said he; I'll help you both. But I arose; for I was afraid of a good cuff; and said, Pray, sir, let me help my lady. So you shall, replied he, when she's in a humour to receive it as she ought. Sister, said he, with a glass in his hand, pray drink; you'll perhaps eat a little bit of something then. Is this to insult me? said she.—No,

really, returned he; but to incite you to eat; for you'll be sick for want of it.

She took the glass, and said, God forgive you, wicked wretch, for your usage of me this day!—This is a little as it used to be!—I once had your love;—and now it is changed; and for whom? that vexes me! And wept so, she was forced to set down the glass.

You don't do well, said he. You neither treat me like your brother nor a gentleman; and if you would suffer me, I would love you as well as ever.—But for a woman of sense and understanding, and a fine-bred woman, as I once thought my sister, you act quite a childish part. Come, added he, and held the glass to her lips, let your brother, that you once loved, prevail on you to drink this glass of wine.—She then drank it. He kissed her, and said, Oh! how passion deforms the noblest minds! You have lost a good deal of that loveliness that used to adorn my sister. And let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my sister again!—For Lady Davers is, indeed, a fine woman; and has a presence as majestic for a lady, as her dear brother has for a gentleman.

He then sat down between us again, and said, when the second course came in, Let Abraham come in and wait. I touched his toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her ladyship began to recollect herself, and did not behave half so ill before the servants, as she had done; and helped herself with some little freedom; but she could not forbear a strong sigh and a sob now and then. She called for a glass of the same wine she had drank before. Said he, Shall I help you again, Lady Davers?—and rose, at the same time, and went to the sideboard, and filled her a glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be soothed by my brother!—Your health, sir!

Said my master to me, with great sweetness, My dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you!—I must serve *both* sisters alike! She looked at the servant, as if he were a little check upon her, and said to my master, How now, sir!—Not that you know of. He whispered her, Don't show any contempt

before my servants to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider, 'tis done.—Ay, said she, that's the thing that kills me.

He gave me a glass: My good lady's health, sir, said I.—That won't do, said she, leaning towards me, softly; and was going to say wench, or creature, or some such word. And my master, seeing Abraham look towards her, her eyes being red and swelled, said, Indeed, sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what? said she. Why, replied he, about your lord's not coming down, as he had promised. He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder: Ah! wicked one, said she, nor will that do neither!—Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a lady of your sense and merit to be slighted, if it *was* so; but I am sure my lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happened.

She shook her head, and said, That's like your art!—This makes one amazed you should be so caught!—Who, my lord caught! said he: No, no! he'll have more wit than so! But I never heard you were jealous before. Nor, said he, have you any reason to think so now!—Honest friend, you need not wait, said she; my woman will help us to what we want. Yes, let him, replied he. Abraham, fill me a glass. Come, said my master, Lord Davers to you, madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out!—You're very provoking, brother, said she. I wish you were as good as Lord Davers. —But don't carry your jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender point, I own. I've done.

By these kind managements the dinner passed over better than I expected. And when the servants were withdrawn, my master said, still keeping his place between us, I have a question to ask you, Lady Davers, and that is, If you'll bear me company to Bedfordshire? I was intending to set out thither to-morrow, but I'll tarry your pleasure, if you'll go with me.

Is thy wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, friend? said she. Yes, to be sure, answered he, my dear Quaker sister; and took her hand, and smiled. And wouldst

have me parade it with her on the road?—Hey?—And make one to grace her retinue?—Hey? Tell me how thoud'st chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldst have me, honest friend?

He clasped his arms about her, and kissed her: You are a dear saucy sister, said he; but I must love you!—Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here shall you, and my Pamela—Leave out *my*, I desire you, if you'd have me sit patiently. No, said he, I can't do that. Here shall you, and my Pamela, go together in your chariot, if you please; and she will then appear as one of your retinue; and your nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes go into my chariot, to your woman.

Should'st thou like this, creature? said she to me.—If your ladyship think it not too great an honour for me, madam, said I. Yes, replied she, but my ladyship does think it would be too great an honour.

Now I think of it, said he, this must not be neither; for, without you'd give her the hand in your own chariot, my wife would be thought your woman, and that must not be. Why, that would, maybe, said she, be the only inducement for me to bear her near me, in my chariot.—But, how then?—Why then, when we came home, we'd get Lord Davers to come to us, and stay a month or two.

And what if he was to come?—Why I would have you, as I know you have a good fancy, give Pamela your judgment on some patterns I expect from London, for clothes.—Provoking wretch! said she; now I wish I may keep my hands to myself. I don't say it to provoke you, said he, nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you I am married, is it not a consequence that we must have new clothes?

Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me, friend? said she. I will make you a present, returned he, worth your acceptance, if you will grace us with your company at church, when we make our appearance.—Take that, said she, if I die for it, wretch that thou art! and was going to hit him a great slap; but he held her hand.

Her kinsman said, Dear aunt, I wonder at you! Why, all these are things of course.

I begged leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my good master said, There's a person! There's a shape! There's a sweetness! O Lady Davers! were you a man, you would doat on her, as I do. Yes, said the naughty lady, so I should, for my harlot, but not for my wife. I turned, on this, and said, Indeed your ladyship is cruel; and well may gentlemen take liberties, when ladies of honour say such things! And I wept, and added, Your ladyship's inference, if your good brother was not the most generous of men, would make me very unhappy.

No fear, wench; no fear, said she; thou'lt hold him as long as anybody can, I see that!—Poor Sally Godfrey never had half the interest in him, I'll assure you.

Stay, my Pamela, said he, in a passion; stay, when I bid you. You have now heard two vile charges upon me!—I love you with such a true affection, that I ought to say something before this malicious accuser, that you may not think your consummate virtue linked to so black a villain.

Her nephew seemed uneasy, and blamed her much; and I came back, but trembled as I stood; and he set me down, and said, taking my hand, I have been accused, my dear, as a dueller, and now as a profligate, in another sense; and there was a time I should not have received these imputations with so much concern as I now do, when I would wish, by degrees, by a conformity of my manners to your virtue, to show every one the force your example has upon me. But this briefly is the case of the first.

I had a friend, who had been basely attempted to be assassinated by bravoes, hired by a man of title in Italy, who, like many other persons of title, had no honour; and, at Padua, I had the fortune to disarm one of these bravoes in my friend's defence, and made him confess his employer; and him, I own, I challenged. At Sienna we met, and he died in a month after, of a fever; but, I hope, not occasioned by the slight wounds he had received from me; though I was obliged to leave Italy upon it, sooner than I

intended, because of his numerous relations, who looked upon me as the cause of his death; though I pacified them by a letter I wrote them from Inspruck, acquainting them with the baseness of the deceased: and they followed me not to Munich, as they intended.

This is one of the good-natured hints that might shock your sweetness, on reflecting that you are yoked with a murderer. The other—Nay, brother, said she, say no more. 'Tis your own fault if you go further. She shall know it all, said he; and I defy the utmost stretch of your malice.

When I was at college, I was well received by a widow lady, who had several daughters, and but small fortunes to give them; and the old lady set one of them (a deserving good girl she was) to draw me into marriage with her, for the sake of the fortune I was heir to; and contrived many opportunities to bring us and leave us together. I was not then of age; and the young lady, not half so artful as her mother, yielded to my addresses before the mother's plot could be ripened, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my Pamela, is the Sally Godfrey, this malicious woman, with the worst intentions, has informed you of. And whatever other liberties I may have taken (for perhaps some more I have, which, had she known, you had heard of, as well as this), I desire Heaven will only forgive me, till I revive its vengeance by the like offences, in injury to my Pamela.

And now, my dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy sister of mine has said all the bad she knows of me; and what, at a proper opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my *boast*, but my *concern*, I should have acquainted you with myself; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am; though I hope, from the hour I devoted myself to so much virtue, to that of my death, my conduct shall be irreproachable.

She was greatly moved at this, and the noble manner in which the dear gentleman owned and repented of his faults; and gushed out into tears, and said, No, don't yet go,

Pamela, I beseech you. My passion has carried me too far, a great deal; and, coming to me, she shook my hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his pardon; and so took his hand.—But, to my concern (for I was grieved for her ladyship's grief), he burst from her; and went out of the parlour into the garden in a violent rage, that made me tremble. Her ladyship sat down, and leaned her head against my bosom, and made my neck wet with her tears, holding me by the hands; and I wept for company.—Her kinsman walked up and down the parlour in a sad fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said, Mr. B—— has ordered his chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by anybody. Where is he? said she.—Walking in the garden till it is ready, replied he.

Well, said she, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now, said she, malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a twelvemonth: for I tell you, Pamela, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive. I was all delighted, though sad, to see her ladyship so good to me. Will you venture, said she, to accompany me to him?—Dare you follow a lion in his retreats?—I'll attend your ladyship, said I, wherever you command. Well, wench, said she; Pamela, I mean; thou art very good in the main!—I should have loved thee as well as my mother did—if—but 'tis all over now! Indeed you should not have married my brother! But come, I must love him! Let's find him out. And yet will he use me worse than a dog!—I should not, added she, have so much exasperated him: for, whenever I have, I have always had the worst of it. He knows I love him!

In this manner her ladyship talked to me, leaning on my arm, and walking into the garden. I saw he was still in a tumult, as it were; and he took another walk to avoid us. She called after him, and said, Brother, brother, let me speak to you!—One word with you! And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him; I desire, said he, that you'll not oppress me more with your follies, and your violence. I have borne too much with you, and I will

vow for a twelvemonth, from this day—Hush, said she, don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep it, I know by experience, if you do. You see, said she, I stoop to ask Pamela to be my advocate. Sure that will pacify you!

Indeed, said he, I desire to see neither of you, on such an occasion; and let me only be left to myself, for I will not be intruded upon thus; and was going away.—But said she, One word first, I desire.—If you'll forgive *me*, I'll forgive *you*.—What, said the dear man haughtily, will you forgive *me?*—Why, said she, for she saw him too angry to mention his marriage, as a subject that required her pardon—I will forgive you all your bad usage of me this day.

I will be serious with you, sister, said he: I wish you most sincerely well; but let us, from this time, study so much one another's quiet, as never to come near one another more. Never? said she.—And can you desire this? barbarous brother! can you?—I can, I do, said he; and I have nothing to do, but to hide from you, not a brother, but a murderer, and a profligate, unworthy of your relation; and let me be consigned to penitence for my past evils: A penitence, however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an accuser.

Pamela, said he, and made me tremble, how dare you approach me, without leave, when you see me thus disturbed?—Never, for the future, come near me, when I am in these tumults, unless I send for you.

Dear sir! said I—Leave me, interrupted he. I will set out for Bedfordshire this moment! What! sir, said I, without me?—What have I done? You have too meanly, said he, for my wife, stooped to this furious sister of mine; and, till I can recollect, I am not pleased with you: But Colbrand shall attend you, and two other of my servants, and Mrs. Jewkes shall wait upon you part of the way: And I hope you'll find me in a better disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimi-

date my lady, I believe I could not have borne it: But it was grievous to me; for I saw he was most sincerely in a passion.

I was afraid, said she, he would be angry at you, as well as me; for well do I know his unreasonable violence, when he is moved. But one word, sir, said she: Pardon Pamela, if you won't me; for she has committed no offence, but that of good-nature to me, and at my request. I will be gone myself, directly as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.

I prevented you, said he, through love; but you have stung me for it, through hatred. But as for my Pamela, I know, besides the present moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I desire her never to see me, on such occasions, till I can see her in the temper I ought to be in, when so much sweetness approaches me. 'Tis therefore I say, my dearest, leave me now.

But, sir, said I, must I leave you, and let you go to Bedfordshire without me? Oh, dear sir, how can I?—Said my lady, You may go to-morrow, both of you, as you had designed; and I will go away this afternoon: And, since I cannot be forgiven, will try to forget I have a brother.

May I, sir, said I, beg all your anger on myself, and to be reconciled to your good sister? Presuming Pamela! replied he, and made me start; art thou then so hardy, so well able to sustain a displeasure, which of all things, I expected from thy affection, and thy tenderness, thou wouldst have wished to avoid?—Now, said he, and took my hand, and, as it were, tossed it from him, begone from my presence, and reflect upon what you have said to me!

I was so frightened (for then I saw he took amiss what I said) that I took hold of his knees, as he was turning from me; and I said, Forgive me, good sir! you see I am *not* so hardy! I cannot bear your displeasure! And was ready to sink.

His sister said, Only forgive Pamela; 'tis all I ask—You'll break *her* spirit quite!—You'll carry your passion as much too far as I have done!—I need not say, said he,

how well I love her; but she must not intrude upon me at such times as these!—I had intended, as soon as I could have quelled, by my reason, the tumults you had caused by your violence, to have come in, and taken such a leave of you both, as might become a husband, and a brother: But she has, unbidden, broke in upon me, and must take the consequence of a passion, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.

Said she, Did I not love you so well, as sister never loved a brother, I should not have given you all this trouble. And did I not, said he, love you better than you are resolved to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last instance, after the duelling story (which you would not have mentioned, had you not known it is always matter of concern for me to think upon), of poor Sally Godfrey, is a piece of spite and meanness, that I can renounce you my blood for.

Well, said she, I am convinced it was wrong. I am ashamed of it myself. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, 'twas unworthy of your sister: And 'tis for this reason I stoop to follow you, to beg your pardon, and even to procure one for my advocate, who I thought had some interest in you, if I might have believed your own professions to her; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.

I care not what you think!—After the meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with pity: For, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.

'Tis plain I have, said she. But I'll begone.—And so, brother, let me call you for this *once!* God bless you! And, Pamela, said her ladyship, God bless you! and kissed me, and wept.

I durst say no more: And my lady turning from him, he said, Your sex is the d—l! how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn, as you please, us poor weathercocks of men! Your last kind blessing to my Pamela I cannot stand! Kiss but each other again. And then he took both our hands, and joined them; and my lady saluting me again, with tears on both sides, he put his kind

arms about each of our waists, and saluted us with great affection, saying, Now, God bless you both, the two dearest creatures I have in the world!

Well, said she, you will quite forget my fault about Miss —— He stopt her before she could speak the name, and said, For ever forget it!—And, Pamela, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my displeasure so light a thing to you, as you did just now.

Said my lady, She did not make your displeasure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher compliment she made me, that she would bear it all, rather than not see you and me reconciled. No matter for that, said he: It was either an absence of thought, or a slight by implication, at least, that my niceness could not bear from her tenderness: For looked it not presuming, that she could stand my displeasure, or was sure of making her terms when she pleased? Which, fond as I am of her, I assure her, will not be always, in wilful faults, in her power.

Nay, said my lady, I can tell you, Pamela, you have a gentleman here in my brother; and you may expect such treatment from him, as that character, and his known good sense and breeding, will always oblige him to show: But *if* you offend, the Lord have mercy upon you!—You see how it is by poor me!—And yet I never knew him to forgive so soon.

I am sure, said I, I will take care as much as I can; for I have been frightened out of my wits, and had offended, before I knew where I was.

So happily did this storm blow over; and my lady was quite subdued and pacified.

When we came out of the garden, his chariot was ready; and he said, Well, sister, I had most assuredly gone away towards my other house, if things had not taken this happy turn; and, if you please, instead of it, you and I will take an airing: And pray, my dear, said he to me, bid Mrs. Jewkes order supper by eight o'clock, and we shall then join you.

Sir, added he, to her nephew, will you take your horse

and escort us? I will, said he: and am glad, at my soul, to see you all so good friends.

So my dear lord and master handed my lady into his chariot, and her kinsman and his servants rode after them: and I went up to my closet to ruminate on these things. And, foolish thing that I am, this poor Miss Sally Godfrey runs into my head!—How soon the name and quality of a wife gives one privileges, in one's own account!—Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her; for, is it not strange, that I, who lived years in the family, should have heard nothing of this? But I was so constantly with my lady, that I might less hear of it; for she, I daresay, never knew it, or she would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about the poor lady.—Yet I wonder what became of her! Whether she be living? And whether anything came of it?—Maybe I shall hear full soon enough!—But I hope not to any bad purpose.

As to the other unhappy case, I know it was talked of, that in his travels, before I was taken into the family long, he had one or two broils; and, from a youth, he was always remarkable for courage, and is reckoned a great master of his sword. God grant he may never be put to use it! and that he may be always preserved in honour and safety!

About seven o'clock my master sent word, that he would have me not expect him to supper; for that he, and my lady his sister, and nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with Lady Jones; and that Lady Darnford, and Mr. Peters' family, had promised to meet them there. I was glad they did not send for me; and the rather, as I hoped those good families being my friends, would confirm my lady a little in my favour; and so I followed my writing closely.

About eleven o'clock they returned. I had but just come down, having tired myself with my pen, and was sitting talking with Mrs. Jewkes and Mrs. Worden, whom I would, though unwillingly on their sides, make sit down, which they did over against me. Mrs. Worden asked my pardon, in a good deal of confusion, for the part she had acted

against me; saying, That things had been very differently represented to her; and that she little thought I was married, and that she was behaving so rudely to the lady of the house.

I said, I took nothing amiss; and very freely forgave her; and hoped my new condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I must endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the honour of the gentleman who had so generously raised me to it.

Mrs. Jewkes said, that my situation gave me great opportunities of showing the excellence of my nature, that I could forgive offences against me so readily, as she, for her own part, must always, she said, acknowledge, with confusion of face.

People, said I, Mrs. Jewkes, don't know how they shall act, when their wills are in the power of their superiors; and I always thought one should distinguish between acts of malice, and of implicit obedience; though, at the same time, a person should know how to judge between lawful and unlawful. And even the great, though at present angry they are not obeyed, will afterwards have no ill opinion of a person for withstanding them in their unlawful commands.

Mrs. Jewkes seemed a little concerned at this; and I said, I spoke chiefly from my own experience: For that I might say, as they both knew my story, that I had not wanted both for menaces and temptations; and had I complied with the one, or been intimidated by the other, I should not have been what I was.

Ah, madam! replied Mrs. Jewkes, I never knew anybody like you: and I think your temper sweeter, since the happy day, than before; and that, if possible, you take less upon you.

Why, a good reason, said I, may be assigned for that: I thought myself in danger: I looked upon every one as my enemy; and it was impossible that I should not be fretful, uneasy, jealous. But when my dearest friend had taken from me the ground of my uneasiness, and made me quite

happy, I should have been very blamable, if I had not shown a satisfied and easy mind, and a temper that should engage every one's respect and love at the same time, if possible: And so much the more, as it was but justifying, in some sort, the honour I had received: For the fewer enemies I made myself, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good benefactor had been less to blame in descending as he has done.

This way of talking pleased them both very much; and they made me many compliments upon it, and wished me always to be happy, as, they said, I so well deserved.

We were thus engaged, when my master, and his sister and her nephew, came in: and they made me quite alive, in the happy humour in which they all returned. The two women would have withdrawn: but my master said, Don't go, Mrs. Worden: Mrs. Jewkes, pray stay; I shall speak to you presently. So he came to me, and, saluting me, said, Well, my dear love, I hope I have not trespassed upon your patience, by an absence longer than we designed. But it has not been to your disadvantage; for though we had not your company, we have talked of nobody else but you.

My lady came up to me, and said, Ay, child, you have been all our subject. I don't know how it is: but you have made two or three good families, in this neighbourhood, as much your admirers, as your friend here.

My sister, said he, has been hearing your praises, Pamela, from half a score mouths, with more pleasure than her heart will easily let her express.

My good Lady Davers' favour, said I, and the continuance of yours, sir, would give me more pride than that of all the rest of the world put together.

Well, child, said she, proud hearts don't come down all at once; though my brother, here, has this day set mine a good many pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will say, I wish you joy with my brother; and so kissed me.

My dear lady, said I, you for ever oblige me!—I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so!—And I hope I shall always, through my

life, show your ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness.

But, child, said she, I shall not give you my company when you make your appearance. Let your own merit make all your Bedfordshire neighbours your friends, as it has done here, by your Lincolnshire ones; and you'll have no need of my countenance, nor anybody's else.

Now, said her nephew, 'tis my turn: I wish you joy with all my soul, madam; and, by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve; and so all the company says, where we have been: And pray forgive all my nonsense to you.

Sir, said I, I shall always, I hope, respect as I ought, so near a relation of my good Lord and Lady Davers; and I thank you for your kind compliment.

Gad, Beck, said he, I believe you've some forgiveness too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make madam, here, fly the pit, as she did. Little did we think we made her quit her own house.

Thou always, said my lady, sayest too much, or too little.

Mrs. Worden said, I have been treated with so much goodness and condescension since you went, that I have been beforehand, sir, in asking pardon myself.

So my lady sat down with me half an hour, and told me, that her brother had carried her a fine airing, and had quite charmed her with his kind treatment of her; and had much confirmed her in the good opinion she had begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging behaviour: But, continued she, when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old neighbours (for, said she, Lady Jones being nearest, we visited her first; and she scraped all the rest of the company together), they were all so full of your praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, it was Saul among the prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I spared not my due acknowledgments.

When her ladyship took leave, to go to bed, she said, Good-night to you, heartily, and to your good man. I kissed you when I came in, out of form; but I now kiss you out of *more* than form, I'll assure you.

Join with me, my dear parents, in my joy for this happy turn; the contrary of which I so much dreaded, and was the only difficulty I had to labour with. This poor Miss Sally Godfrey, I wonder what's become of her, poor soul! I wish he would, of his own head, mention her again.—Not that I am *very* uneasy, neither.—You'll say, I must be a little saucy, if I was.

My dear master gave me an account, when we went up, of the pains he had taken with his beloved sister, as he himself styled her; and of all the kind things the good families had said in my behalf; and that he observed she was not so much displeased with hearing them, as she was at first; when she would not permit anybody to speak of me as his wife: And that my health, as his spouse, being put; when it came to her, she drank it; but said, Come, brother, here's your Pamela to you: But I shall not know how to stand this affair, when the Countess ——, and the young ladies, come to visit me. One of these young ladies was the person she was so fond of promoting a match for, with her brother.—Lady Betty, I know, said she, will rally me smartly upon it; and you know, brother, she wants neither wit nor satire. He said, I hope, Lady Betty, whenever she marries, will meet with a better husband than I should have made her; for, in my conscience, I think I should hardly have made a tolerable one to any but Pamela.

He told me that they rallied him on the stateliness of his temper; and said, They saw he would make an exceeding good husband where he was; but it must be owing to my meekness, more than to his complaisance; for, said Miss Darnford, I could see well enough, when your ladyship detained her, though he had but hinted his desire of finding her at our house, he was so out of humour at her supposed non-compliance, that mine and my sister's pity for her was much more engaged, than our envy.

Ay, said my lady, he is too lordly a creature, by much; and can't bear disappointment, nor ever could.

Said he, Well, Lady Davers, you should not, of all persons, find fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.

Yes, replied she: but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it severely enough! You know you did, sauce-box. And the poor thing too, added she, that I took with me for my advocate, so low had he brought me! he treated her in such a manner as made my heart ache for her: But part was *art*, I know, to make me think the better of her.

Indeed, sister, said he, there was very little of that; for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had complaisance enough to have given a shilling for your good or bad opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was displeased to be broken in upon, after your provocations, by either of you: and she must learn that lesson, never to come near me, when I am in those humours; which shall be as little as possible: For, after a while, if let alone, I always come to myself, and am sorry for the violence of a temper, so like my dear sister's here: And, for this reason think it is no matter how few witnesses I have of its intemperance, while it lasts; especially since every witness, whether they merit it or not, as you see in my Pamela's case, must be a sufferer by it, if, unsent for, they come in my way.

He repeated the same lesson to me again, and enforced it; and owned, that he was angry with me in earnest, just then: though more with himself, afterwards, for being so: But when, Pamela, said he, you wanted to transfer all my displeasure upon yourself, it was so much *braving* me with your *merit*, as if I must *soon* end my anger, if placed *there*; or it was making it so *light* to you, that I was truly displeased; for, continued he, I cannot bear that you should wish, on any occasion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my displeasure as the heaviest misfortune that could befall you.

But, sir, said I, you know, that what I did was to try to

reconcile my lady; and, as she herself observed, it was paying her a high regard. It was so, replied he; but never think of making a compliment to *her*, or *any*body living, at *my* expense. Besides, she had behaved herself so intolerably, that I began to think you had stooped too much, and more than I ought to permit my wife to do; and acts of meanness are what I can't endure in anybody, but especially where I love: and as she had been guilty of a very signal one, I had much rather have renounced her at that time, than have been reconciled to her.

Sir, said I, I hope I shall always comport myself so, as not wilfully to disoblige you for the future; and the rather do I hope this, as I am sure I shall want only to *know* your pleasure to *obey* it. But this instance shows me, that I may *much* offend, without designing it in the *least*.

Now, Pamela, replied he, don't be too serious: I hope I shan't be a very tyrannical husband to you: Yet do I not pretend to be perfect, or to be always governed by reason in my first transports; and I expect, from your affection, that you will bear with me when you find me wrong. I have no ungrateful spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myself as most men; and then I am always kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been out of the way.

But to convince you, my dear, continued he, of your fault (I mean, with regard to the impetuosity of my temper; for there was no fault in your intention, *that* I acknowledge), I'll observe only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was so out of humour, a reception you did not expect, and a harsh word or two that you did not deserve. Now, had you not broken in upon me while my anger lasted, but stayed till I had come to you, or sent to desire your company, you'd have seen none of this; but that affectionate behaviour, which I doubt not you'll always merit, and I shall always take pleasure in expressing: and in *this temper* shall you always find a proper influence over me: But you must not suppose, whenever I am out of humour, that, in opposing yourself to my passion, you

oppose a proper butt to it; but when you are so good, like the slender reed, to *bend* to the hurricane, rather than, like the sturdy oak, to *resist* it, you will always stand firm in my kind opinion, while a contrary conduct would uproot you, with all your excellences, from my soul.

Sir, said I, I will endeavour to conform myself, in all things, to your will. I make no doubt but you will: and I'll endeavour to make my will as conformable to reason as I can. And let me tell you, that this belief of you is one of the inducements I have had to marry at all: for nobody was more averse to this state than myself; and, now we are upon this subject, I'll tell you why I was so averse.

We people of fortune, or such as are born to large expectations, of both sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occasionally touched upon this, Pamela, several times in your journal, so justly, that I need say the less to you. We are usually so headstrong, so violent in our wills, that we very little bear control.

Humoured by our nurses, through the faults of our parents, we practise first upon them; and show the *gratitude* of our disposition, in an insolence that ought rather to be checked and restrained, than encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulged in everything at school; and our *masters* and *mistresses* are rewarded with further grateful instances of our boisterous behaviour.

But, in our *wise* parents eyes, all looks well, all is forgiven and excused; and for no other reason, but because we are *theirs*.

Our next progression is, we exercise our spirits, when brought home, to the torment and regret of our *parents themselves*, and torture their hearts by our undutiful and perverse behaviour to them, which, however ungrateful in us, is but the natural consequence of their culpable indulgence to us, from infancy upwards.

And then, next, after we have, perhaps, half broken their hearts, a *wife* is looked out for: convenience, or birth, or fortune, are the first motives, affection the last (if it is at

all consulted): and two people thus educated, thus trained up, in a course of unnatural ingratitude, and who have been headstrong torments to every one who has had a share in their education, as well as to those to whom they owe their being, are brought together; and what can be expected, but that they should pursue, and carry on, the same comfortable conduct in matrimony, and join most heartily to plague one another? And, in some measure, indeed, this is right; because hereby they revenge the cause of all those who have been aggrieved and insulted by them, upon one another.

The gentleman has never been controlled: the lady has never been contradicted.

He cannot bear it from one whose new relation, he thinks, should oblige her to show a quite contrary conduct.

She thinks it very barbarous, now, for the *first* time, to be opposed in her will, and that by a man from whom she expected nothing but tenderness.

So great is the difference between what they both expect *from* one another, and what they both find *in* each other, that no wonder misunderstandings happen; that these ripen to quarrels; that acts of unkindness pass, which, even had the first motive to their union been *affection*, as usually it is not, would have effaced all manner of tender impressions on both sides.

Appeals to parents or guardians often ensue. If, by mediation of friends, a reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds: for why? The fault is in the minds of *both*, and *neither* of them will think so; so that the wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinned over, and rankles still at the bottom, and at last breaks out with more pain and anguish than before. Separate beds are often the consequence; perhaps elopements; if not, an unconquerable indifference, possibly aversion. And whenever, for appearance-sake, they are obliged to be together, every one sees, that the yawning husband, and the vapourish wife, are truly insupportable to one another; but separate, have freer spirits, and can be tolerable company.

Now, my dear, I would have you think, and I hope you will have no other reason, that had I married the first lady in the land, I would not have treated her better than I will my Pamela. For my wife *is* my wife; and I was the longer in resolving on the state, because I knew its requisites, and doubted my conduct in it.

I believe I am more nice than many gentlemen; but it is because I have been a close observer of the behaviour of wedded folks, and hardly ever have seen it to be such as I could like in my own case. I shall, possibly, give you instances of a more particular nature of this, as we are *longer*, and, perhaps, I might say, *better* acquainted.

Had I married with the views of many gentlemen, and with such as my good sister (supplying the place of my father and mother) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine lady, brought up pretty much in my own manner, and used to have her will in everything.

Some gentlemen can come into a compromise; and after a few struggles, sit down tolerably contented. But, had I married a princess, I could not have done so. I must have loved her exceedingly well, before I had consented to knit the knot with her, and preferred her to all her sex; for without this, Pamela, indifferences, if not disgusts, will arise in every wedded life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are fewer instances, I believe, of men's loving better, after matrimony, than of women's; the reason of which 'tis not my present purpose to account for.

Then I must have been morally sure, that she preferred me to all men; and, to convince me of this, she must have lessened, not aggravated, my failings: She must have borne with my imperfections; she must have watched and studied my temper; and if ever she had any points to carry, any desire of overcoming, it must have been by sweetness and complaisance; and yet not such a slavish one, as should make her condescension seem to be rather the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.

She should not have given cause for any part of my conduct to her to wear the least aspect of compulsion or force.

The word *command*, on my side, or *obedience* on hers, I would have blotted from my vocabulary. For this reason I should have thought it my duty to have desired nothing of her, that was not significant, reasonable, or just; and that then she should, on hers, have shown no reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige me, even at half a word.

I would not have excused her to let me twice enjoin the same thing, while I took so much care to make her compliance with me reasonable, and such as should not destroy her own free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her: And if I was not always right, that yet she would bear with me, if she saw me set upon it; and expostulate with me on the right side of compliance: for that would show me (supposing *small points* in dispute, from which the greatest quarrels, among *friends*, generally arise) that she differed from me, not for *contradiction-sake*, but desired to convince me for *my own;* and that I should, another time, take better resolutions.

This would be so obliging a conduct, that I should, in justice, have doubled my esteem for one, who, to humour me, could give up her own judgment; and I should see she could have no other view in her expostulations, after her compliance had passed, than to rectify my notions for the future; and it would have been impossible then, but I must have paid the greater deference to her opinion and advice in more momentous matters.

In all companies she must have shown, that she had, whether I deserved it altogether or not, a high regard and opinion of me; and this the rather, as such a conduct in her would be a reputation and security to herself: For if we rakes attempt a married lady, our first encouragement, exclusive of our own vanity, arises from the indifferent opinion, slight, or contempt, she expresses of her husband.

I should expect, therefore, that she should draw a kind veil over my faults; that such as she could not hide, she would extenuate; that she would place my better actions in an advantageous light, and show that I had *her* good

opinion, at least, whatever liberties the *world* took with my character.

She must have valued my friends for *my* sake; been cheerful and easy, whomsoever I had brought home with me; and, whatever faults she had observed in me, have never blamed me before company; at least, with such an air of superiority, as should have shown she had a better opinion of her own judgment, than of mine.

Now, my Pamela, this is but a faint sketch of the conduct I must have expected from my wife, let her quality have been what it would; or have lived with her on bad terms. Judge then, if to me a lady of the modish taste could have been tolerable.

The perverseness and contradiction I have too often seen, in some of my visits, even among people of sense, as well as condition, had prejudiced me to the married state; and, as I knew I could not bear it, surely I was in the right to decline it: And you see, my dear, that I have not gone among this class of people for a wife; nor know I, indeed, where, in any class, I could have sought one, or had one suitable to my mind, if not you: For here is my misfortune; I could not have been contented to have been but *moderately happy* in a wife.

Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear that you should think yourself so well secured of my affection, that you could take the faults of others upon yourself; and, by a supposed supererogatory merit, think your interposition sufficient to atone for the faults of others.

Yet am I not perfect myself: No, I am greatly imperfect. Yet will I not allow, that my imperfections shall excuse those of my wife, or make her think I ought to bear faults in her, that she can rectify, because she bears greater from me.

Upon the whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and study my temper, *till*, and only *till*, you see I am capable of returning insult for obligation; and till you think, that I shall be of a gentler deportment, if I am roughly used, than otherwise. One thing more I will add, that I should

scorn myself, if there was one privilege of your sex, that a princess might expect, as my wife, to be indulged in, that I would not allow to my Pamela; for you are the wife of my affections: I never wished for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another.

I hope, sir, said I, my future conduct—Pardon me, said he, my dear, for interrupting you; but it is to assure you, that I am so well convinced of your affectionate regard for me, that I know I might have spared the greatest part of what I have said: And, indeed, it must be very bad for both of us, if I should have reason to think it *necessary* to say so much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather spoken what my niceness has made me *observe* in *other* families, than what I *fear* in *my own.* And, therefore, let me assure you, I am thoroughly satisfied with your conduct hitherto. You shall have no occasion to repent it: And you shall find, though greatly imperfect, and passionate, on particular provocations (which yet I will try to overcome), that you have not a brutal or ungenerous husband, who is capable of offering insult for condescension, or returning evil for good.

I thanked him for these kind rules, and generous assurances: and assured him, that they had made so much impression on my mind, that these, and his most agreeable injunctions before given me, and such as he should hereafter be pleased to give me, should be so many rules for my future behaviour.

And I am glad of the method I have taken of making a Journal of all that passes in these first stages of my happiness, because it will sink the impression still deeper; and I shall have recourse to them for my better regulation, as often as I shall mistrust my memory.

Let me see: What are the rules I am to observe from this awful lecture? Why these:

1. That I must not, when he is in great wrath with anybody, break in upon him without his leave. *Well,*

I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I think this rule is almost peculiar to himself.

2. That I must think his displeasure the heaviest thing that can befall me. *To be sure I shall.*
3. And so that I must not wish to incur it, to save anybody else. *I'll be further if I do.*
4. That I must never make a compliment to anybody at his expense.
5. That I must not be guilty of any acts of wilful meanness. *There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to observe it all. To be sure, the occasion on which he mentions this, explains it;* that I must say nothing, though in anger, that is spiteful or malicious; that is disrespectful or undutiful, and *such-like.*
6. That I must bear with him, even when I find him in the wrong. *This is a little hard, as the case may be! I wonder whether poor Miss Sally Godfrey be living or dead!*
7. That I must be as flexible as the reed in the fable, lest, by resisting the tempest, like the oak, I be torn up by the roots. *Well, I'll do the best I can!—There is no great likelihood, I hope, that I should be too perverse; yet sure, the tempest will not lay me quite level with the ground, neither.*
8. That the education of young people of condition is generally wrong. Memorandum: *That if any part of children's education fall to my lot, I never indulge and humour them in things that they ought to be restrained in.*
9. That I accustom them to bear disappointments and control.
10. That I suffer them not to be too much indulged in their infancy.
11. Nor at school.
12. Nor spoil them when they come home.
13. For that children generally extend their perverseness from the nurse to the schoolmaster: from the schoolmaster to the parents:

14. And, in their next step, as a proper punishment for all, make their ownselves unhappy.
15. That undutiful and perverse children make bad husbands and wives: *And, collaterally, bad masters and mistresses.*
16. That, not being subject to be controlled early, they cannot, when married, bear one another.
17. That the fault lying deep, and in the minds of each other, neither will mend it.
18. Whence follow misunderstandings, quarrels, appeals, ineffectual reconciliations, separations, elopements; or, at best, indifference; perhaps, aversion.—Memorandum: *A good image of unhappy wedlock, in the words* YAWNING HUSBAND, *and* VAPOURISH WIFE, *when together: But* separate, *both quite alive.*
19. Few married persons behave as he likes. *Let me ponder this with awe and improvement.*
20. Some gentlemen can compromise with their wives, for quietness sake; but he can't. *Indeed I believe that's true; I don't desire he should.*
21. That love before marriage is absolutely necessary.
22. That there are fewer instances of men's than women's loving better after marriage. *But why so? I wish he had given his reasons for this! I fancy they would not have been to the advantage of his own sex.*
23. That a woman give her husband reason to think she prefers him before all men. *Well, to be sure this should be so.*
24. That if she would overcome, it must be by sweetness and complaisance; *that is, by* yielding, *he means, no doubt.*
25. Yet not such a slavish one neither, as should rather seem the effect of her insensibility, than judgment or affection.
26. That the words COMMAND and OBEY shall be blotted out of the vocabulary. *Very good!*
27. That a man should desire nothing of his wife, but what is significant, reasonable, just. *To be sure, that is right.*

28. But then, that she must not show reluctance, uneasiness, or doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a word; and must not be bid twice to do one thing. *But may not there be some occasions where this may be a little dispensed with? But he says afterwards, indeed,*

29. That this must be only while he took care to make her compliance reasonable, and consistent with her free agency, in points that ought to be allowed her. *Come, this is pretty well, considering.*

30. That if the husband be set upon a wrong thing, she must not dispute with him, but do it, and expostulate afterwards. *Good sirs! I don't know what to say to this! It looks a little hard, methinks! This would bear a smart debate, I fancy, in a parliament of women. But then he says,*

31. Supposing they are only small points that are in dispute. *Well, this mends it a little. For* small points, *I think, should not be stood upon.*

32. That the greatest quarrels among friends *(and wives and husbands are, or should be, friends) arise* from small matters. *I believe this is very true; for I had like to have had anger here, when I intended very well.*

33. That a wife should not desire to convince her husband for CONTRADICTION sake, but for HIS OWN. *As* both *will find their account in this, if* one *does, I believe 'tis very just.*

34. That in all companies a wife must show respect and love to her husband.

35. And this for the sake of her own reputation and security; for,

36. That rakes cannot have a greater encouragement to attempt a married lady's virtue, than her slight opinion of her husband. *To be sure this stands to reason, and is a fine lesson.*

37. That a wife should therefore draw a kind veil over her husband's faults.

38. That such as she could not conceal, she should extenuate.
39. That his virtues she should place in an advantageous light.
40. And show the world, that he had HER good opinion at least.
41. That she must value his friends for *his* sake.
42. That she must be cheerful and easy in her behaviour, to whomsoever he brings home with him.
43. That whatever faults she sees in him, she never blame him before company.
44. At least, with such an air of superiority, as if she had a less opinion of his judgment than her own.
45. That a man of nice observation cannot be contented to be only *moderately* happy in a wife.
46. That a wife take care how she ascribe supererogatory merit to herself; so as to take the faults of others upon her. *Indeed, I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the same nature with the third; and touches upon me, on the present occasion, for this wholesome lecture.*
47. That *his* imperfections must not be a plea for *hers. To be sure, 'tis no matter how good the women are; but 'tis to be hoped men will allow a little. But, indeed, he says,*
48. That a husband, who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning insult for obligation, or evil for good; and ought not to abridge her of any privilege of her sex.

Well, my dear parents, I think this last rule crowns the rest, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous man, and a man of sense, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this happiness, I shall be very unworthy, if I do not always so *think*, and so *act*.

Yet, after all, you'll see I have not the easiest task in the world. But I know my own intentions, that I shall not wilfully err; and so fear the less.

Not one hint did he give, that I durst lay hold of, about poor Miss Sally Godfrey. I wish my lady had not spoken of it: for it has given me a curiosity that is not quite so pretty in me; especially so early in my nuptials, and in a case so long ago past. Yet he intimated too, to his sister, that he had had other faults (of this sort, I suppose) that had not come to her knowledge!—But I make no doubt he has seen his error, and will be very good for the future. I wish it, and pray it may be so, for his own dear sake!

—o—

Wednesday, the seventh.

WHEN I arose in the morning, I went to wait on Lady Davers, seeing her door open; and she was in bed, but awake, and talking to her woman. I said, I hope I don't disturb your ladyship. Not at all, said she; I am glad to see you. How do you do? Well, added she, when do you set out for Bedfordshire?—I said, I can't tell, madam; it was designed as to-day, but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, said she, on the bed-side.—I find, by the talk we had yesterday and last night, you have had but a poor time of it, Pamela (I must call you so yet, said she), since you were brought to this house, till within these few days. And Mrs. Jewkes too has given Beck such an account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, madam, said I, if your ladyship knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor creature was so hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.

Why, said she, as far as I can find, 'tis a mercy you are here now. I was sadly moved with some part of your story: and you have really made a noble defence, and deserve the praises of all our sex.

It was God enabled me, madam, replied I. Why, said she, 'tis the more extraordinary, because I believe, if the truth was known, you loved the wretch not a little. While

my trials lasted, madam, said I, I had not a *thought of anything*, but to preserve my innocence, much less of love.

But, tell me truly, said she, did you not love him all the time? I had always, madam, answered I, a great reverence for my master, and thought all his good actions doubly good; and for his naughty ones, though I abhorred his attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wished him well; but I did not know that it was love. Indeed I had not the presumption.

Sweet girl! said she; that's prettily said: But when he found he could not gain his ends, and began to be sorry for your sufferings, and to admire your virtue, and to profess honourable love to you, what did you think?

Think! Indeed, madam, I did not know what to think: I could neither hope nor believe so great an honour would fall to my lot, and feared more from his kindness, for some time, than I had done from his unkindness: And, having had a private intimation, from a kind friend, of a sham marriage, intended by means of a man who was to personate a minister, it kept my mind in too much suspense, to be greatly overjoyed at his kind declaration.

Said she, I think he did make two or three attempts upon you in Bedfordshire? Yes, madam, said I; he was very naughty, to be sure.

And *here* he proposed articles to you, I understand? Yes, madam, replied I; but I abhorred so much the thoughts of being a kept creature, that I rejected them with great boldness; and was resolved to die before I would consent to them.

He afterwards attempted you, I think: Did he not? Oh yes, madam, said I, a most sad attempt he made! and I had like to have been lost; for Mrs. Jewkes was not so good as she should have been. And so I told her ladyship that sad affair, and how I fell into fits; and that they believing me dying, forbore.—Any attempts after this base one? said she.

He was not so good as he should have been, returned I,

once in the garden, afterwards; but I was *so* watchful, and *so* ready to take the alarm!

But, said she, did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his stern airs, every now and then?—Threaten, madam! replied I; yes, I had enough of that! I thought I should have died for fear several times.—How could you bear that? said she: for he is a most daring and majestic mortal! He has none of your puny hearts, but is as courageous as a lion; and, boy and man, never feared anything. I myself, said she, have a pretty good spirit; but, when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him, as well as I could: for, child, he is not one that is easily reconciled, I assure you.

But, after he had professed honourable love to you, did he never attempt you again?—No, indeed, madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his pride, as he was pleased to call it, before he could stoop so low; and considered, and considered again: and once, upon my saying but two or three words, that displeased him, when he was very kind to me, he turned me out of doors, in a manner, at an hour's warning; for he sent me above a day's journey towards my father's; and then sent a man and horse, post-haste, to fetch me back again; and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever since, and made me happy.

That sending you away, said she, one hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my brother; and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a year comes about, if you vex him: and he would have done the same by the first lady in the land, if he had been married to her. Yet has he his virtues, as well as his faults; for he is generous; nay, he is noble in his spirit; hates little dirty actions: he delights in doing good; but does not pass over a wilful fault easily. He is wise, prudent, sober, and magnanimous; and will not tell a lie, nor disguise his faults: but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt.

But I'll no more harp upon this string: You see how he was exasperated at me; and he seemed to be angry at you too; though something of it was art, I believe.

Indeed, madam, said I, he has been pleased to give me a most noble lecture; and I find he was angry with me in earnest, and that it will not be an easy task to behave unexceptionably to him: for he is very nice and delicate in his notions, I perceive; but yet, as your ladyship says, exceeding generous.

Well, said she, I'm glad thou hadst a little bit of his anger; else I should have thought it art; and I don't love to be treated with low art, any more than he; and I should have been vexed if he had done it by me.

But I understand, child, said she, that you keep a journal of all matters that pass, and he has several times found means to get at it: Should you care I should see it? It could not be to your disadvantage; for I find it had no small weight with *him* in your favour; and I should take great pleasure to read all his stratagems, attempts, contrivances, menaces, and offers to you, on one hand, and all your pretty counter-plottings, which he much praises; your resolute resistance, and the noble stand you have made to preserve your virtue; and the steps by which his pride was subdued, and his mind induced to honourable love, till you were made what you now are: for it must be a rare and uncommon story; and will not only give me great pleasure in reading, but will entirely reconcile me to the step he has taken: and that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a match with him and Lady Betty ——; and had said so much of it, that the earl, her father, approved of it: and so did the Duke of ——, her uncle; and Lady Betty herself was not averse: and now I shall be hunted to death about it; and this has made me so outrageous as you have seen me upon the matter. But when I can find, by your writings, that your virtue is but suitably rewarded, it will be not only a good excuse for me, but for him, and make me love you.

There is nothing that I would not do, said I, to oblige your ladyship; but my poor father and mother (who would rather have seen me buried quick in the earth, than to be seduced by the greatest of princes) have them in their hands at present; and your dear brother has bespoken them, when they have done reading them: but, if he gives me leave, I will show them to your ladyship, with all my heart; not doubting your generous allowances, as I have had his; though I have treated him very freely all the way, while he had naughty views; and that your ladyship would consider them as the naked sentiments of my heart, from time to time delivered to those, whose indulgence I was sure of; and for whose sight only they were written.

Give me a kiss now, said her ladyship, for your cheerful compliance: for I make no doubt my brother will consent I shall see them, because they must needs make for *your* honour; and I see he loves you better than any one in the world.

I have heard, continued her ladyship, a mighty good character of your parents, as industrious, honest, sensible, good folks, who know the world; and, as I doubt not my brother's generosity, I am glad they will make no ill figure in the world's eye.

Madam, said I, they are the honestest, the lovingest, and the most conscientious couple breathing. They once lived creditably; and brought up a great family, of which I am the youngest; but had misfortunes, through their doing beyond their power for two unhappy brothers, who are both dead, and whose debts they stood bound for; and so became reduced, and, by harsh creditors (where most of the debts were not of their own contracting), turned out of all; and having, without success, tried to set up a little country school (for my father understood a little of accounts, and wrote a pretty good hand), forced to take to hard labour; but honest all the time; contented; never repining; and loving to one another; and, in the midst of their poverty and disappointments, above all temptation;

and all their fear was, that I should be wicked, and yield to temptation for the sake of worldly riches: and to God's grace, and their good lessons, and those I imbibed from my dear good lady, your ladyship's mother, it is that I owe the preservation of my innocence, and the happy station I am exalted to.

She was pleased to kiss me again, and said, There is such a noble simplicity in thy story, such an honest artlessness in thy mind, and such a sweet humility in thy deportment, notwithstanding thy present station, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not: and the sight of your papers, I daresay, will crown the work; will disarm my pride, banish my resentment on Lady Betty's account, and justify my brother's conduct; and, at the same time, redound to your own everlasting honour, as well as to the credit of our sex: and so I make no doubt but my brother will let me see them.

Worden, said my lady, I can say anything before you; and you will take no notice of our conversation; but I see you are much touched with it: Did you ever hear anything prettier, more unaffected, sincere, free, easy?—No, never, madam, answered she, in my life; and it is a great pleasure to see so happy a reconciliation taking place, where there is so much merit.

I said, I have discovered so much prudence in Mrs. Worden, that, as well for that, as for the confidence your ladyship places in her; I have made no scruple of speaking my mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear master while he was blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his transcendant goodness to me since; which, I am sure, exceeds all I can ever deserve. Maybe not, said my lady; I hope you'll be very happy in one another; and I'll now rise, and tell him my thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your papers; for I promise myself much pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a journey and a visit to you, to the other house, to fetch them.

Your ladyship's favour, said I, was all I had to wish for; and if I have that, and the continuance of your dear

brother's goodness to me, I shall be easy under whatever else may happen.

And so I took my leave, and withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. Worden, 'Tis a charming creature, Worden!—I know not which excels; her person, or her mind!—And so young a creature too!—Well may my brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear father and mother, I shall now be too proud indeed.

I had once a good mind to have asked her ladyship about Miss Sally Godfrey; but I thought it was better let alone, since she did not mention it herself. Maybe I shall hear it too soon. But I hope not. I wonder, though, whether she be living or dead.

We breakfasted together with great good temper; and my lady was very kind, and, asking my good master, he gave leave very readily, she should see all my papers, when you returned them to me; and he said, he was sure, when she came to read them, she would say, that I had well deserved the fortune I had met with: and would be of opinion, that all the kindness of his future life would hardly be a sufficient reward for my virtue, and make me amends for my sufferings.

My lady resolving to set out the next morning to return to her lord, my master ordered everything to be made ready for his doing the like to Bedfordshire; and this evening our good neighbours will sup with us, to take leave of my lady and us.

—o—

Wednesday night.

NOTHING particular having passed at dinner or supper, but the most condescending goodness, on my lady's side, to me; and the highest civilities from Mr. Peters' family, from Lady Jones, from Sir Simon's family, &c., and reciprocal good wishes all around; and a promise obtained

from my benefactor, that he would endeavour to pass a fortnight or three weeks in these parts, before the winter set in; I shall conclude this day with observing, that I disposed of the money my master was so good to put into my hands, in the manner he was pleased to direct; and I gave Mrs. Jewkes hers in such a manner as highly pleased her; and she wished me, with tears, all kind of happiness; and prayed me to forgive her all her wickedness to me, as she herself called it. I begged leave of my master to present Mrs. Worden with five guineas for a pair of gloves; which he said was well thought of.

I should have mentioned, that Miss Darnford and I agreed upon a correspondence, which will be no small pleasure to me; for she is an admirable young lady, whom I prefer to every one I have seen; and I shall, I make no doubt, improve by her letters; for she is said to have a happy talent in writing, and is well read, for so young a lady.

—o—

Saturday.

On Thursday morning my lady set out for her own seat; and my best friend and I, attended by Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, for this dear house. Her ladyship parted with her brother and me with great tenderness, and made me promise to send her my papers; which I find she intends to entertain Lady Betty with, and another lady or two, her intimates, as also her lord; and hopes to find, as I believe, in the reading of them, some excuse for her brother's choice.

My dearest master has been all love and tenderness on the road, as he is in every place, and on every occasion. And oh, what a delightful change was this journey, to that which, so contrary to all my wishes, and so much to my apprehensions, carried me hence to the Lincolnshire house! And how did I bless God at every turn, and at every stage!

We did not arrive here till yesterday noon. Abraham

rode before, to let them know we were coming: and I had the satisfaction to find everybody there I wished to see.

When the chariot entered the court-yard, I was so strongly impressed with the favour and mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was sent away the last time I saw this house; the leave I took; the dangers I had encountered; a poor cast-off servant girl; and now returning a joyful wife, and the mistress, through his favour, of the noble house I was turned out of; that I was hardly able to support the joy I felt in my mind on the occasion. He saw how much I was moved, and tenderly asked me, Why I seemed so affected? I told him, and lifted his dear hand to my lips, and said, Oh, sir! God's mercies, and your goodness to me on entering this dear, dear place, are above my expression; I can hardly bear the thoughts of them!—He said, Welcome, thrice welcome, joy of my life! to your own house: and kissed my hand in return. All the common servants stood at the windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. He took my hand, with the most condescending goodness in the world; and, with great complaisance, led me into the parlour, and kissed me with the greatest ardour. Welcome again, my dearest life! said he, a thousand times welcome to the possession of a house that is not more mine than yours!

I threw myself at his feet: Permit me, dear sir, thus to bless God, and thank *you*, for all *His* mercies and *your* goodness. Oh, may I so behave, as not to be *utterly unworthy*; and then how *happy* shall I be! God give me, my dearest, said he, life and health to reward all your sweetness! and no man can be so blest as I.

Where (said he to Abraham, who passed by the door), where is Mrs. Jervis?—She bolted in: Here, good sir! said she; here, good madam! am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both.—I ran to her, and clasped my arms about her neck, and kissed her: Oh my dear Mrs. Jervis! said I, my other dear mother! receive your happy, happy Pamela; and join with me to bless

God, and bless our master, for all these great things!—I was ready to sink in her arms through excess of joy, to see the dear good woman, who had been so often a mournful witness of my distress, as now of my triumph.—Dearest madam, said she, you do me too much honour. Let my whole life show the joy I take in your deserved good fortune, and in my duty to you, for the early instance I received of your goodness in your kind letter. O Mrs. Jervis! replied I, *there* all thanks are due, both from you and me: for our dear master granted me this blessing, as I may justly call it, the very first moment I begged it of him. Your goodness, sir, said she, I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg pardon for the wrong step I made in applying to my Lady Davers.—He was so good as to salute her, and said, All is over now, Mrs. Jervis; and I shall not remember you ever disobliged me. I always respected you, and shall now more and more value you, for the sake of that dear good creature, whom, with joy unfeigned, I can call my wife. God bless your honour for ever! said she; and many *many* happy years may ye live together, the envy and wonder of all who know you!

But where, said my dear master, is honest Longman? and where is Jonathan?—Come, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you shall show me them, and all the good folks, presently; and let me go up with you to behold the dear apartments, which I have seen *before* with such different emotions to what I shall *now* do.

We went up; and in every room, the chamber I took refuge in, when my master pursued me, my lady's chamber, her dressing-room, Mrs. Jervis's room, not forgetting her closet, my own little bed-chamber, the green-room, and in each of the others, I blessed God for my past escapes, and present happiness; and the good woman was quite affected with the zeal and pleasure with which I made my thankful acknowledgments to the divine goodness. Oh, my excellent lady! said she, you are still the same good, pious, humble soul I knew you; and your marriage has added to your graces, as I hope it will to your blessings.

Dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, you know not what I have gone through! You know not what God has done for me! You know not what a happy creature I am now! I have a thousand thousand things to tell you; and a whole week will be too little, every moment of it spent in relating to you what has befallen me, to make you acquainted with it all. We shall be sweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I charge you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, whatever you call me before strangers, that when we are by ourselves you call me nothing but *your* Pamela. For what an ungrateful creature should I be, who has received so many mercies, if I attributed them not to the divine goodness, but assumed to myself insolent airs upon them! No, I hope I shall be more and more thankful, as I am more and more blest! and more humble, as God, the author of all my happiness, shall more distinguish me.

We went down again to the parlour, to my dear master. Said he, Call Longman in again; he longs to see you, my dear. He came in: God bless you, my sweet lady, said he; as now, Heaven be praised, I may call you! Did I not tell you, madam, that Providence would find you out? O Mr. Longman, said I, God be praised for all His mercies! I am rejoiced to see you; and I laid my hand on his, and said, Good Mr. Longman, how do you do?—I must always value you; and you don't know how much of my present happiness I owe to the sheets of paper, and pens and ink, you furnished me with. I hope my dear sir and you are quite reconciled.—O madam, said he, how good you are! Why, I cannot contain myself for joy! and then he wiped his eyes; good man!

Said my master, Yes, I have been telling Longman that I am obliged to him for his ready return to me; and that I will entirely forget his appeal to Lady Davers; and I hope he'll find himself quite as easy and happy as he wishes. My dear partner here, Mr. Longman, I dare promise you, will do all *she* can to make you so.—Heaven bless you both together! said he. 'Tis the pride of my heart to see this! I returned with double delight, when I heard the blessed

news; and I am sure, sir, said he (mark old Longman's words), God will bless you for this every year more and more! You don't know how many hearts you have made happy by this generous deed!—I am glad of it, said my dear master; I am sure I have made my *own* happy: and, Longman, though I must think you SOMEBODY, yet, as you are not a young man, and so won't make me jealous, I can allow you to wish my dear wife joy in the tenderest manner. Adad! sir, said he, I am sure you rejoice me with your favour: 'Tis what I longed for, but durst not presume. My dear, said my master, receive the compliment of one of the honestest hearts in England, that always revered your virtues!—and the good man saluted me with great respect, and said, God in Heaven bless you both! and kneeled on one knee. I must quit your presence! Indeed I must!—And away he went.

Your goodness, sir, said I, knows no bounds: Oh, may my gratitude never find any!—I saw, said my master, when the good man approached you, that he did it with so much awe and love mingled together, that I fancied he longed to salute my angel; and I could not but indulge his honest heart. How blessed am I! said I, and kissed his hand.—And indeed I make nothing now of kissing his dear hand, as if it was my own!

When honest old Mr. Jonathan came in to attend at dinner, so clean, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver hair, I said, Well, Mr. Jonathan, how do you do? I am glad to see you.—You look as well as ever, thank God! Oh dear, madam! said he, better than ever, to have such a blessed sight! God bless you and my good master! —and I hope, sir, said he, you'll excuse all my past failings. Ay, that I will, Jonathan, said he; because you never had any, but what your regard for my dear wife here was the occasion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much. Oh, sir, said he, your honour is exceeding good! I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.

After dinner, Mr. Longman coming in, and talking of

some affairs under his care, he said afterwards, All your honour's servants are now happy; for Robert, who left you, had a pretty little fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your service. He was here but yesterday, to inquire when you and my lady returned hither; and hoped he might have leave to pay his duty to you both. Ay, said my master, I shall be glad to see honest Robert; for that's another of your favourites, Pamela. It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the respects of all my family to myself.—There are, sir, said I, ten thousand reasons why I should rejoice in your goodness.

But I was going to say, said Mr. Longman, That all your honour's old servants are now happy, but one. You mean John Arnold? said my master. I do, indeed, said he, if you'll excuse me, sir. Oh, said I, I have had my prayer for poor John answered, as favourably as I could wish.—Why, said Mr. Longman, to be sure poor John has acted no very good part, take it altogether; but he so much honoured you, sir, and so much respected you, madam, that he would have been glad to have been obedient to both; and so was faithful to neither. But, indeed, the poor fellow's heart is almost broke, and he won't look out for any other place; and says, he must live in your honour's service, or he must die wretched very shortly. Mrs. Jervis was there when this was said: Indeed, said she, the poor man has been here every day since he heard the tidings that have rejoiced us all; and he says, he hopes he shall yet be forgiven. Is he in the house now? said my master. He is, sir; and was here when your honour came in, and played at hide and seek to have one look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his wits for joy, when he saw your honour hand my lady in. Pamela, said my dear master, you're to do with John as you please. You have full power. Then pray, sir, said I, let poor John come in.

The poor fellow came in, with so much confusion, that I have never seen a countenance that expressed so lively a con-

sciousness of his faults, and mingled joy and shame. How do you do, John? said I; I hope you are very well!—The poor fellow could hardly speak, and looked with awe upon my master, and pleasure upon me. Said my master, Well, John, there is no room to say anything to a man that has so much concern already: I am told you *will* serve me whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my spouse here: and she is to do by you as she pleases. You see, John, said I, your good master's indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have so generous an example. I was always persuaded of your honest intentions, if you had known how to distinguish between your duty to your master, and your goodwill to me: You will now have no more puzzles on that account, from the goodness of your dear master. I shall be but too happy! said the poor man. God bless your honour! God bless you, madam!—I now have the joy of my soul, in serving you both; and I will make the best of servants, to my power. Well, then, John, said I, your wages will go on, as if you had not left your master: May I not say so, sir? said I. Yes, surely, my dear, replied he; and augment them too, if you find his duty to you deserves it. A thousand millions of thanks, said the poor man: I am very well satisfied, and desire no augmentation. And so he withdrew, overjoyed; and Mrs. Jervis and Mr. Longman were highly pleased; for though they were incensed against him for his fault to me, when matters looked badly for me, yet they, and all his fellow-servants, always loved John.

When Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis had dined, they came in again, to know if he had any commands; and my dear master, filling a glass of wine, said, Longman, I am going to toast the happiest and honestest couple in England, my dear Pamela's father and mother.—Thank you, dear sir, said I.

I think, continued he, that little Kentish purchase wants a manager; and as it is a little out of *your* way, Longman, I have been purposing, if I thought Mr. Andrews would accept of it, that he should enter upon Hodges' farm that

was, and so manage for me that whole little affair; and we will well stock the farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think, if he will take that trouble upon him, it will be an ease to you, and a favour to me.

Your honour, said he, cannot do a better thing; and I have had some inkling given me, that you may, if you please, augment that estate, by a purchase, of equal amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much money to spare, I can't see your honour can do better. Well, said he, let me have the particulars another time, and we will consider about it. But, my dear, added he, you'll mention this to your father, if you please.

I have too much money, Longman, continued he, lies useless; though, upon this occasion, I shall not grudge laying out as much in liveries and other things, as if I had married a lady of a fortune equal, if possible, to my Pamela's merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in hand. Yes, sir, said he, more than I wish I had. But I have a mortgage in view, if you don't buy that Kentish thing, that I believe will answer very well; and when matters are riper, will mention it to your honour.

I took with me, to Lincolnshire, said my master, upwards of six hundred guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there (Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offered me five hundred of them, you know): but I have not laid out above two hundred and fifty of them; so two hundred I left there in my escritoir; because I shall go again for a fortnight or so, before winter; and two hundred I have brought with me: and I have money, I know not what, in three places here, the account of which is in my pocket-book, in my library.

You have made some little presents, Pamela, to my servants there, on our nuptials; and these two hundred that I have brought up, I will put into your disposal, that, with some of them, you shall do here as you did there.

I am ashamed, good sir, said I, to be so costly, and so worthless! Pray, my dear, replied he, say not a word of that.

Said Mr. Longman, Why, madam, with money in stocks, and one thing or another, his honour could buy half the gentlemen around him. He wants not money, and lays up every year. And it would have been pity but his honour should have wedded just as he has. Very true, Longman, said my master; and, pulling out his purse, said, Tell out, my dear, two hundred guineas, and give me the rest.—I did so. Now, said he, take them yourself, for the purposes I mentioned. But, Mr. Longman, do you, before sunset, bring my dear girl fifty pounds, which is due to her this day, by my promise; and every three months, from this day, pay her fifty pounds; which will be two hundred pounds *per annum*; and this is for her to lay out at her own discretion, and without account, in such a way as shall derive a blessing upon us all: for she was my mother's almoner, and shall be mine, and her own too.—I'll go for it this instant, said Mr. Longman.

When he was gone, I looked upon my dear generous master, and on Mrs. Jervis, and he gave me a nod of assent; and I took twenty guineas, and said, Dear Mrs. Jervis, accept of this, which is no more than my generous master ordered me to present to Mrs. Jewkes, for a pair of gloves, on my happy nuptials; and so you, who are much better entitled to them by the love I bear you, must not refuse them.

Said she, Mrs. Jewkes was on the spot, madam, at the happy time. Yes, said my master; but Pamela would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her. That I should, sir, replied I, or instead of anybody, except my own mother. She gratefully accepted them, and thanked us both: But I don't know what she should thank *me* for; for I was not worth a fourth of them myself.

I'd have you, my dear, said he, in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige Longman to accept of the like present.

Mr. Longman returned from his office, and brought me the fifty pounds, saying, I have entered this new article with great pleasure: '*To my Lady —— fifty pounds: to be*

paid the same sum quarterly.' Oh, sir! said I, what will become of me, to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your bounty!—It is a shame to take all that your profuse goodness would heap upon me thus: But indeed it shall not be without account.—Make no words, my dear, said he: Are you not my wife? And have I not endowed you with my goods; and, hitherto, this is a very small part.

Mr. Longman, said I, and Mrs. Jervis, you both see how I am even oppressed with unreturnable obligations. God bless the donor, and the receiver too! said Mr. Longman: I am sure they will bring back good interest; for, madam, you had ever a bountiful heart; and I have seen the pleasure you used to take to dispense my late lady's alms and donations.

I'll warrant, Mr. Longman, said I, notwithstanding you are so willing to have me take large sums for nothing at all, I should affront you, if I asked you to accept from me a pair of gloves only, on account of my happy nuptials. He seemed not readily to know how to answer; and my master said, If Longman refuse you, my dear, he may be said to refuse your first favour. On that I put twenty guineas in his hand; but he insisted upon it, that he would take but five. I said, I must desire you to oblige me, Mr. Longman, or I shall think I have affronted you. Well, if I must, said he, I know what I know. What is that, Mr. Longman? said I.—Why, madam, said he, I will not lay it out till my young master's birthday, which I hope will be within this twelvemonth.

Not expecting anything like this from the old gentleman, I looked at my master, and then blushed so, I could not hold up my head. Charmingly said, Longman! said my master, and clasped me in his arms: Oh, my dear life! God send it may be so!—You have quite delighted me, Longman! Though I durst not have said such a thing for the world.—Madam, said the old gentleman, I beg your pardon; I hope no offence: but I'd speak it ten times in a breath to have it so, take it how you please, as long as my good master takes it so well. Mrs. Jervis, said my master, this

is an over-nice dear creature; you don't know what a life I have had with her, even on this side matrimony.—Said Mrs. Jervis, I think Mr. Longman says very well; I am sure I shall hope for it too.

Mr. Longman, who had struck me of a heap, withdrawing soon after, my master said, Why, my dear, you can't look up! The old man said nothing shocking. I did not expect it, though, from him, said I. I was not aware but of some innocent pleasantry. Why, so it was, said he, both innocent and pleasant: and I won't forgive you, if you don't say as he says. Come, speak before Mrs. Jervis. May everything happen, sir, said I, that will give you delight!—That's my dearest love, said he, and kissed me with great tenderness.

When the servants had dined, I desired to see the maidens; and all four came up together. You are welcome home, madam, said Rachel; we rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our lady. Oh my good old acquaintances, said I, I joy to see you! How do you do, Rachel? How do you all do? And I took each of them by the hand, and could have kissed them. For, said I to myself, I kissed you all, last time I saw you, in sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with joy? But I forbore, in honour of their master's presence.

They seemed quite transported with me: and my good master was pleased with the scene. See here, my lasses, said he, your mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always loved her; and she'll have it as much in her power as inclination to be kind to the deserving. Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind friend to you; and your dear master has ordered me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me on my happiness. And so I gave them five guineas a-piece, and said, God bless you every one! I am overjoyed to see you! And they withdrew with the greatest gratitude and pleasure, praying for us both.

I turned to my dear master: 'Tis to you, dear sir, said

I, next to God, who put it into your generous heart, that all my happiness is owing! That my mind thus overflows with joy and gratitude! And I would have kissed his hand; but he clasped me in his arms, and said, You deserve it, my dear: You deserve it all. Mrs. Jervis came in. Said she, I have seen a very affecting sight; you have made your maidens quite happy, madam, with your kindness and condescension! I saw them all four, as I came by the hall-door, just got up from their knees, praising and praying for you both! Dear good bodies! said I; and did Jane pray too? May their prayers be returned upon themselves, I say!

My master sent for Jonathan, and I held up all the fingers of my two hands; and my master giving a nod of approbation as he came in, I said, Well, Mr. Jonathan, I could not be satisfied without seeing you in form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past goodwill to me. You'll accept of that, for a pair of gloves, on this happy occasion; and I gave him ten guineas, and took his honest hand between both mine: God bless you, said I, with your silver hairs, so like my dear father!—I shall always value such a good old servant of the best of masters!—He said, Oh, such goodness! Such kind words! It is balm to my heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this day!—And his eyes swam in tears, and he withdrew. My dear, said my master, you make every one happy!—Oh, sir, said I, 'tis you, 'tis you! And let my grateful heart always spring to my lips, to acknowledge the blessings you heap upon me.

Then in came Harry, and Isaac, and Benjamin, and the two grooms of this house, and Arthur the gardener; for my dear master had ordered them, by Mrs. Jervis, thus to be marshalled out: and he said, Where's John? Poor John was ashamed, and did not come in till he heard himself called for. I said to them, How do you do, my old friends and fellow servants? I am glad to see you all.

My master said, I have given you a mistress, my lads, that is the joy of my heart: You see her goodness and condescension! Let your respects to her be but answerable,

and she'll be proportionably as great a blessing to you all, as she is to me. Harry said, In the names of all your servants, sir, I bless your honour, and your good lady: and it shall be all our studies to deserve her ladyship's favour, as well as your honour's. And so I gave every one five guineas, to rejoice, as I said, in my happiness.

When I came to John, I said, I saw you before, John; but I again tell you, I am glad to see you. He said, he was quite ashamed and confounded. Oh, said I, forget everything that's past, John!—Your dear good master will, and so will I. For God has wonderfully brought about all these things, by the very means I once thought most grievous. Let us, therefore, look forward, and be only ashamed to commit faults for the time to come: for they may not always be attended with like happy consequences.

Arthur, said my master, I have brought you a mistress that is a great gardener. She'll show you a new way to plant beans: And never anybody had such a hand at improving a sunflower as she!—Oh, sir, sir, said I (but yet a little dashed), all my improvements in every kind of thing are owing to you, I am sure!—And so I think I was even with the dear man, and yet appeared grateful before his servants. They withdrew, blessing us both, as the rest had done.

And then came in the postilion, and two helpers (for my master has both here, and at Lincolnshire, fine hunting horses; and it is the chief sport he takes delight in), as also the scullion-boy: And I said, How do all of you? And how dost do, Tommy? I hope you're very good. Here your dear master has ordered you something a-piece, in honour of me. And my master holding three fingers to me, I gave the postilion and helpers three guineas each, and the little boy two; and bid him let his poor mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, I had before presented at t'other house.

And when they were all gone but Mrs. Jervis, I said, And now, dearest sir, permit me, on my knees, thus to bless you, and pray for you. And oh, may God crown you with

length of days, and increase of honour; and may your happy, happy Pamela, by her grateful heart, appear always worthy in your dear eyes, though she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!

Mrs. Jervis, said my master, you see the excellency of this sweet creature! And when I tell you, that the charms of her person, all lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her, as the graces of her mind; congratulate me, that my happiness is built on so stable a basis. Indeed I do, most sincerely, sir, said she: This is a happy day to me!

I stept into the library, while he was thus pouring out his kindness for me to Mrs. Jervis; and blessed God there on my knees, for the difference I now find to what I had once known in it.—And when I have done the same in the first scene of my fears, the once frightful summer-house, I shall have gone through most of my distressful scenes with gratitude; but shall never forbear thanking God in my mind, for His goodness to me in every one. Mrs. Jervis, I find, had whispered him what I had done above, and he saw me upon my knees, with my back towards him, unknown to me; but softly put to the door again, as he had opened it a little way. And I said, not knowing he had seen me, You have some charming pictures here, sir.—Yes, said he, my dear life, so I have; but none equal to that which your piety affords me: And may the God you delight to serve, bless more and more my dear angel!—Sir, said I, you are all goodness!—I hope, replied he, after your sweet example, I shall be better and better.

Do you think, my dear father and mother, there ever was so happy a creature as I? To be sure it would be very ungrateful to think with uneasiness, or anything but compassion, of poor Miss Sally Godfrey.

He ordered Jonathan to let the evening be passed merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether wine or October.

He was pleased afterwards to lead me upstairs, and gave me possession of my lady's dressing-room and cabinet, and her fine repeating-watch and equipage; and, in short, of a

complete set of diamonds, that were his good mother's; as also of the two pair of diamond ear-rings, the two diamond rings, and diamond necklace, he mentioned in his naughty articles, which her ladyship had intended for presents to Miss Tomlins, a rich heiress, that was proposed for his wife, when he was just come from his travels; but which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the friends' sides, because he approved not her conversation; and she had, as he told his mother, too masculine an air; and he never could be brought to see her but once, though the lady liked him very well. He presented me also with her ladyship's books, pictures, linen, laces, &c., that were in her apartments; and bid me call those apartments mine. Oh give me, my good God! humility and gratitude.

—o—

Sunday night.

THIS day, as matters could not be ready for our appearance at a better place, we stayed at home; and my dear master employed himself a good deal in his library: And I have been taken up pretty much, I hope, as I ought to be, in thankfulness, prayer and meditation, in my newly-presented closet: And I hope God will be pleased to give a blessing to me; for I have the pleasure to think I am not puffed up with this great alteration; and yet am I not wanting to look upon all these favours and blessings in the light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the hands of Heaven, and my dear benefactor.

We dined together with great pleasure; and I had, in every word and action, all the instances of kindness and affection that the most indulged heart could wish. He said he would return to his closet again; and at five o'clock would come and take a walk with me in the garden: And so retired as soon as he had dined, and I went up to mine.

About six, he was pleased to come up to me, and said, Now, my dear, I will attend you for a little walk in the garden; and I gave him my hand with great pleasure.

This garden is much better cultivated than the Lincolnshire one; but that is larger, and has nobler walks in it; and yet there is a pretty canal in this, and a fountain and cascade. We had a deal of sweet conversation as we walked; and, after we had taken a turn round, I bent towards the little garden; and when I came near the summer-house, took the opportunity to slip from him, and just whipt up the steps of this once frightful place, and kneeled down, and said, I bless thee, O God! for my escapes, and for Thy mercies! Oh, let me always possess a grateful, humble heart! and I whipt down again and joined him; and he hardly missed me.

Several of the neighbouring gentry sent their compliments to him on his return, but not a word about his marriage; particularly Mr. Arthur, Mr. Towers, Mr. Brookes, and Mr. Martin of the Grove.

—o—

Monday.

I HAD a good deal of employment in choosing patterns for my new clothes. He thought nothing too good; but I thought everything I saw was; and he was so kind to pick out six of the richest for me to choose three suits out of, saying, We would furnish ourselves with more in town, when we went thither. One was white, flowered with silver most richly; and he was pleased to say, that, as I was a bride, I should make my appearance in that the following Sunday. And so we shall have in two or three days, from several places, nothing but mantua-makers and tailors at work. Bless me! what a chargeable and what a worthless hussy I am to the dear gentleman!—But his fortune and station require a great deal of it; and his value for me will not let him do less, than if he had married a fortune equal to his own: and then, as he says, it would be a reflection upon him, if he did.—And so I doubt it will be, as it is: For either way the world will have something to say. He made me also choose some very fine laces, and linen; and

has sent a message on purpose, with his orders, to hasten all down, what can be done in town, as the millinery matters, &c., to be completed there, and sent by particular messengers, as done. All to be here, and finished by Saturday afternoon, without fail.

I sent away John this morning, with some more of my papers to you; and with the few he will give you separate. My desire is, that you will send me all the papers you have done with, that I may keep my word with Lady Davers; to beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings; to hope you will give me your answer about my dear benefactor's proposal of the Kentish farm; to beg you to buy two suits of clothes each; of the finest cloth for you, my dear father; and of a creditable silk for my dear mother; and good linen, and everything answerable; and that you will, as my best friend bid me say, let us see you here as soon as possible; and he will have his chariot come for you, when you tell John the day. Oh! how I long to see you both, my dear good parents, and to share with you my felicities!

You will have, I'm sure, the goodness to go to all your creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy brothers, and get an account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost farthing, and interest besides, though some of them have been very cruel and unrelenting.—But they are entitled to their own, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, John shall take my papers down to this place; that you may have something to amuse you, of your dear child's, instead of those you part with; and I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determined; and then I shall apply myself to the duties of the family, in order to become as useful to my dear benefactor, as my small abilities will let me.

If you think a couple of guineas will be of use to Mrs. Mumford, who, I doubt, has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me (and I will return them to you), as for a pair of gloves on my nuptials: And look through

your poor acquaintance and neighbours, and let me have a list of such honest industrious poor, as may be true objects of charity, and have no other assistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly, with their several cases; and also such poor families and housekeepers as are reduced by misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great number of children may keep them from rising to a state of tolerable comfort: And I will choose as well as I can; for I long to be making a beginning, with the kind quarterly benevolence my dear good benefactor has bestowed upon me for such good purposes.

I am resolved to keep account of all these matters, and Mr. Longman has already furnished me with a vellum book of white paper; some sides of which I hope soon to fill with the names of proper objects: and though my dear master has given me all this without account, yet shall he see (but nobody else) how I lay it out, from quarter to quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an accomptant, to the next quarter, and strike a balance four times a year, and a general balance at every year's end.—And I have written in it, *Humble* RETURNS *for* DIVINE MERCIES; and locked it up safe in my newly-presented cabinet.

I intend to let Lady Davers see no farther of my papers, than to her own angry letter to her brother; for I would not have her see my reflections upon it; and she'll know, down to that place, all that's necessary for her curiosity, as to my sufferings, and the stratagems used against me, and the honest part I have been enabled to act: And I hope, when she has read them all, she will be quite reconciled: for she will see it is all God Almighty's doings; and that a gentleman of his parts and knowledge was not to be drawn in by such a poor young body as me.

I will detain John no longer. He will tell you to read this last part first, and while he stays. And so, with my humble duty to you both, and my dear Mr. B——'s kind remembrance, I rest

Your ever-dutiful and gratefully happy DAUGHTER.

Wednesday evening.

HONOURED FATHER AND MOTHER,—I will now proceed with my Journal.

On Tuesday morning, my dear sir rode out, and brought with him to dinner, Mr. Martin of the Grove, and Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, and one Mr. Chambers; and he stept up to me, and said he had rode out too far to return to breakfast; but he had brought with him some of his old acquaintance, to dine with me. Are you sorry for it, Pamela? said he. I remembered his lessons, and said, No, sure, sir; I cannot be angry at anything you are pleased to do. Said he, You know Mr. Martin's character, and have severely censured him in one of your letters, as one of my brother rakes, and for his three lyings-in.

He then gave me the following account, how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at Mr. Arthur's; 'and his lady asked me, if I was *really* married? I said, 'Yes, *really*. And to whom? said Mr. Martin. Why, 'replied I bluntly, to my mother's waiting-maid. They 'could not tell what to say to me hereupon, and looked 'one upon another. And I saw I had spoiled a jest, from 'each. Mrs. Arthur said, You have, indeed, sir, a charming 'creature, as ever I saw; and she has mighty good luck. 'Ay, said I, and so have I. But I shall say the less, because 'a man never did anything of this nature, that he did not 'think he ought, if it were but in policy, to make the 'best of it. Nay, said Mr. Arthur, if you have sinned, it 'is with your eyes open: for you know the world as well as 'any gentleman of your years in it.

'Why, really, gentlemen, said I, I should be glad to 'please all my friends; but I can't expect, till they know 'my motives and inducements, that it will be so imme-'diately. But I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased '*myself;* and that, you know, is most to the purpose.

'Said Mr. Brooks, I have heard my wife praise your 'spouse that is, so much for person and beauty, that I 'wanted to see her of all things. Why, replied I, if you'll

'all go and take a dinner with me, you shall see her with 'all my heart. And, Mrs. Arthur, will you bear us com-'pany? No, indeed, sir, said she. What, I'll warrant, 'my *wife* will not be able to reconcile you to my *mother's* '*waiting-maid;* is not that it? Tell truth, Mrs. Arthur. 'Nay, said she, I shan't be backward to pay your spouse 'a visit, in company of the neighbouring ladies; but for 'one single woman to go, on such a sudden motion too, 'with so many gentlemen, is not right. But that need not 'hinder you, gentlemen. So, said he, the rest sent, that they 'should not dine at home; and they and Mr. Chambers, 'a gentleman lately settled in these parts, one and all came 'with me: And so, my dear, concluded he, when you make 'your appearance next Sunday, you're sure of a party in 'your favour; for all that see you must esteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to dinner, he was pleased to take me by the hand, at my entrance into the parlour, and said, My dear, I have brought some of my good neighbours to dine with you. I said, You are very good, sir.—My dear, this gentleman is Mr. Chambers; and so he presented every one to me; and they saluted me, and wished us both joy.

I, for my part, said Mr. Brooks, wish you joy most heartily. My wife told me a good deal of the beauties of your person; but I did not think we had such a flower in our country. Sir, said I, your lady is very partial to me; and you are so polite a gentleman, that you will not contradict your good lady.

I'll assure you, madam, returned he, you have not hit the matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a day. But the devil's in't if we are not agreed in so clear a case!

Said Mr. Martin, Mr. Brooks says very true, madam, in both respects (meaning his wife's and his own contradiction to one another, as well as in my favour); *for,* added he, they have been married some years.

As I had not the best opinion of this gentleman, nor his jest, I said, I am almost sorry, sir, for the gentleman's jest

upon himself and his lady; but I think it should have relieved him from a greater jest, your pleasant confirmation of it.—But still the reason you give that it *may* be so, I hope, is the reason that may be given that it is *not* so; to wit, that they have been married some years.

Said Mr. Arthur, Mr. Martin, I think the lady has very handsomely reproved you. I think so too, said Mr. Chambers; and it was but a very indifferent compliment to a bride. Said Mr. Martin, Compliment or not, gentlemen, I have never seen a matrimony of any time standing, that it was not so, little or much: but I daresay it will never be so here.

To be sure, sir, said I, if it was, I must be the ungratefullest person in the world, because I am the most obliged person in it. That notion, said Mr. Arthur, is so excellent, that it gives a moral certainty it never can.

Sir, said Mr. Brooks to my dear master softly, you have a most accomplished lady, I do assure you, as well in her behaviour and wit, as in her person, call her what you please. Why, my dear friend, said my master, I must tell you, as I have said before now, that her person made me her lover, but her mind made her my wife.

The first course coming in, my dear sir led me himself to my place; and set Mr. Chambers, as the greatest stranger, at my right hand, and Mr. Brooks at my left; and Mr. Arthur was pleased to observe, much to my advantage, on the ease and freedom with which I behaved myself, and helped them; and said, he would bring his lady to be a witness, and a learner both, of my manner. I said, I should be proud of any honour Mrs. Arthur would vouchsafe to do me; and if once I could promise myself the opportunity of his good lady's example, and those of the other gentlemen present, I should have the greater opinion of my worthiness to sit in the place I filled at present with much insufficiency.

Mr. Arthur drank to my health and happiness, and said, My wife told your spouse, madam, you had very good luck in such a husband; but I now see who has the best of it. Said Mr. Brooks, Come, come, let's make no compliments;

for the plain truth of the matter is, our good neighbour's generosity and judgment have met with so equal a match in his lady's beauty and merit, that I know not which has the best luck. But may you be both long happy together, say I! And so he drank a glass of wine.

My best friend, who always takes delight to have me praised, seemed much pleased with our conversation; and he said the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful things in the world to me. Insomuch, that the rough Mr. Martin said, Did you ever think our good friend here, who used to ridicule matrimony so much, would have made so complaisant a husband? How long do you intend, sir, that this shall hold? As long as my good girl deserves it, said he; and that, I hope, will be for ever. But, continued the kind gentleman, you need not wonder I have changed my mind as to wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whose behaviour and sweetness of temper were so well adapted to make me happy.

After dinner, and having drank good healths to each of their ladies, I withdrew; and they sat and drank two bottles of claret a-piece, and were very merry; and went away full of my praises, and vowing to bring their ladies to see me.

John having brought me your kind letter, my dear father, I told my good master, after his friends were gone, how gratefully you received his generous intentions as to the Kentish farm, and promised your best endeavours to serve him in that estate; and that you hoped your industry and care would be so well employed in it, that you should be very little troublesome to him,—as to the liberal manner in which he had intended to add to a provision, that of itself exceeded all you wished. He was very well pleased with your cheerful acceptance of it.

I am glad your engagements in the world lie in so small a compass. As soon as you have gotten an account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the list of the poor folks you are so kind to promise to procure me.

I think, as my dear master is so generous, you should account nothing that is plain, too good. Pray don't be afraid of laying out upon yourselves. My dear sir intends that you shall not, when you come to us, return to your old abode; but stay with us, till you set out for Kent; and so you must dispose of yourselves accordingly. And I hope, my dear father, you have quite left off all slavish business. As Farmer Jones has been kind to you, as I have heard you say, pray, when you take leave of them, present them with three guineas worth of good books; such as a Family Bible, a Common Prayer, a Whole Duty of Man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from church, and in winter the ways from their farm thither are impassable.

He has brought me my papers safe: and I will send them to Lady Davers the first opportunity, down to the place I mentioned in my last.

My dear Mr. B—— just now tells me, that he will carry me, in the morning, a little airing, about ten miles off, in his chariot and four, to breakfast at a farmhouse, noted for a fine dairy, and where, now and then, the neighbouring gentry, of both sexes, resort for that purpose.

—o—

Thursday.

We set out at about half an hour after six, accordingly; and driving pretty smartly, got at this truly neat house at half an hour after eight; and I was much pleased with the neatness of the good woman, and her daughter and maid; and he was so good as to say he would now and then take a turn with me to the same place, and on the same occasion, as I seemed to like it: for that it would be a pretty exercise, and procure us appetites to our breakfasts, as well as our return would to our dinners. But I find this was not, though a very good reason, the only one for which he gave me this agreeable airing; as I shall acquaint you.

We were prettily received and entertained here, and an elegancy ran through everything, persons as well as furniture, yet all plain. And my master said to the good housewife, Do your young boarding-school ladies still at times continue their visits to you, Mrs. Dobson? Yes, sir, said she, I expect three or four of them every minute.

There is, my dear, said he, within three miles of this farm, a very good boarding-school for ladies. The governess of it keeps a chaise and pair, which is to be made a double chaise at pleasure; and in summer time, when the misses perform their tasks to satisfaction, she favours them with an airing to this place, three or four at a time; and after they had breakfasted, they are carried back: And this serves both for a reward, and for exercise; and the misses who have this favour are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective tasks.

A very good method, sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, all pretty much of a size, and a maid-servant to attend them. They were shown another little neat apartment, that went through ours; and made their honours very prettily, as they passed by us. I went into the room to them, and asked them questions about their work, and their lessons and what they had done to deserve such a fine airing and breakfasting; and they all answered me very prettily. And pray, little ladies, said I, what may I call your names One was called Miss Burdoff, one Miss Nugent, one Miss Booth, and the fourth Miss Goodwin. I don't know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little dears; and you have a very good governess, to indulge you with such a fine airing, and such delicate cream, and bread and butter. I hope you think so too.

My master came in, and I had no mistrust in the world; and he kissed each of them; but looked more wishfully on Miss Goodwin, than on any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: Had she been called Miss Godfrey, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he said, Which do you think the prettiest of those misses? Really, sir, replied I, it is hard to say: Miss Booth is a pretty brown girl, and has a fine eye; Miss Burdoff has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance, but is not so regularly featured. Miss Nugent is very fair: and Miss Goodwin has a fine black eye, and is, besides, I think, the genteellest shaped child; but they are all pretty.

The maid led them into the garden, to show them the bee-hives; and Miss Goodwin made a particular fine courtesy to my master; and I said, I believe miss knows you, sir; and, taking her by the hand, I said, Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear?—Yes, madam, said she; it is my own dear uncle. I clasped her in my arms: Oh, why did you not tell me, sir, said I, that you had a niece among these little ladies? And I kissed her, and away she tripped after the others.

But pray, sir, said I, how can this be?—You have no sister nor brother, but Lady Davers.—How can this be?

He smiled: and then I said, Oh, my dearest sir, tell me now the truth, does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you than as a niece?—I know she does! I know she does! And I embraced him as he stood.

'Tis even so, my dear, replied he; and you remember my sister's good-natured hint of Miss Sally Godfrey? I do well, sir, answered I. But this is Miss Goodwin. Her mother chose that name for her, said he, because she should not be called by her own.

Well, said I, excuse me, sir; I must go and have a little prattle with her. I'll send for her in again, replied he; and in she came in a moment. I took her in my arms, and said, Oh my charming dear! will you love me?—Will you let me be your aunt? Yes, madam, answered she, with all my heart! and I will love *you* dearly: But I mustn't love my uncle. Why so? said he. Because, replied she, you would not speak to me at first! And because you would not let me call you uncle (for it seems

she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently): and yet, said the pretty dear, I had not seen you a great while, so I hadn't.

Well, Pamela, said he, now can you allow me to love this little innocent? Allow you, sir, replied I; you would be very barbarous, if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little lamb myself, for your sake and for her own sake; and in compassion to her poor mother, though unknown to me: And tears stood in my eyes.

Said he, Why, my love, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad?—I drew to the window from the child; and said, Sad it is not, sir; but I have a strange grief and pleasure mingled at once in my breast, on this occasion. It is indeed a twofold grief, and a twofold pleasure.—As how, my dear? said he.—Why, sir, replied I, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chiefest delight her shame: If she be no more, that she must have had such remorse on her poor mind, when she came to leave the world, and her little babe: And, in the second place, I grieve, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her.—Forgive me, dear sir, I say not this to reproach you, in the least. Indeed I don't. And I have a twofold cause of joy; first, That I have had the grace to escape the like unhappiness with this poor gentlewoman: and next, That this discovery has given me an opportunity to show the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, sir, in the love I will always express to this dear child.

And then I stepped to her again, and kissed her; and said, Join with me, my pretty love, to beg your dear uncle, to let you come and live with your new aunt: Indeed, my little precious, I'll love you dearly.

Will you, sir? said the little charmer; will you let me go and live with my aunt?

You are very good, my Pamela, said he. And I have

not once been deceived in the hopes my fond heart has entertained of your prudence.—But will you, sir? said I; will you grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection, shall most cordially be done. My dearest sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my heart is set upon it! What a sweet employment and companionship shall I have!

We'll talk of this some other time, replied he; but I must, in prudence, put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I had always intended to surprise you into this discovery; but my sister led the way to it, out of a poorness in her spite, that I could not brook: And though you have pleased me beyond expression, in your behaviour on this occasion; yet I can't say that you have gone much beyond my expectations; for I have such a high opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary conduct to this you have expressed on so tender a circumstance.

Well, sir, said the dear little miss, then you will not let me go home with my aunt, will you? I am sure she will love me. When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are a good girl, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low courtesy. Thank you, sir, answered she. Yes, my dear, said I, and I will get you some fine things against the time. I would have brought you some now, had I known I should have seen my pretty love. Thank you, madam, returned she.

How old, sir, said I, is miss? Between six and seven, answered he. Was she ever, sir, said I, at your house? My sister, replied he, carried her thither once, as a near relation of her lord's. I remember, sir, said I, a little miss; and Mrs. Jervis and I took her to be a relation of Lord Davers.

My sister, returned he, knew the whole secret from the beginning; and it made her a great merit with me, that she kept it from the knowledge of my father, who was then living, and of my mother, to her dying day; though

she descended so low in her rage, to hint the matter to you.

The little misses took their leaves soon after: and I know not how, but I am strangely affected with this dear child. I wish he would be so good as to let me have her home. It would be a great pleasure to have such a fine opportunity, obliged as I am, to show my love for himself, in my fondness for his dear miss.

As we came home together in the chariot, he gave me the following particulars of this affair, additional to what he had before mentioned:

That this lady was of a good family, and the flower of it: but that her mother was a person of great art and address, and not altogether so nice in the particular between himself and miss, as she ought to have been: That, particularly, when she had reason to find him unsettled and wild, and her daughter in more danger from him than he was from her, yet she encouraged their privacies; and even, at last, when she had reason to apprehend, from their being surprised together in a way not so creditable to the lady, that she was far from forbidding their private meetings; on the contrary, that, on a certain time, she had set one that had formerly been her footman, and a half-pay officer, her relation, to watch an opportunity, and to frighten him into a marriage with the lady: That, accordingly, when they had surprised him in her chamber, just as he had been let in, they drew their swords upon him, and threatened instantly to kill him, if he did not promise marriage on the spot; and that they had a parson ready below stairs, as he found afterwards: That then he suspected, from some strong circumstances, that miss was in the plot; which so enraged him, with their menaces together, that he drew, and stood upon his defence; and was so much in earnest, that the man he pushed into the arm, and disabled; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him near the top of the stairs, and pushed him down one pair, and he was much hurt by the fall: Not but that, he said, he might have paid for his

rashness; but that the business of his antagonists was rather to frighten than to kill him: That, upon this, in the sight of the old lady, the parson she had provided, and her other daughters, he went out of their house, with bitter execrations against them all.

That after this, designing to break off all correspondence with the whole family, and miss too, she found means to engage him to give her a meeting at Woodstock, in order to clear herself: That, poor lady! she was there obliged, naughty creature as he was! to make herself quite guilty of a worse fault, in order to clear herself of a lighter: That they afterwards met at Godstow often, at Woodstock, and every neighbouring place to Oxford, where he was then studying, as it proved, guilty lessons, instead of improving ones; till at last the effect of their frequent interviews grew too obvious to be concealed: That the young lady then, when she was not fit to be seen, for the credit of the family, was confined, and all manner of means were used, to induce him to marry her: That, finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his father and mother; but that he made his sister acquainted with the matter, who then happened to be at home; and by her management and spirit, their intentions of that sort were frustrated; and, seeing no hopes, they agreed to Lady Davers's proposals, and sent poor miss down to Marlborough, where, at her expense, which he answered to her again, she was provided for, and privately lay-in: That Lady Davers took upon herself the care of the little one, till it came to be fit to be put to the boarding-school, where it now is: And that he had settled upon the dear little miss such a sum of money, as the interest of it would handsomely provide for her: and the principal would be a tolerable fortune, fit for a gentlewoman, when she came to be marriageable. And this, my dear, said he, is the story in brief. And I do assure you, Pamela, added he, I am far from making a boast of, or taking a pride in, this affair: But since it has happened, I can't say but I wish the poor child to live, and be happy; and I must endeavour to make her so.

Sir, said I, to be sure you should; and I shall take a very great pride to contribute to the dear little soul's felicity, if you will permit me to have her home.—But, added I, does miss know anything who are her father and mother? I wanted him to say if the poor lady was living or dead.—No, answered he. Her governess has been told, by my sister, that she is the daughter of a gentleman and his lady, who are related, at a distance, to Lord Davers, and now live in Jamaica; and she calls me uncle, only because I am the brother to Lady Davers, whom she calls aunt, and who is very fond of her: as is also my lord, who knows the whole matter; and they have her, at all her little school recesses, at their house, and are very kind to her.

I believe, added he, the truth of the matter is very little known or suspected; for, as her mother *is* of no mean family, her friends endeavour to keep it secret as much as I: and Lady Davers, till her wrath boiled over, t'other day, has managed the matter very dexterously and kindly.

The words, mother *is* of no mean family, gave me not to doubt the poor lady was living. And I said, But how, sir, can the dear miss's poor mother be content to deny herself the enjoyment of so sweet a child? Ah, Pamela, replied he, now *you* come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor mother. 'Tis natural enough you should; but I was willing to see how the little suspense would operate upon you.—Dear sir, said I.—Nay, replied he, 'tis very natural, my dear! I think you have had a great deal of patience, and are come at this question so fairly, that you deserve to be answered.

You must know then, there is some foundation for saying that her mother, at least, lives in Jamaica; for there she does live, and very happily too. For I must observe, that she suffered so much in childbed, that nobody expected her life; and this, when she was up, made such an impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the thoughts of returning to her former fault; and, to say the truth, I

had intended to make her a visit as soon as her month was well up. And so, unknown to me, she engaged herself to go to Jamaica, with two young ladies, who were born there; and were returning to their friends, after they had been four years in England for their education: and recommending to me, by a very moving letter, her little baby, and that I would not suffer it to be called by her name, but Goodwin, that her shame might be the less known, for hers and her family's sake; she got her friends to assign her five hundred pounds, in full of all her demands upon her family, and went up to London and embarked, with her companions, at Gravesend, and so sailed to Jamaica; where she is since well and happily married, passing to her husband for a young widow, with one daughter, which her husband's friends take care of, and provide for. And so you see, Pamela, that in the whole story on both sides, the truth is as much preserved as possible.

Poor lady! said I; how her story moves me! I am glad she is so *happy* at last!—And, my dear, said he, are you not glad she is so *far off* too?—As to that, sir, said I, I cannot be sorry, to be sure, as she is so happy; which she could not have been *here*. For, sir, I doubt you would have proceeded with your temptations, if she had not gone; and it showed she was much in earnest to be good, that she could leave her native country, leave all her relations, leave you, whom she so well loved, leave her dear baby, and try a new fortune, in a new world, among quite strangers, and hazard the seas; and all to preserve herself from further guiltiness! Indeed, indeed, sir, said I, I bleed for what her distresses must be, in this case: I am grieved for her poor mind's remorse, through her childbed terrors, which could have so great and so worthy an effect upon her afterwards; and I honour her resolution; and would rank such a returning dear lady in the class of those who are most virtuous; and doubt not God Almighty's mercy to her; and that her present happiness is the result of His gracious providence, blessing her penitence and reformation.—But, sir, said I, did you not once see the poor lady after her lying-in?

I did not believe her so much in earnest, answered he; and I went down to Marlborough, and heard she was gone from thence to Calne. I went to Calne, and heard she was gone to Reading, to a relation's there. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to Oxford. I followed; and there she was; but I could not see her.

She at last received a letter from me, begging a meeting with her; for I found her departure with the ladies was resolved on, and that she was with her friends, only to take leave of them and receive her agreed-on portion: And she appointed the Saturday following, and that was Wednesday, to give me a meeting at the old place, at Woodstock.

Then, added he, I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended voyage. I set out on Thursday to Gloucester, on a party of pleasure; and on Saturday I went to the place appointed, at Woodstock: But when I came thither, I found a letter instead of my lady; and when I opened it, it was to beg my pardon for deceiving me; expressing her concern for her past fault; her affection for me; and the apprehension she had, that she should be unable to keep her good resolves, if she met me; that she had set out on the Thursday for her embarkation; for that she feared nothing else could save her; and had appointed this meeting on Saturday, at the place of her former guilt, that I might be suitably impressed upon the occasion, and pity and allow for her; and that she might get three or four days start of me, and be quite out of my reach. She recommended again, as upon the spot where the poor little one owed its being, my tenderness to it, for her sake; and that was all she had to request of me, she said; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own dangers, and in every difficulty she was going to encounter.

I wept at this moving tale. And did not this make a deep impression upon you, sir? said I. Surely such an affecting lesson as this, on the very guilty spot too (I admire the dear lady's pious contrivance), must have had a great effect upon you. One would have thought, sir, it was

enough to reclaim you for ever! All your naughty purposes, I make no doubt, were quite changed?

Why, my dear, said he, I was much moved, you may be sure, when I came to reflect: But, at first, I was so assured of being a successful tempter, and spoiling her voyage, that I was vexed, and much out of humour; but when I came to reflect, as I said, I was quite overcome with this instance of her prudence, her penitence, and her resolution; and more admired her than I ever had done. Yet I could not bear she should so escape me neither; so much overcome me, as it were, in an heroical bravery; and I hastened away, and got a bill of credit of Lord Davers, upon his banker in London, for five hundred pounds; and set out for that place, having called at Oxford and got what light I could as to where I might hear of her there.

When I arrived in town, which was not till Monday morning, I went to a place called Crosby Square, where the friends of the two ladies lived. She had set out in the flying-coach on Tuesday; got to the two ladies that very night; and, on Saturday, had set out with them for Gravesend, much about the time I was expecting her at Woodstock.

You may suppose that I was much affected, my dear, with this. However, I got my bill of credit converted into money; and I set out with my servant on Monday afternoon, and reached Gravesend that night; and there I understood that she and the two ladies had gone on board from the very inn I put up at, in the morning; and the ship waited only for the wind, which then was turning about in its favour.

I got a boat directly, and went on board the ship, and asked for Mrs. Godfrey. But judge you, my dear Pamela, her surprise and confusion when she saw me! She had like to have fainted away. I offered any money to put off the sailing till next day, but it would not be complied with; and fain would I have got her on shore, and promised to attend her, if she would go over land, to any part of England the ship would touch at. But she was immovable.

Every one concluded me her humble servant, and were touched at the moving interview; the young ladies, and their female attendants, especially. With great difficulty, upon my solemn assurances of honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the cabins; and there I tried what I could to prevail upon her to quit her purpose; but all in vain: She said, I had made her quite unhappy by this interview! She had difficulties enough upon her mind before; but now I had embittered all her voyage, and given her the deepest distress.

I could prevail upon her but for one favour, and that with the greatest reluctance; which was, to accept of the five hundred pounds, as a present from me; and she promised, at my earnest desire, to draw upon me for a greater sum, as a person that had her effects in my hands, when she arrived, if she should find it convenient for her. In short, this was all the favour I could procure; for she would not promise so much as to correspond with me, and was determined on going: and, I believe, if I would have married her, which yet I had not in my head, she would not have deviated from her purpose.

But how, sir, said I, did you part? I would have sailed with her, answered he, and been landed at the first port in England or Ireland, I cared not which, they should put in at; but she was too full of apprehensions to admit it: And the rough fellow of a master, captain they called him (but, in my mind, I could have thrown him overboard), would not stay a moment, the wind and tide being quite fair; and was very urgent with me to go ashore, or to go the voyage; and being impetuous in my temper (*spoiled, you know, my dear, by my mother*), and not used to control, I thought it very strange that wind or tide, or anything else, should be preferred to me and my money. But so it was; I was forced to go; and so took leave of the ladies, and the other passengers; wished them a good voyage; gave five guineas among the ship's crew to be good to the ladies, and took such a leave as you may better imagine than I express. She recommended once more to me, the

dear guest, as she called her, the ladies being present; and thanked me for all these instances of my regard, which, she said, would leave a strong impression on her mind; and, at parting, she threw her arms about my neck, and we took such a leave as affected every one present, men, as well as ladies.

So, with a truly heavy heart, I went down the ship's side to my boat; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her handkerchief at her eyes; and then I gazed at the ship, *till*, and *after* I had landed, as long as I could discern the least appearance of it; for she was under sail, in a manner, when I left her; and so I returned highly disturbed to my inn.

I went to bed, but rested not; returned to London the next morning; and set out that afternoon again for the country. And so much, my dear, for poor Sally Godfrey. —She sends, I understand, by all opportunities, with the knowledge of her husband, to learn how her child, by her first husband, does; and has the satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. And about half a year ago, her spouse sent a little negro boy, of about ten years old, as a present, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the smallpox, and died in a month after he was landed.

Sure, sir, said I, your generous mind must have been long affected with this melancholy case, and all its circumstances.

It hung upon me, indeed, some time, said he; but I was full of spirits and inconsideration. I went soon after to travel; a hundred new objects danced before my eyes, and kept reflection from me. And, you see, I had five or six years afterwards, and even before that, so thoroughly lost all the impressions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my Pamela change her name, without either act of parliament, or wedlock, and be Sally Godfrey the second.

Oh you dear naughty man! said I, this seems but too true! but I bless God that it is not so!—I bless God for your reformation, and that for your own dear sake, as well as mine!

Well, my dear, said he, and I bless God for it too!—I do most sincerely!—And 'tis my greater pleasure, because I have, as I hope, seen my error so early; and that with such a stock of youth and health on my side, in all appearance, I can truly abhor my past liberties, and pity poor Sally Godfrey, from the same motives that I admire my Pamela's virtues; and resolve to make myself as worthy of them as possible: And I will hope, my dear, your prayers for my pardon, and my perseverance, will be of no small efficacy on this occasion.

These agreeable reflections, on this melancholy but instructive story, brought us in view of his own house and we alighted, and took a walk in the garden till dinner was ready. And now we are so busy about making ready for our appearance, that I shall hardly have time to write till that be over.

—o—

Monday morning.

YESTERDAY we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in fine new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new cleaned, and lined, and new harnessed; so that it looked like a quite new one. But had no arms to quarter with my dear lord and master's, though he jocularly, upon my taking notice of my obscurity, said, that he had a good mind to have the olive branch, which would allude to his hopes, quartered for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mentioned, of white flowered with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the diamond necklace, ear-rings, &c., I also mentioned before: And, my dear sir, in a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue paduasoy, and his coat a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with gold buttons and button holes, and lined with white silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I said, I was too fine, and would have laid aside some of the jewels; but he said, It would be thought a slight to me from him, as his wife; and though as I apprehended, it might be, that people would talk as it was,

yet he had rather they should say anything, than that I was not put upon an equal footing, as his wife, with any lady he might have married.

It seems the neighbouring gentry had expected us, and there was a great congregation; for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest; so that, as we walked up the church to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers: But my dear master behaved with so intrepid an air, and was so cheerful and complaisant to me, that he did credit to his kind choice, instead of showing as if he was ashamed of it: And as I was resolved to busy my mind entirely with the duties of the day, my intentness on that occasion, and my thankfulness to God, for His unspeakable mercies to me, so took up my thoughts, that I was much less concerned, than I should otherwise have been, at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the congregation, whose eyes were all turned to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we stayed the longer, because the church should be pretty empty; but we found great numbers at the church doors, and in the church-porch; and I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my person, as my dress and behaviour, and not one reflection or mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is single, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families, were all there: And the four gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the chariot, and in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both: and Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy; and Mrs. Brooks said, You sent Mr. Brooks, madam, home t'other day quite charmed with a manner which, you have convinced a thousand persons this day, is natural to you.

You do me great honour, madam, replied I. Such a good lady's approbation must make me too sensible of my happiness. My dear master handed me into the chariot, and stood talking with Sir Thomas Atkyns, at the door of it (who was making him abundance of compliments, and is a

very ceremonious gentleman, a little too extreme in that way), and, I believe, to familiarise me to the gazers, which concerned me a little; for I was dashed to hear the praises of the country people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begged my charity, and I beckoned John with my fan, and said, Divide in the further church porch that money to the poor, and let them come to-morrow morning to me, and I will give them something more, if they don't importune me now. So I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous prayers for charity.

Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and leaned on the very door, while my master was talking to Sir Thomas, from whom he could not get away; and said, By all that's good, you have charmed the whole congregation! Not a soul but is full of your praises! My neighbour knew, better than anybody could tell him, how to choose for himself. Why, said he, the dean himself looked more upon you than his book.

Oh, sir, said I, you are very encouraging to a weak mind! I vow, said he, I say no more than is truth: I'd marry to-morrow, if I was sure of meeting with a person of but one half the merit you have. You are, continued he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your spouse, and a credit to religion.—Everybody is saying so, added he; for you have, by your piety, edified the whole church.

As he had done speaking, the dean himself complimented me, that the behaviour of so worthy a lady would be very edifying to his congregation, and encouraging to himself. Sir, said I, you are very kind: I hope I shall not behave unworthy of the good instructions I shall have the pleasure to receive from so worthy a divine.—He bowed, and went on.

Sir Thomas then applied to me, my master stepping into the chariot, and said, I beg pardon, madam, for detaining your good spouse from you: but I have been saying, he is the happiest man in the world. I bowed to him, but I could

have wished him further, to make me sit so in the notice of every one; which, for all I could do, dashed me not a little.

Mr. Martin said to my master, If you'll come to church every Sunday with your charming lady, I will never absent myself, and she'll give a good example to all the neighbourhood. Oh, my dear sir! said I to my master, you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. Martin! He has, by his kind expressions, made me dare to look up with pleasure and gratitude.

Said my master, My dear love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good friend Mr. Martin. And he said to him, We will constantly go to church, and to every other place, where we can have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin said, Gad, sir, you are a happy man; and I think your lady's example has made you more polite and handsome too, than I ever knew you before, though we never thought you unpolite, neither. And so he bowed, and went to his own chariot; and as we drove away, the people kindly blessed us, and called us a charming pair.

As I have no other pride, I hope, in repeating these things than in the countenance the general approbation gives to my dear master, for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it, I know.

In the afternoon we went again to church, and a little early, at my request; but the church was quite full, and soon after even crowded; so much does novelty (the more's the pity!) attract the eyes of mankind. Mr Martin came in after us, and made up to our seat; and said, If you please, my dear friend, I will take my seat with you this afternoon. With all my heart, said my master. I was sorry for it; but was resolved my duty should not be made second to bashfulness, or any other consideration; and when divine service began, I withdrew to the farther end of the pew, and left the gentlemen in the front, and they behaved quite suitably, both of them, to the occasion. I mention this the rather, because Mr. Martin was not very noted for coming to church, or attention when there, before.

The dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of compliment to us; and an excellent sermon he made on the relative duties of Christianity: And it took my particular attention; for he made many fine observations on the subject. Mr. Martin addressed himself twice or thrice to me during the sermon; but he saw me so wholly engrossed with hearkening to the good preacher, that he forbore interrupting me; yet I took care, according to the lessons formerly given me, to observe to him a cheerful and obliging behaviour, as one of Mr. B——'s friends and intimates. My master asked him to give him his company to supper; and he said, I am so taken with your lady, that you must not give me too much encouragement; for I shall be always with you, if you do. He was pleased to say, You cannot favour us with too much of your company; and as I have left you in the lurch in your single state, I think you will do well to oblige us as much as you can; and who knows but my happiness may reform another rake? *Who* knows? said Mr. Martin: why, I know; for I am more than half reformed already.

At the chariot door, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Chambers were brought to me by their respective spouses; and presently the witty Lady Towers, who bantered me before (as I once told you), joined them; and Mrs. Arthur said, she wished me joy; and that all the good ladies, my neighbours, would collect themselves together, and make me a visit. This, said I, will be an honour, madam, that I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind so to countenance a person who will always study to deserve your favour, by the most respectful behaviour.

Lady Towers said, My dear neighbour, you want no countenance; your own merit is sufficient. I had a slight cold, that kept me at home in the morning; but I heard you so much talked of, and praised, that I resolved not to stay away in the afternoon; and I join in the joy every one gives you. She turned to my master, and said, You are a sly thief, as I always thought you. Where have you stolen this lady? And now, how barbarous is it, thus un-

wares, in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipse us all?—You are very kind, madam, said he, that you and all my worthy neighbours see with my eyes. But had I not known she had so much excellency of mind and behaviour, as would strike everybody in her favour at first sight, I should not have dared to class her with such of my worthy neighbours, as now so kindly congratulate us both.

I own, said she softly, I was one of your censurers; but never liked you so well in my life as for this action, now see how capable your bride is of giving distinction to any condition.—And coming to me, My dear neighbour, said he, excuse me for having but in my thought, the remembrance that I have *seen you formerly*, when, by your sweet air and easy deportment, you so much surpass us all, and give credit to your present happy condition.

Dear good madam, said I, how shall I suitably return my acknowledgments! But it will never be a pain to me to look back upon my *former days*, now I have the kind allowance and example of so many worthy ladies to support me in the honours to which the most generous of men has raised me.

Sweetly said! she was pleased to say. If I was in another place, I would kiss you for that answer. Oh! happy, happy Mr. B——! said she to my master; what reputation have you not brought upon your judgment! I won't be long before I see you, added she, I'll assure you, if I come by myself. That shall be your own fault, madam, said Mrs. Brooks.

And so they took leave; and I gave my hand to my dear master, and said, How happy have you made me, generous sir!—And the dean, who had just come up, heard me, and said, And how happy you have made your spouse, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to say, from what I observe of you both. I courtesied, and blushed, not thinking anybody heard me. And my master telling him he should be glad of the honour of a visit from him, he said,

He would pay his respects to us the first opportunity, and bring his wife and daughter to attend me. I said, That was doubly kind; and I should be very proud of cultivating so worthy an acquaintance. I thanked him for his fine discourse; and he thanked me for my attention, which he called exemplary: and so my dear master handed me into the chariot; and we were carried home, *both* happy, and *both* pleased, thank God.

Mr. Martin came in the evening, with another gentleman, his friend, one Mr. Dormer; and he entertained us with the favourable opinion he said every one had of me, and of the choice my good benefactor had made.

This morning the poor came, according to my invitation; and I sent them away with glad hearts to the number of twenty-five. There were not above twelve or fourteen on Sunday, that John divided the silver among, which I gave him for that purpose; but others got hold of the matter, and made up to the above number.

—o—

Tuesday.

My generous master has given me, this morning, a most considerate, but yet, from the nature of it, melancholy instance of his great regard for my unworthiness, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a walk with me, after breakfast, into the garden; and a little shower falling, he led me, for shelter, into the little summer-house, in the private garden, where he formerly gave me apprehensions; and sitting down by me, he said, I have now finished all that lies on my mind, my dear, and am very easy: For have you not wondered that I have so much employed myself in my library? Been so much at home, and yet not in your company?—No, sir, said I; I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at anything you please to employ yourself about; nor would give way to a curiosity that should be troublesome to you:

And, besides, I know your large possessions; and the method you take of looking yourself into your affairs must needs take up so much of your time, that I ought to be very careful how I intrude upon you.

Well, said he, but I'll tell you what has been my last work: I have taken it into my consideration, that, at present, my line is almost extinct; and that the chief part of my *maternal* estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another line, and great part of my *personal* will fall into such hands, as I shall not care my Pamela should lie at the mercy of. I have, therefore, as human life is uncertain, made such a disposition of my affairs, as will make you absolutely independent and happy; as will secure to you the power of doing a great deal of good, and living as a person ought to do, who is my relict; and shall put it out of anybody's power to molest your father and mother, in the provision I design them, for the remainder of their days: And I have finished all this very morning, except to naming trustees for you; and if you have anybody you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

I was so touched with this mournful instance of his excessive goodness to me, and the thoughts necessarily flowing from the solemn occasion, that I was unable to speak; and at last relieved my mind by a violent fit of weeping; and could only say, clasping my arms around the dear generous man, How shall I support this! So very cruel, yet so very kind!

Don't, my dear, said he, be concerned at what gives *me* pleasure. I am not the nearer my end, for having made this disposition; but I think the putting off these material points, when so many accidents every day happen, and life is so precarious, is one of the most inexcusable things in the world. And there are many important points to be thought of, when life is drawing to its utmost verge; and the mind may be so agitated and unfit, that it is a most sad thing to put off, to that time, any of those concerns which more especially require a considerate and composed

frame of temper, and perfect health and vigour, to give directions about. My poor friend, Mr. Carlton, who died in my arms so lately, and had a mind disturbed by worldly considerations on one side; a weakness of body, through the violence of *his distemper,* on another; and the concerns of still as much more moment, as the soul is to the body, on a third; made so great an impression upon me then, that I was the more impatient to come to this house, where were most of my writings, in order to make the disposition I have now perfected: And since it is grievous to my dear girl, I will myself think of such trustees as shall be most for her benefit. I have only, therefore, to assure you, my dear, that in this instance, as I will do in any other I can think of, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent. And because I shall avoid all occasions, for the future, which may discompose you, I have but one request to make; which is, that if it please God, for my sins, to separate me from my dearest Pamela, you will only resolve not to marry *one* person; for I would not be such a Herod, as to restrain you from a change of condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other person's succeeding me in your esteem.

I could not answer, and thought my heart would have burst: And he continued, To conclude at once a subject that is so grievous to you, I will tell you, my Pamela, that this person is Mr. Williams. And now I will acquaint you with my motive for this request; which is wholly owing to my niceness, and to no dislike I have for him, or apprehension of any likelihood that it will be so: but, methinks it would reflect a little upon my Pamela, if she was to give way to such a conduct, as if she had married a man for *his estate,* when she had rather have had *another,* had it not been for *that;* and that now, the world will say, she is *at* liberty to pursue her inclination, the parson is the man!— And I cannot bear even the most distant apprehension that I had not the preference with you, of any man living, let me have been what I would, as I have shown my dear life, that I have preferred her to all her sex, of whatever degree.

I could not speak, might I have had the world; and he took me in his arms, and said, I have now spoken all my mind, and expect no answer; and I see you too much moved to give me one. Only forgive me the mention, since I have told you my motive; which as much affects your reputation as my niceness; and offer not at an answer;—only say, you forgive me: And I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my dearest, for the rest of my life; which I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy years.

Grief still choked up the passage of my words; and he said, The shower is over, my dear: let us walk out again.—He led me out, and I would have spoken; but he said, I will not hear my dear creature say anything! To hearken to your assurance of complying with my request, would look as if I doubted you, and wanted it. I am confident I needed only to speak my mind, to be observed by you; and I shall never more think on the subject, if you don't remind me of it. He then most sweetly changed the discourse.

Don't you with pleasure, my dear, said he, take *in* the delightful fragrance that this sweet shower has given to these banks of flowers? Your *presence* is so enlivening to me, that I could almost fancy that what we owe to the shower, is owing to *that:* And all nature, methinks, blooms around me when I have my Pamela by my side. You are a poetess, my dear; and I will give you a few lines that I made myself on such an occasion as this I am speaking of, the presence of a sweet companion, and the fresh verdure that, after a shower, succeeding a long drought, showed itself throughout all vegetable nature. And then, in a sweet and easy accent (with his dear arms about me as we walked), he sung me the following verses; of which he afterwards favoured me with a copy:

I.

All nature blooms when you appear;
The fields their richest liv'ries wear;

Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view,
Shoot out fresh greens, and bud anew.
The varying seasons you supply;
And, when you're gone, they fade and die.

II.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful strains,
To you appeals, to you complains.
The tow'ring lark, on rising wing,
Warbles to you, your praise does sing;
He cuts the yielding air, and flies
To heav'n, to type your future joys.

III.

The purple violet, damask rose,
Each, to delight your senses, blows.
The lilies ope', as you appear;
And all the beauties of the year
Diffuse their odours at your feet,
Who give to ev'ry flow'r its sweet.

IV.

For flow'rs and women are allied;
Both, nature's glory and her pride!
Of ev'ry fragrant sweet possest,
They bloom but for the fair one's breast;
And to the swelling bosom borne,
Each other mutually adorn.

Thus sweetly did he palliate the woes, which the generosity of his actions, mixed with the solemnness of the occasion, and the strange request he had vouchsafed to make me, had occasioned. And all he would permit me to say, was, that I was not displeased with him!—Displeased with you, dearest sir! said I: let me thus testify my obligations, and the force all your commands shall have upon me. And I took the liberty to clasp my arms about his neck, and kissed him.

But yet my mind was pained at times, and has been to this hour.—God grant that I may never see the dreadful moment that shall shut up the precious life of this excellent, generous benefactor of mine! And—but I cannot

ır to suppose—I cannot say more on such a deep
)ject.

Oh! what a poor thing is human life in its best enjoy-
nts! subjected to *imaginary* evils, when it has no *real*
s to disturb it; and that can be made as effectually
happy by its apprehensions of remote contingencies, as
t was struggling with the pangs of a present distress!
is, duly reflected upon, methinks, should convince every
: that this world is not a place for the immortal mind
be confined to; and that there must be an hereafter,
ere the *whole* soul shall be satisfied.

But I shall get out of my depth; my shallow mind
ınot comprehend, as it ought, these weighty subjects:
t me only therefore pray, that, after having made a
ıteful use of God's mercies here, I may, with my dear
ıefactor, rejoice in that happy state, where is no mixture,
unsatisfiedness; and where all is joy, and peace, and
'e, for evermore!

I said, when we sat at supper, The charming taste you
're me, sir, of your poetical fancy, makes me sure you
're more favours of this kind to delight me with, if you
ase; and may I beg to be indulged on this agreeable
ıd? Hitherto, said he, my life has been too much a
: of gaiety and action, to be busied so innocently. Some
le essays I have now and then attempted; but very few
ve I completed. Indeed I had not patience nor attention
ough to hold me long to any one thing. Now and then,
rhaps, I may occasionally show you what I have essayed.
ıt I never could please myself in this way.

—o—

Friday.

E were yesterday favoured with the company of almost
the neighbouring gentlemen and their ladies, who, by
)ointment with one another, met to congratulate our
)piness. Nothing could be more obliging, more free
l affectionate, than the ladies; nothing more polite than

the gentlemen. All was performed (for they came to supper) with decency and order, and much to every one's satisfaction; which was principally owing to good Mrs. Jervis's care and skill; who is an excellent manager.

For my part, I was dressed out only to be admired, as it seems: and truly, if I had not known that I did not make *myself*, as you, my dear father, once hinted to me, and if I had had the vanity to think as well of myself, as the good company was pleased to do, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady Davers said, though in anger, yet in truth, that I am but *a poor bit of painted dirt.* All that I value myself upon is, that God has raised me to a condition to be useful, in my generation, to better persons than myself. This is my pride: And I hope this will be all my pride. For what was I of myself! —All the good I can do, is but a poor third-hand good; for my dearest master himself is but the secondhand. God, the all-gracious, the all-good, the all-bountiful, the all-mighty, the all-merciful God, is the first: To Him, therefore, be all the glory!

As I expect the happiness, the unspeakable happiness, my ever-dear and ever-honoured father and mother, of enjoying you both here, under this roof, so soon (and pray let it be as soon as you can), I will not enter into the particulars of the last agreeable evening: For I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tired with my prattle when I see you!

I am to return these visits singly; and there were eight ladies here of different families. Dear heart! I shall find enough to do!—I doubt my time will not be so well filled up, as I once promised my dear master!—But he is pleased, cheerful, kind, affectionate! Oh, what a happy creature am I!—May I be always thankful to God, and grateful to *him!*

When all these tumultuous visitings are over, I shall have my mind, I hope, subside into a family calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the household of my dear master; or else I shall be an unprofitable servant indeed!

Lady Davers sent this morning her compliments to us
oth, very affectionately; and her lord's good wishes and
ngratulations: and she desired my writings per bearer;
id says, she will herself bring them to me again, with
anks, as soon as she has read them; and she and her
rd will come and be *my* guests (that was her particularly
ıd word) for a fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wish for; and then, me-
inks, I shall be all ecstasy: and that is, your presence,
th of you, and your blessings; which I hope you will
stow upon me every morning and night, till you are
ttled in the happy manner my dear Mr. B—— has
tended.

Methinks I want sadly your list of the honest and
orthy poor; for the money lies by me, and brings me no
terest. You see I am become a mere usurer; and want
make use upon use: and yet, when I have done all, I
ınnot do so much as I ought. God forgive my imper-
ctions!

I tell my dear spouse, I want another dairy-house visit.
o be sure, if he won't at present permit it, I shall, if it
lease God to spare us, tease him like any over-indulged
ife, if, as the dear charmer grows *older*, he won't let me
ave the pleasure of forming her tender mind, as well as I
m able; lest, poor little soul, she fall into such snares
s her unhappy dear mother fell into. I am providing a
ower of pretty things for her against I see her next, that
may make her love me, if I can.

Just now I have the blessed news, that you will set out
r this happy house on Tuesday morning. The chariot
ıall be with you without fail. God give us a happy
ieeting! Oh, how I long for it! Forgive your impatient
aughter, who sends this to amuse you on your journey;
nd desires to be

Ever most dutifully yours.

Here end, at present, the letters of Pamela to her father
nd mother. They arrived at their daughter's house on

Tuesday evening in the following week, and were received by her with the utmost joy and duty; and with great goodness and complaisance by Mr. B——. And having resided there till everything was put in order for them at the Kentish estate, they were carried down thither by himself, and their daughter, and put into possession of the pretty farm he had designed for them.

THE reader will here indulge us in a few brief observations, which naturally result from the story and characters; and which will serve as so many applications of its most material incidents to the minds of YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

First, then, in the character of the GENTLEMAN may be seen that of a fashionable libertine, who allowed himself in the free indulgence of his passions, especially to the fair sex; and found himself supported in his daring attempts, by an affluent fortune in possession, a personal bravery, as it is called, readier to *give* than *take* offence, and an imperious will; yet as he betimes sees his errors, and reforms in the bloom of youth, an edifying lesson may be drawn from it for the use of such as are born to large fortunes; and who may be taught, by his example, the inexpressible difference between the hazards and remorse which attend a profligate course of life, and the pleasures which flow from virtuous love and benevolent actions.

In the character of Lady DAVERS, let the proud and the high-born see the deformity of unreasonable passion, and how weak and ridiculous such persons must appear, who suffer themselves, as is usually the case, to be hurried from the height of violence to the most abject submission; and subject themselves to be outdone by the humble virtue they so much despise.

Let good CLERGYMEN, in Mr. WILLIAMS, see, that whatever displeasure the doing of their duty may give, for

time, to their proud patrons, Providence will at last ward their piety, and turn their distresses to triumph; id make them even *more* valued for a conduct that gave fence while the violence of passion lasted, than if they had eanly stooped to flatter or soothe the vices of the great.

In the examples of good old ANDREWS and his WIFE, : those, who are reduced to a low estate see, that Provi- nce never fails to reward their honesty and integrity: .d that God will, in His own good time, extricate them, · means unforeseen, out of their present difficulties, and ward them with benefits unhoped for.

The UPPER SERVANTS of great families may, from the lious character of Mrs. JEWKES, and the amiable ones of Irs. JERVIS, Mr. LONGMAN, &c., learn what to avoid, and hat to choose, to make themselves valued and esteemed y all who know them.

And, from the double conduct of poor JOHN, the LOWER ERVANTS may learn fidelity, and how to distinguish between ne lawful and unlawful commands of a superior.

The poor deluded female, who, like the once unhappy liss GODFREY, has given up her honour, and yielded to ne allurements of her designing lover, may learn from her tory to stop at the *first fault;* and, by resolving to repent nd amend, see the pardon and blessing which await her enitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend the arms f its mercy to receive and reward her returning duty: While the prostitute, pursuing the wicked courses into hich, perhaps, she was at first *inadvertently* drawn, hurries erself into filthy diseases and an untimely death; and, too robably, into everlasting perdition.

Let the *desponding heart* be comforted by the happy sue which the troubles and trials of PAMELA met with, hen they see, in her case, that no danger nor distress,

however inevitable, or deep to their apprehensions, can be out of the power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various instances in her story, can turn the most seemingly grievous things to its own glory and the reward of suffering innocence; and that too, at a time when all human prospects seem to fail.

Let the *rich,* and those who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high estate,* learn from her, that they are not promoted on by for a *single good;* but that Providence has raised them, that they should dispense to all within their reach the blessings it has heaped upon them; and that the greater the power is to which God hath raised them, the greater is the good that will be expected from them.

From the low opinion she everywhere shows of herself, and her attributing all her excellences to pious education, and her lady's virtuous instructions and bounty; let persons, even of *genius* and *piety,* learn not to arrogate to themselves those gifts and graces which they owe least of all to themselves: since the beauties of person are frail; and it is not in our power to give them to ourselves, or to be either prudent, wise, or good, without the assistance of divine grace.

From the same good example, let *children* see what a blessing awaits their duty to their parents, though ever so low in the world; and that the only disgrace is to be dishonest, but none at all to be poor.

From the *economy* she purposes to observe in her elevation, let even *ladies of condition* learn that there are family employments, in which they may and ought to make themselves useful, and give good examples to their inferiors, as well as equals: and that their duty to God, charity to the poor and sick, and the different branches of household management, ought to take up the most considerable portions of their time.

From her signal *veracity,* which she never forfeited, in the hardships she was tried with, though her answers, she had reason to apprehend, would often make against r; and the innocence she preserved throughout all her atagems and contrivances to save herself from violation: rsons, even *sorely tempted,* may learn to preserve a sacred gard to *truth;* which always begets a reverence for them, en in the corruptest minds.

In short,

Her obliging behaviour to her equals, before her exaltation; her kindness to them afterwards; her forgiving spirit, and her generosity;

Her meekness, in every circumstance where her virtue was not concerned;

Her charitable allowances for others, as in the case of Miss Godfrey, for faults she would not have forgiven in herself;

Her kindness and prudence to the offspring of that melancholy adventure;

Her maiden and bridal purity, which extended as well to her thoughts as to her words and actions;

Her signal affiance in God;

Her thankful spirit;

Her grateful heart;

Her diffusive charity to the poor, which made her blessed by them whenever she appeared abroad;

The cheerful ease and freedom of her deportment;

Her parental, conjugal, and maternal duty;

Her social virtues;

Are all so many signal instances of the excellency of her ind, which may make her character worthy of the imitan of her sex. And the Editor of these sheets will have s end, if it inspires a laudable emulation in the minds of y worthy persons, who may thereby entitle themselves to e rewards, the praises, and the blessings, by which PAMELA is so deservedly distinguished.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—We arrived he[illegible] last night, highly pleased with our journey, and the occasio[illegible] of it. May God bless you both with long life and healt[illegible] to enjoy your sweet farm and pretty dwelling, which is ju[illegible] what I wished it to be. And don't make your gratef[illegible] hearts too uneasy in the possession of it, by your mode[illegible] diffidence of your own worthiness: for, at the same tim[illegible] that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is n[illegible] so *very* extraordinary, considering his condition, as that [illegible] will give any one cause to censure it as the effect of a t[illegible] partial and injudicious kindness for the parents of one who [illegible] he *delighteth to honour.*

My dear master (why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am, in every light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible heart?) holds his kind purpose of fitting up the large parlour, and three apartments, in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days together; and he has actually given orders for that purpose. And that the three apartments be *so* fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition than his *own;* for, he says, the plain simple elegance which he will have to be observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will be a variety in his retirement to this place, that will make him return to his own with the greater pleasure: and, at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your friends; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bay windows he will have preserved, but will not have them sashed, nor the woodbines, jessamines, and vines that run up against them, destroyed; only he will have larger panes of glass, and convenienter casements, to let in more of the sweet air and light, to make amends for

that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers; for he has mentioned three or four times how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us when, the last evening we stood at the window in our bed-chamber, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near, which took up our delighted attention for above two hours, and charmed us the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly taste, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind! Never talk, my Pamela, as you frequently do, of obligation to me: one such hour as I now enjoy is an ample reward for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life!

The parlour indeed will be more elegant; though that is to be rather plain than rich, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new floored. The dear gentleman has already given orders about it, and you will soon have workmen with you to put them in execution. The parlour-doors are to have brass hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch-case: for who knows, said he, my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boys and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example? And, besides, I make no doubt but I shall entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions, for a day or so.

How am I, every hour of my life, overwhelmed with instances of God Almighty's goodness, and his!—Oh spare, blessed Father of mercies, the precious life of this excellent man, and increase my thankfulness, and my worthiness! and then—but what shall I say?—Only, that then I may *continue* to be what I am; for more blessed, and more happy, in my own mind, surely I cannot be.

The beds he will have of cloth, because he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly,

and because he purposes to be down in the early spring season, now and then, as well as in the latter autumn; and the window curtains of the same: in one room red, in the other green; but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chambers, nor yet of the little room he intends for my use, to withdraw to when I choose not to join in such company as may happen to fall in: which, my dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed once in a year or two to see, when I am there, how I live with my Pamela and her parents, and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this: for otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am ashamed of company I shall always be pleased with.—Nor are you, my dear, continued he, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me; for who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see that such a reproach, as they intend it, is so far from being so to me, that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were? And how will it anticipate low reflection, when they shall see I can bend my mind to partake with them the pleasures of their humble but decent life!—Ay, continued he, and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind; so that, my dear, added he, I shall reap more benefit by what I propose to do, than I shall confer.

In this generous manner does this best of men endeavour to disclaim (though I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence which is natural to him; and which, indeed, as I tell him, may be, in one respect, depreciated, inasmuch as (so excellent is his nature) he cannot help it, if he would.—Oh, that it was in

my power to recompense him for it: But I am poor, as I have often said, in everything but will—and that is *wholly* his:—And what a happiness is it to me, a happiness I could not so early have hoped for, that I can say so without *reserve;* since the dear object of my happiness requires nothing of me but what is consistent with my duty to the Supreme Benefactor, the first mover and cause of all his own happiness, of my happiness, and of that of my dear, my ever dear parents!

But whither does the enchanting subject lead me! I am running on to my usual length, though I have not the same excuse for it; for heretofore I had nothing to do but to write. Yet, I am sure, if I do exceed a little, *you* will be pleased with it; and you have, moreover, a right to rejoice with me in the days of my felicity, after your indulgent hearts had been so much pained by a long succession of my fears and my dangers, which only ought to be remembered now as subjects of thankful exultation, by

Your dutiful and happy DAUGHTER.

—o—

LETTER II.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I need not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse: You both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. But still, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you,* much less to the *'squire,* with the freedom he so often invited us to take: For, I don't know how it is, but though you are our daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents; yet, when we look upon you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and—I don't know what to call it—that lays a little

restraint upon us. And yet we would not, methinks, let our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to set too much by it.

But your merit and your prudence, my dear daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any notion of:—And to have gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your genteelness and amiableness neither, as for your behaviour, and your affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying you *deserve* to be what you are, makes us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed!—I am sure you have been a good angel to us; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honoured husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world. But little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant land, heard of our dear child's happiness, and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But thus to be provided for!—Thus kindly to be owned, and called father and mother by such a brave gentleman! and thus to be placed, that we have nothing to do but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a providence, my dear child, as is too mighty to be borne by us with equalness of temper; and we kneel together every morning, noon, and night, and weep and rejoice, and rejoice and weep, to think how our unworthiness is distinguished, and how God has provided for us in our latter days, when all that we had to fear was, that, as we grew older and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome where, not our pride, but our industrious wills, would have made us wish not to be so;—but to be entitled to a happier lot: For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my dear child, and your unhappy brother's children: For it is well known, that, though we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was:—To be sure, partly by my own fault; for, had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William; for, so unhappy

were they, poor lads! that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

But yet the issue has shown, that (if I may presume to say so) what I did was not displeasing to God; inasmuch as I have the comfort to see that my reliance on Him, while I was doing what though some thought *imprudent* things, yet not *wrong* things, is so abundantly rewarded, beyond expectation and desert. Blessed be His holy name for it!

You command me—Let me, as writing to Mr. B——'s lady, say *command;* though, as to my dear *daughter,* I will only say *desire:* And indeed I will not, as you wish me not to do, let the one condition, which was accidental, put the other, which was natural, out of my thought: You spoke it in better words, but this was the sense—But you have the gift of utterance; and education is a fine thing, where it meets with such talents to improve upon as God has given you.—But let me not forget what I was going to say—You *command*—or, if you please—you *desire* me to write long letters, and often—And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stocked farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and which way soever we turn our heads, see blessings upon blessings, and plenty upon plenty; see barns well stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own.—And then think that all is the reward of our child's virtue!—Oh, my dear daughter, who can bear these things!—Excuse me!—I must break off a little! For my eyes are as full as my heart; and I will retire to bless God, and your honoured husband.

So—my dear child—I now again take up my pen: But reading what I had written, in order to carry on the thread, I can hardly forbear again being in like sort affected.—But do you think I will call all these things my own?—Do you think I will live rent free?—Do you think I would? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper

before, I could help being touched by such an one as he sets me?—If his goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving?—Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch neither. He will show the world that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one who will disgrace you as much by his temper as by his condition. What though I cannot be as worthy of all these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless 'em!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery without having their rents paid; I hope I shall not affront the 'squire to pay to his steward what any other person would pay for this noble stock and improving farm: And I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health.—I should not be worthy to crawl upon the earth, if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman? Sure no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward than he: It was as we were walking over the grounds together—and observing in what good order everything was, he was praising some little contrivances of my own for the improvement of the farm, and saying, how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. Longman, said I, comfortably indeed! But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?—I can tell you, said he, the 'squire will not receive anything from you, Goodman Andrews—why, man, he has no occasion for it: He's worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land. —Ad's heartlikins, you must not affront him, I can tell you that! For he's as generous as a prince, where he takes; but he is hasty, and will have his own way.—Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my friend. Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that; nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that

pass.—What I can do for you I will, and here's my hand upon it.

Well then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the rent Farmer Dickens offered, and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it till you can't choose; and I shall be as happy as a prince; for I doubt not, by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.—Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews, said he, that I would do such a thing?—Would not his honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another?—Go to, go to, honest heart, I love thee dearly: But can Mr. B—— do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come (and he jeered me so, I could not tell what to say to him), I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this. What, I warrant, you would not be too much beholden to his honour, would you?—No, good Mr. Longman, said I—it is not that, I'm sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child—to whom, under God, all this is owing.—But somehow or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall; and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me to do the good 'squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson Thomas is very desirous to come and live with us: the boy is honest, and they tell me, industrious. And cousin Burroughs wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot: and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relationship should be an objection: But yet, I think, one would not *beleaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice, as to my carriage in this my new lot; for I would not for the world be thought an encroacher. And I am sure you have so much prudence, that there is nobody's advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our blessing (I am sure you have blessed us!) attend you, my dearest child! and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be, in this life), conclude us,

Your ever-loving father and mother,
JOHN and ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we not hope to be favoured now and then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on? It would be a great joy to us: Indeed it would.—But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way. So must acquiesce.

—o—

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have shown your letter to my beloved.—Don't be uneasy that I have; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents: And I'll tell you what he said to it, as the best argument I can use, why you should not be uneasy, but enjoy, without pain or anxiety, all the benefits of your happy lot.

Dear good souls! said he, how does everything they say and everything they write, manifest the worthiness of their hearts! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds; for that you would do, were they not your parents: And tell them, that I am so far from having them believe that what I have done for them is only the effect of my affection for their daughter, that let them find out another couple as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear obliger, in the *same* county; because I would wish *two* counties to be blessed for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy on the foot of their own *proper* merit; and *bid* them enjoy it as their

patrimony: And if there can anything arise that is more than they themselves can wish for, in the way of life they choose to live, let them look around among their own relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation they are pleased with. And do you, my dear, continued he, still further enable them, as you shall judge proper, to gratify their enlarged hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves in order to do good to others.

I could only fly to his generous bosom (for this is a subject which most affects me), and with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touched his dear face, bless God, and bless him, with my whole heart; for speak I could not! But, almost choked with my joy, sobbed to him my grateful acknowledgments.—He clasped me in his arms, and said, How, my dearest, do you overpay me for the little I have done for your parents! If it be thus to be blessed for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joys is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves, whenever they please!—Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for; which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them.—'Tis too much!—too much, said I, in broken accents: How am I oppressed with the pleasure you give me!—Oh, sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously—for I cannot bear it! And, indeed, my heart went flutter, flutter, flutter, at his dear breast, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, surely, my dear, my beloved parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine!—If it proceeds thus from degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the hope, the charming hope, that the dear second author of your blessings and mine, be the uniformly good as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! And if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think that his advances in piety are owing not a little to them, and to the example God shall give us grace to set;

then, indeed, may we take the pride to think we have repaid his goodness to us, and that we have satisfied the debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Thus, then, do I set before you imperfectly, as I am forced to do, the delight your grateful, your honest hearts give us; I say, imperfectly, and well I may; for I might as easily paint sound, as describe the noble, the sublime pleasures, that wind up my affections to even a painful height of rapture on such occasions as this: And I desire, as he often bids *me*, that *you* will take to yourselves the merit of thus delighting us both, and then think with less uneasiness of the obligation you are under to the best of friends.—And indeed it is but doing justice to his beneficent temper, to think that we have given him an opportunity of exercising it in a way so agreeable to it; and I can tell, by the ardour of his speech, by the additional lustre that it lights up in his eyes, naturally so lively, and by the virtuous endearments, refined on these occasions above what sense can know, that he has a pleasure, a joy, a transport, in doing what he does of this sort, that is its own reward; as every virtuous and noble action must be to a mind that can be delighted with virtue for its own sake, and can find itself enlarged by the power of doing good to worthy objects. Even I, my dear parents, know this by experience, when I can be an humble means to make an honest creature happy, though not related to myself; and yet I am but a third-hand dispenser, as I have elsewhere * said of these comforts; and all the light I can communicate, as I once before observed,† like that of the moon, is but borrowed from his sunny radiance.

Forgive me, my dear, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above that natural simplicity which is more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it! For when the mind is elevated, ought not the sense we have of our happiness to make our expressions soar equally? Can the affections be so highly raised as mine are on these occasions, and the thoughts creep grovelling,

* See page 156. † See page 44.

like one's ordinary self? No, indeed!—Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude; a gift which makes you, and me too, *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves.—And thus will our gratitude be the inspirer of joy to our common benefactor; and his joy will heighten our gratitude; and so we shall proceed, as cause and effect to each other's happiness, to bless the dear man who blesses us.—And will it be right then to say, you are uneasy under such (at least as to your wills) returned and discharged obligations? God Almighty requires only a thankful heart for all the mercies He heaps upon the children of men. My dear Mr. B——, who, in these particulars, imitates Divinity, desires no more. You *have* this thankful heart; yes, you have; and that to such a high degree of gratitude, that nobody can exceed you.

But yet, my dear parents, when your worthy minds would be too much affected with your gratitude, so as to lay you under the restraints you mention, to the dear gentleman, and, for his sake, to your dependent daughter; then let me humbly advise you, that you will at such times, with more particular, more abstracted aspirations, than at others, raise your thoughts upwards, and consider who it is that gives *him* the opportunity; and pray for him and for me; for *him*, that all his future actions may be of a piece with his noble disposition of mind; for *me*, that I may continue humble, and consider myself blessed for your sakes, and in order that I may be, in some sort, a rewarder, in the hands of Providence, of this its dear excellent agent; and then we shall look forward, all of us, with pleasure *indeed* to that state, where there is no distinction of degree, and where the humble cottager shall be upon a par with the proudest monarch.

Oh, my dear, dear parents! how can you, as in your *postscript*, say—May we not be *favoured* now and then with a letter? Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela—I am no lady to you.—I have more pleasure to be called your comfort, and to be thought to act worthy of the senti-

ments with which your examples, cautions, and instructio
have inspired me, than in any other thing in this life; n
determined duty to our common benefactor, the best
gentlemen and husbands, excepted. And I am sure, G
has blessed me for your sakes, and has thus answered f
me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answered all you or
could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, or
hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and
virtuous: And see, oh see, my excellent parents! how
are crowned with blessings upon blessings, till we are t
talk of all that know us: You for your honesty; I for
humility and virtue; that virtue which God's grace inspir
and your examples and lessons, with those of my dear go
lady, cultivated; and which now have left me nothing
do but to reap all the rewards which this life can affor
and if I walk humbly, and improve my blessed opp
tunities, will heighten and perfect all in a still more joy
futurity.

Hence, my dear parents (I mean, from the delight I ha
in writing to you, a delight which transports me so
above my own sphere), you'll see that I *must* write to y
and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great j
to you?—And is there anything that can add to your j
think you, that is in the power of your Pamela, that s
would not *do?*—Oh, that the lives and healths of my dear
Mr. B——, and my dearest parents, may be continued
me! And who then can be so blest as your Pamela?

I *will* write; *depend* upon it, I will—on every occasio
—And you augment my joys, to think it is in my power
add to your comforts. Nor can you conceive the pleasu
I have in hoping that this your new happy lot may,
relieving you from corroding care, and the too weari
effects of hard labour, add, in these your advanced yea
to both your days.—For, so happy am I, I can have
grief, no pain, in looking forward, but from such thoug
as remind me, that one day either you from me, or I fro
you, must be separated.

But it is fit, that we so comport ourselves, as that

should nor embitter our present happiness with prospects too gloomy—but bring our minds to be cheerfully thankful for the present, wisely to enjoy that *present* as we go along —and at last, when all is to be wound up, lie down, and say, *Not mine,* but *Thy will be done!*

I have written a great deal; yet have much still to say relating to other parts of your kind, your acceptable letter; and so will soon write again: For I must think every opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if that will make you easier,

Your dutiful

PAMELA.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,—I now write again, as I told you I should in my last:—But I am half afraid to look back on the copy of it; for your worthy hearts, so visible in your letter, and my beloved's kind deportment upon showing it to him, raised me into a frame of mind that was bordering on ecstasy: Yet am I sure, I wrote my heart. But you must not, my dear father, write to your poor Pamela so affectingly. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain, and you were forced to lay down your pen, and retire: How then could I, who love you so dearly, if you had not, if I may so say, *increased* that love by fresh and stronger instances of your worthiness, forbear being affected, and raised above myself! —But I will not again touch upon this subject.

You must know then, that my dearest spouse commands me, with his kind respects, to tell you that he has thought of a method to make your *worthy hearts* easy: those were his words—And this is, said he, by putting that whole estate, with the new purchase, under your father's care, as I at first intended;* and he shall receive and pay, and

* See page 115.

order everything as he pleases; and Longman, who gro in years, shall be eased of that burden. Your father, sa he, writes a very legible hand, and he shall take wh assistants he pleases: and do you, Pamela, see to th that this new task may be made as easy and pleasant to hi as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to yc my dear. And there will be several pleasures arise to r upon it, continued he: First, That it will be a relief honest Longman, who has business enough on his han besides. Next, It will make the good couple easy, th they have an opportunity of enjoying that as their d which now their too grateful hearts give them so ma causeless scruples about. Thirdly, It will employ yo father's time more suitably to *your* liking and *mine,* t cause with more ease to himself; for you see his industrio will cannot be satisfied without doing something. In t fourth place, The management of this estate will ga him more respect and reverence among the tenants a his neighbours; and yet be all in his own way.—F my dear, added he, you'll see that it is always one poi in view with me, to endeavour to convince every o that I esteem and value them for their own intrin merit, and want not anybody to distinguish them in a other light than that in which they have been accustom to appear.

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, a brought you by honest Mr. Longman, who will be wi you in a few days, to put the last hand to the new purcha and to give you possession of your new commission, if y please to accept of it; as I hope you will; and the rath for my dear Mr. B——'s third reason; and because know that this trust will be discharged as worthily a as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longm himself was in it—And better it cannot be. Mr. Longm is very fond of this relief, and longs to be down to sett everything with you, as to the proper powers, the metho &c.—And he says, in his usual way of phrasing, that he make it as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept it, my dear Mr. B—— will leave everything to you, as to rent, where not already fixed, and likewise as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper; and he is pleased to say that, with all his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord; and this I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour: So that the old gentleman, said he, need not be afraid of being put upon severe or harsh methods of proceeding, where things will do without; and he will always have it in his power to befriend an honest man; by which means the province will be entirely such a one as suits with his inclination. If anything difficult or perplexing arises, continued he, or where a little knowledge in law-matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that: And your father will see, that he will not have in those points a coadjutor that will be too hard-hearted for his wish. For it was a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that although I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things than oppressive ones; and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting law-suits.

I daresay, my dear father, this will be an acceptable employment to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B—— was pleased to mention. And what a charming contrivance is here! God for ever bless his considerate heart for it!—To make you useful to him, and easy to yourself; as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to, all around you! What can one say to all these things?—But what signifies exulting in one's gratitude for *one* benefit!—Every hour the dear man heaps new ones upon us; and we have hardly time to thank him for one, but a second, and a third, and so on to countless degrees, confound one, and throw back one's words upon one's heart before they are well formed, and oblige one to sit down under all with profound silence and admiration.

As to what you mentioned of the desire of cousins Thomas and Roger to live with you, I endeavoured to

sound what our dear benefactor's opinion was. He w pleased to say, I have nothing to choose in this case, n dear. Your father is his own master: he may empl whom he pleases; and if they are not wanting in resp to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observ relationship should rather have the preference; and as can remedy inconveniences, if he finds any, by all mea let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice wi him.

But I have thought of this matter a good deal, sin I had the favour of your letter; and I hope, since y condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me if I gi it freely; yet entirely submitting all to your own liking.

In the first place, then, I think it would be better to ha *anybody* than relations; and that for these reasons:

One is apt to expect more regard from relations, a they more indulgence, than strangers can have reason for.

That where there is such a difference in the expectatic of both, it is hardly possible but uneasiness must arise.

That this will subject you to bear it, or to resent it, a to part with them. If you bear it, you will know no e of impositions: If you dismiss them, it will occasi ill-will. They will call you unkind; and you call the ungrateful; and as, it may be, your prosperous lot w raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them* rath than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think that we a crowding upon a generous gentleman a numerous famil of indigent people; and though they may be ever s deserving, yet it will be said, the girl is filling every plac with her relations, and *beleaguering*, as you significantl express it, a worthy gentleman. And this will be sai perhaps, should one's kindred behave ever so worthil And so,

In the next place, one would not, for *their* sakes, th this should be done; who may live with *less* reproach, a

equal benefit, anywhere else: for I would not wish any one of them to be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B——'s expense, if their industry will not do it; although I would never scruple to do anything reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then it will possibly put others of our relations upon the same expectations of living with you; and this may occasion ill-will among them, if some be preferred to others in your favour.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend that our beloved and honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me.—You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the father and mother of his Pamela, but as if you were his own father and mother. And if you had anybody as your servants there, who called you cousin, or grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, though they might nevertheless think themselves honoured (as they would be, and as I am sure I shall always think *myself*) with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon *them*, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him* and to *me*, for *his* sake? For, otherwise (believe me, I hope you will, my dear father and mother), I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to everybody but my best of parents, I must, if I have ever so much reluctance to it, appear in a light that may not give discredit to his choice.

Then again, as I hinted, you will have it in your power, without the least injury to our common benefactor, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money to put them in a way, if anything offers that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my female cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades,

according to their talents; and so they will be of coun in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood.

But, above all things, one would as much discoura as one could, such a proud and ambitious spirit in any them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead merit; and this the rather, for that, undoubtedly, there a many more happy persons in low than in high life, tal number for number, all the world over.

I am sure, although four or five years of different li had passed with me, I had so much pride and pleasure the thought of working for my living with you, my de parents, if I could but get honest to you, that it made n confinement the more grievous to me, and even, if possibl aggravated the apprehensions attending it.

But I must beg of you not to harbour a thought, th these my reasons proceed from the bad motives of a hea tainted with pride on its high condition. Indeed there c be no reason for it, to one who thinks after this manne —The greatest families on earth have some among the who are unhappy and low in life; and shall such a o reproach me with having twenty low relations, becau they have, peradventure, not above five? or with te because they have but one, or two, or three?—Or shoul I, on the other hand, be ashamed of relations who ha done nothing blameworthy, and whose poverty (a ver necessary state in the scale of beings) was all their crime when there is hardly any great family but has produce instances of persons guilty of bad actions, *really* bad which have reduced them to a distress we never knew Let the person who would reproach me with *low birth* which is no disgrace, and what I *cannot help*, give me n cause to retort upon him *low actions*, which *are* a disgrac to any station, the more so the higher it is, and which h *can help*, or else I shall smile with contempt at his empt reproach: And, could I be half so proud *with* cause, as h is *without*, glory in my advantage over him.

Let us then, my dear father and mother, endeavour t judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judg

of us all: and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule. Every one who acts justly and honestly I will look upon as my relation, whether he be so or not; and the more he wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well as to my esteem: While those who deserve it not, must expect nothing but compassion from me, and my prayers, were they my brothers or sisters. 'Tis true, had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus: But if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I was so; and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, then, I should think it advisable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered services of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you; and to do anything else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing them, and having them about you, will add any one comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not everything will be thought well of that you shall think fit to do.

And so I conclude with assuring you, that I am, my ever dear parents,

Your dutiful and happy DAUGHTER.

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer to it, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

—o—

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—How shall I do to answer as they deserve, your two last letters! Surely no happy couple ever had such a child as we have! But it is in vain to aim at words like your words; and equally in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so!—Happy shall I be, if I can! But I see the generous drift of his proposal; it is only to make me more easy from the nature of my employment, and in my mind too, overloaden, as I may say, with benefits; and at the same time to make me more respected in my new neighbourhood.

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, I shall with still greater pleasure do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall be wanting in ability; I doubt I shall: But I will be just and honest, however. That, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my own power to do good to those who shall deserve it: and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing, my dear daughter, let me desire that I may make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall make us so happy as to be here with us. I don't know how—but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my accounts to you: For so well-known is your love to us, that though you would no more do an unjust thing, than, by God's grace, we should desire you; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest child, get me off this difficulty, and I can have no other; for already I am in hopes I have hit upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants at the same time; at least not to worst them; and which, I hope, will please everybody: But I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse.—If I could act for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds! We find ourselves more and more respected by every one; and so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by the reasons you give for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier*, as well as *better*, men and women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have a hundred pounds a year in good comings-in, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good, that I wonder they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: But yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher:—For I hate a dirty thing; and, in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one. Thank God for it!

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you now and then:

To be sure it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we are put in hope we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us put you to inconvenience neither. Pray don't: You'll have enough upon your hands without—To be sure you will.

The workmen have made a good progress, and wish for Mr. Longman to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weathered the first dangers; and but for your fine clothes and jewels, we should not see any difference, indeed we should not, between our dear Pamela, and the much respected Mrs. B——. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember in your former writings, a saying of the 'squire's, speaking of you, my dear child, that it was for persons who were not used to praise, and did not deserve it, to be proud of it.* In like sort one may say, it is for persons of little sense to be proud; but you, my dear child, every one sees, are *above* it: And that, methinks, is a proud word, is it not? If one was not—I don't know how, half stupid, I believe—one would be raised by your high style of writing. But I should be more than half stupid, I am sure, to aim at it.

Every day brings us instances of the good name his honour and you, my dear child, have left behind you in this country. Here comes one, and here comes another and a third, and a fourth; and, Goodman Andrews, cries one; and, Goody Andrews, cries another (and some call us Mr. and Mrs. but we like the other full as well)—When heard you from his honour? How does his lady do?—What a charming couple are they!—How lovingly they live!—What an example do they give to all about them!—Then one cries, God bless them both! and another cries *Amen;* and so says a third and a fourth, and all say, But when do you expect them down again? Such a one longs to see them—and such a one will ride a day's journey, to have but a sight of them at church.—And then they say

* See vol. i. p. 363.

How this gentleman praises them, and that lady admires them!—Oh, my dear child, what a happiness is this! How do your poor mother and I stand fixed to the earth to hear both your praises, our tears trickling down our cheeks, and our hearts heaving as if they would burst with joy, till we are forced to take leave in half words, and, hand in hand, go in together to bless God, and bless you both!—Oh, my daughter, what a happy couple have God and you made us!

Your poor mother is very anxious about her dear child. I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But, though the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and for all the increase of felicity that his honour's generous heart can wish for. That is all we will say at present: Only that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child,

Your loving father and mother,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

Yet one word more!—and that is—our *duty* to your honoured husband. We must say so now; though he forbade us so often before. You cannot, my dear child, imagine how ashamed I was to have my poor letter shown to him. I hardly remember what I wrote; but it was from my heart, I'm sure; so I needed not to keep a copy; for an honest mind must always be the same, in cases that cannot admit of change, such as those of my thankfulness to God and to him. But don't show him all I write: for I shall be afraid of what I say, if I think anybody but our daughter sees it, who knows how to allow for her poor parents' defects.

—o—

LETTER VI.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dear Pamela,—I had intended to have been with you before this; but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey has had an intermittent fever; but they are pretty well recovered; and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly diverted with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a delightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charmed with you. Lady Betty, as well as her noble mamma, has always been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a dear generous lady, and has shed many a tear over them, as indeed we all have; and my lord has not been unmoved, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature, and an ornament to your sex. We wanted to have had you among us a hundred times, as we read, that we might have loved, and kissed, and thanked you.

But after all, my brother, generous and noble as he was, when your trials were over, was a strange wicked young fellow; and happy it was for you both, that he was so cleverly caught in the trap he had laid for your virtue.

I can assure you my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for, he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and tell them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improved in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid, although they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account of you, that they will be disappointed when they see you, and converse with you. But one thing more you must do for us, and then we will love you still more; and that is, you must send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at

least; and farther, if you have written farther; for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, though we know in general what has passed.

You leave off with an account of an angry letter I wrote to my brother,* to persuade him to give you your liberty, and a sum of money; not doubting but his designs would end in your ruin, and, I own it, not wishing he would marry you; for little did I know of your merit and excellence; nor could I, but for your letters so lately sent me, have had any notion of either.—I do not question but, if you have recited my passionate behaviour to you when I was at the Hall, I shall make a ridiculous figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still farther give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty says, it is the best story she has heard, and the most instructive; and she longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says, now and then, What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers!—Oh, these intriguing gentlemen!—What rogueries do they not commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposal! The *dear Pamela* would have run in his head, and had I been the first lady in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for you see his designs upon her began early.†

She says, You had a good heart to go back again to him, when the violent wretch had driven you from him on such a slight occasion: but yet, she thinks, the reasons you give‡ in your relation, and your love for him (which then you began to discover was your case), as well as the event, showed you did right.

But we will tell you all our judgments, when we have read the rest of your accounts. So pray send them, as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself sister till then)

Your affectionate, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

* See page 126, and vol. i. page 291.

† See vol. i. p. 71. ‡ See vol. i. p. 285.

LETTER VII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear good Lady,—You have done me great honour in the letter your ladyship has been pleased to send me; and it is a high pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, that my poor papers were in the least diverting to you, and to such honourable and worthy persons as your ladyship is pleased to mention. I could wish, my dear lady, I might be favoured with such remarks on my conduct, so nakedly set forth (without any imagination that they would ever appear in such an assembly), as may be of use to me in my future life, and make me, by that means, more worthy than it is otherwise possible I can be, of the honour to which I am raised. Do, dearest lady, favour me so far. I am prepared to receive blame, and to benefit by it, and cannot expect praise so much from my *actions* as from my *intentions;* for indeed these were always just and honourable. But why, even for these, do I talk of praise, since being prompted by impulses I could not resist, it can be no merit in me to have been governed by them?

As to the papers following those in your ladyship's hands, when I say that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know, I daresay your ladyship will not insist upon them: yet I will not scruple briefly to mention what they contain.

All my dangers and trials were happily at an end: so that they only contain 'the conversations that passed between 'your ladyship's generous brother and me; his kind assur-'ances of honourable love to me; my acknowledgments of 'unworthiness to him; Mrs. Jewkes's respectful change of 'behaviour towards me; Mr. B——'s reconciliation to Mr. 'Williams; his introducing me to the good families in the 'neighbourhood, and avowing before them his honourable 'intentions. A visit from my honest father, who (not 'knowing what to conclude from the letter I wrote to him

before I returned to your honoured brother, desiring my papers from him) came in great anxiety of heart to know the worst, doubting I had at last been caught by a stratagem that had ended in my ruin. His joyful surprise to ind how happy I was likely to be. All the hopes given ne answered by the private celebration of our nuptials— in honour so much above all that my utmost ambition ;ould make me aspire to, and which I never can deserve! Your ladyship's arrival, and anger, not knowing I was ıctually married, but supposing me a vile wicked creature; n which case I should have deserved the worst of usage. Mr. B——'s angry lessons to me, for daring to interfere, hough I thought in the tenderest and most dutiful manner, ıetween your ladyship and himself. The most acceptable ;oodness and favour of your ladyship afterwards to me, of vhich, as becomes me, I shall ever retain the most grateful sense. My return to this sweet mansion, in a manner o different from my quitting it, where I had been so happy or four years, in paying my duty to the best of mistresses, our ladyship's excellent mother, to whose goodness, in aking me from my poor honest parents, and giving me vhat education I have, I owe, under God, my happiness. The joy of good Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and all the ervants, on this occasion. Mr. B——'s acquainting me vith Miss Godfrey's affair, and presenting to me the pretty Miss Goodwin, at the dairy-house. Our appearance at :hurch, the favour of the gentry in the neighbourhood, vho, knowing your ladyship had not disdained to look ıpon me, and to be favourable to me, came the more eadily into a neighbourly intimacy with me; and still so nuch the more readily, as the continued kindness of my lear benefactor, and his condescending deportment to me ›efore them (as if I had been worthy of the honour done ne), did credit to his own generous act.'

These, my lady, down to my good parents setting out to is place, in order to be settled, by my honoured benefactor's ıunty, in the Kentish farm, are the most material contents my remaining papers: And though they might be the

most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has with you; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judged of by your ladyship, than described by me; and as your ladyship is acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice but my dear parents, I am sure your ladyship will dispense with your commands; and I make it my humble request that you will.

For, madam, you must needs think, that *when* my doubts were dispelled; *when* I was confident all my trials were over; *when* I had a prospect before me of being so abundantly rewarded for what I had suffered; *when every* hour rose upon me with new delight, and fraught with fresh instances of generous kindness from such a dear gentleman, my master, my benefactor, the son of my honoured lady; your ladyship must needs think, I say, that I must be *too* much affected, my heart must be *too* much opened; and especially as it then (relieved from its past anxieties and fears, which had kept down and damped the latent flame) first discovered to me impressions, of which before I hardly thought it susceptible. —So that it is scarce possible that my *joy* and my *prudence*, if I were to be tried by such judges of delicacy and decorum as Lord and Lady Davers, the honoured countess, and Lady Betty, could be so *intimately*, so *laudably* coupled, as were to be wished: Although indeed the continued sense of my unworthiness, and the disgrace the dear gentleman would bring upon himself by his generous goodness to me, always went hand-in-hand with my *joy* and my *prudence;* and what these considerations took from the *former*, being added to the *latter*, kept me steadier, and more equal to myself, than otherwise it was possible such a young creature as I could have been.

Wherefore, my dear good lady, I hope I stand excused, and shall not bring upon myself the censure of being disobedient to your commands.

Besides, madam, since you inform me, that my good Lord Davers will attend your ladyship hither, I should never dare

› look his lordship in the face, if all the emotions of my eart on such affecting occasions, stood confessed to his rdship; and, indeed, if I am ashamed they should to your dyship and to the countess, and Lady Betty, whose good- ess might induce you all three to think favourably, in such rcumstances, of one who is of your own sex, how would it ncern me that the same should appear before such gentle- en as my lord and his nephew?—Indeed I could not look › to either of them in the sense of this.—And give me leave hope, that some of the scenes in the letters your ladyship ıd, were not read to gentlemen.—Your ladyship must needs ıow which I mean, and will think of my two grand trials all.—For though I was the innocent subject of wicked tempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion ır what I could not help; yet, for your dear brother's sake, well as for the decency of the matter, one would not, hen one shall have the honour to appear before my lord ıd his nephew, be looked upon, methinks, with that levity eye and thought, which, perhaps, hard-hearted gentlemen ıay pass upon one, by reason of those very scenes, which ould move pity and concern in a good lady's breast, for a oor creature so attempted.

So, my dear lady, be pleased to let me know if the gentle- ıen *have* heard all.—I hope they have not.—And be pleased lso to point out to me such parts of my conduct as deserve lame: Indeed I will try to make a good use of your censure, nd am sure I shall be thankful for it;—for it will make me ıope to be more and more worthy of the honour I have, of eing exalted into such a distinguished family, and the right he best of gentlemen has given me to style myself

Your ladyship's most humble,

And most obliged servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER VIII.

From Lady Davers—in reply.

My dear Pamela,—You have given us all a great disappointment in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first—must own I was—for I cannot bear denial when my heart is set upon anything. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, She thought you very excusable; since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanced as you were, which might be well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else; and relations on our side least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks that might not be always agreeable. I regarded her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great baulk to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you will find that if I am obliged to give up one point, I always insist on another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every*thing; in which last case I know how to take my measures, and resent.

Now, therefore, this is what I insist upon: That you correspond with me in the same manner you did with your parents, and acquaint me with every passage that is of concern to you; beginning with your accounts how you spent your time, both of you, when you were in Kent; for, you must know, we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story; for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is a power to add to the natural obligation, all the comforts and conveniences of life? We people in upper life, you must know, love to hear our gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon

honest minds, who have little more than plain artless nature for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your means, in this our solitary situation, as it will be, if we are obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and the earl threaten me, and the countess and Lady Betty, that we shall. Then let us hear of everything that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you will be able to give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, as you will relate them in your own artless and natural observations, will be as diverting to us as if we were at them ourselves. For a young creature of your good understanding, to whom all these things will be quite new, will give us, perhaps, a better taste of them, their beauties and defects, than we might have before. For we people of quality go to those places, dressed out and adorned in such manner, outvying one another, as if we considered ourselves as so many parts of the public entertainment, and are too much pleased with ourselves to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it: And indeed we, some of us, behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see, and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than to improve ourselves by attending to the story or the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether, for I can get into thy grave way, and moralise a little now and then: And if you'll promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence in this way, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents (and I can tell you, you'll write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as they can be), then I am sure we shall have truth and nature from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above by our conditions, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter; and ye having more to say, I will, after this, send another, witho waiting for your answer, which you may give to bo together; and am, meantime,

Yours, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER IX.

DEAR PAMELA,—I am very glad thy honest man has le thee into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But pr'ythee, Pamela give us an account of the manner in which he did it, and of thy thoughts upon it; for that is a critical case; and according as he has represented it, so shall I know what to say of it before you and him: For I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct: for he loves the child; and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He dearly loved her mother; and, notwithstanding her fault, she well deserved it: for she was a sensible, ay, and a modest lady, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue.—Don't let this concern you—you'll have the greater happiness and merit too if you can hold him.—And, 'tis my opinion, if anybody can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to entrap him. So that the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave into the plot upon him; and he thought himself—vile wretch as he was, for all that—at liberty to set up plot against plot, and the poor lady's honour was the sacrifice.

I hope you spoke well of her to him. I hope you received the child kindly.—I hope you had presence of mind to do this. For it was a nice part to act; and all his observations were up, I daresay, on the occasion.—

Do let me hear how it was: there's my good Pamela, do. And write, I charge you, freely, and without restraint; for although I am not your mother, yet am I *his* elder sister, you know—and as such—come, I will say so, in hopes you'll oblige me—*your* sister, and so entitled to expect a compliance with my request: for is there not a duty in degree, to elder sisters from younger?

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your credit, I can tell you that: But, nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct; and if we can see anything censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, beforehand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion; and that is, that we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole.

So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you.—Not that I will promise to answer every letter: no, you must not expect that.—Your part will be a kind of narrative purposely designed to entertain us here; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one: but such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our opinion of your proceedings, and relations of things.—And as you wish to be found fault with, as you say, you shall freely have it (though not in a splenetic or ill-natured way), as often as you give occasion. Now, you must know, Pamela, I have two views in this. One is, to see how a man of my brother's spirit, who has not denied himself any genteel liberties (for it must be owned he never was a common town rake, and had always dignity in his roguery), will behave himself to you, and in wedlock, which used to be freely sneered at by him: The next, that I may love you more and more, which it will be enough to make me do, I daresay, as by your letters I shall be more and more acquainted with you, as well as by conversation: so that you can't be off, if you would.

I know, however, you will have one objection to this; and that is, that your family affairs will require your attention, and not give you the time you used to have for this employment. But consider, child, the station you are raised to does not require you to be quite a domestic animal. You are lifted up to the rank of a lady, and you must act up to it, and not think of setting such an example, as will derive upon you the ill-will and censure of other ladies.—For will any of our sex visit one who is continually employing herself in such works as either must be a reproach to herself, or to them?—You'll have nothing to do but to give orders. You will consider yourself as the task-mistress, and the common herd of female servants, as so many negroes directing themselves by your nod; or yourself as the master-wheel in some beautiful piece of mechanism, whose dignified grave motion is to set a-going all the under wheels, with a velocity suitable to their respective parts.—Let your servants, under your direction, do all that relates to household management: They cannot write to entertain and instruct, as you can: so what will you have to do?—I'll answer my own question. In the first place, endeavour to please your sovereign lord and master: and let me tell you, any other woman in England, be her quality ever so high, would have found enough to do to succeed in that. Secondly, To receive and pay visits, in order, for his credit as well as your own, to make your fashionable neighbours fond of you. Then, thirdly, you will have time upon your hands (as your monarch himself rises early, and is tolerably regular for such a brazen face as he has been) to write to me, in the manner I have mentioned and expect; and I see plainly, by your style, that nothing can be easier for you than to do this.

And thus, and with reading, may your time be filled up with reputation to yourself, and delight to others, till a fourth employment puts itself upon you; and that is (shall I tell you in one word, without mincing the matter), a succession of brave boys, to perpetuate a family that has for many hundred years been esteemed worthy and eminent, and which being now reduced, in the direct line, to him and me, *expects*

it from you; or else, let me tell you (nor will I baulk it), my brother, by descending to the wholesome cot—excuse me, Pamela,—will want one apology for his conduct, be as excellent as you may.

I say this, child, not to reflect upon you, since the thing is done; for I love you dearly, and will love you more and more—but to let you know what is expected from you, and to encourage you in the prospect that is already opening to you both, and to me, who have the welfare of the family I sprung from so much at heart, although I know this will be attended with some anxieties to a mind so thoughtful and apprehensive as yours seems to be.

Oh, but this puts me in mind of your solicitude for fear the gentlemen should have seen everything contained in your letters.—But this I will particularly speak to in a third letter, having filled my paper on all sides: And am, till then,

Yours, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

—o—

LETTER X.

From the same.

AND so, Pamela, you are very solicitous to know if the gentlemen have seen every part of your papers? I can't say but they have: Nor, except in regard to the reputation of your saucy man, do I see why the parts you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shown.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is a very nice and delicate lady, had no objection to any part, though read before men: only now and then crying out—Oh, the vile man!—See, Lord

Davers, what wretches you men are!—And, commiserating you, Ah! the poor Pamela!—And expressing her impatience to hear on, how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now and then, O Lady Davers, what a vile brother you have!—I hate him perfectly.—The poor girl cannot be made amends for all this, though he has married her. Who, that knows these things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his advantages of person, mind and fortune?—And such like expressions in your praise, and condemning him and his wicked attempts.

But I can tell you this, that except one had heard every tittle of your danger; how near you were to ruin, and how little he stood upon taking any measures to effect his vile purposes, even daring to attempt you in the presence of a *good* woman, which was a wickedness that every *wicked* man could not be guilty of; I say, except one had known these things, one should not have been able to judge of the merit of your resistance, and how shocking those attempts were to your virtue, insomuch that life itself was endangered by them: Nor, let me tell you, could I, in particular, have so well justified him for marrying you (I mean with respect to his own proud and haughty temper of mind), if there had been room to think he could have had you upon easier terms.

It was necessary, child, on twenty accounts, that we, your and his well-wishers and relations, should know that he had tried every stratagem, and made use of every contrivance, to subdue you to his purpose, before he married you: And how would it have answered to his intrepid character, and pride of heart, had we not been particularly let into the nature of those attempts, which you so nobly resisted, as to convince us all that you have deserved the good fortune you have met with, as well as all the kind and respectful treatment he can possibly show you?

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for *his* sake: for it must be a very unvirtuous mind, that can form any other ideas from what you relate, than those of terror and

pity for you. Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him.—You paint no scenes but such as make his wickedness odious; and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could, from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections but what should be to your honour, and in abhorrence of such actions. Indeed, child, I am so convinced of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand declarations and protestations. I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived (for he has been a man of pleasure), they gave me, by their behaviour on these tenderer occasions, reason to think they had more virtue, than not to be very apprehensive for your safety; and my lord several times exclaimed, That he could not have thought his brother such a libertine neither.

Besides, child, were not these things written in confidence to your mother? And bad as his actions were to you, if you had not recited all you could recite, would there not have been room for any one, who should have seen what you wrote, to imagine they had been still worse? —And how could the terror be supposed to have had such effects upon you, as to endanger your life, without imagining you had undergone the worst that a vile man *could* offer, unless you had told us, what that was which he *did* offer, and so put a bound, as it were, to one's apprehensive imaginations of what you suffered, which otherwise must have been injurious to your purity, though you could not help it.

Moreover, Pamela, it was but doing justice to the libertine himself to tell your mother the whole truth, that she might know he was not so very abandoned, but that he could stop short of the execution of his wicked purposes, which he apprehended, if pursued, would destroy the life that, of all lives, he would choose to preserve; and you owed also thus much to your parents' peace of mind, that, after all their distracting fears for you, they might see they had reason to rejoice in an uncontaminated daughter.

And one cannot but reflect, now all is over, and he l made you his wife, that it must be a satisfaction to wicked man, as well as to yourself, that he was not m guilty than he *was*, and that he took no more liberties tl he *did*.

For my own part, I must say, that I could not h accounted for your fits, by any descriptions short of th you give? and had you been less particular in the circu stances, I should have judged he had been still *worse*, a your person, though not your mind, less pure, than pride would expect from the woman he should marry; this is the case of all rakes, that though they indulge in manner of libertinism themselves, there is no class of n who exact greater delicacy than they from the pers they marry; though they care not how bad they make wives, the sisters, and daughters of others.

I have run into length again; so will only add (and s all my three letters together), that we all blame you some degree for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sig after the most impudent assistance she gave to his le attempt; much less, we think, ought you to have left- in her place, and rewarded her: for her vileness co hardly be equalled by the worst actions of the most ab doned procuress.

I know the difficulties you labour under, in his arbitr will, and in his intercession for her: But Lady Betty rigl observes, that he knew what a vile woman she was, w he put you into her power, and no doubt employed l because he was sure she would answer all his purpo and that therefore she should have had very little opin of the sincerity of his reformation, while he was so solicit in keeping her there, and in having her put upon a f in the present, on your nuptials, with honest Jervis.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, h had *one* struggle for her dismission, let it have been tal as it would; and he that was so well pleased with y virtue, must have thought this a natural consequence it, if he was in earnest to reclaim.

I know not whether you show him all I write, or not: but I have written this last part in the cover, as well for want of room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please. Though, if you think it will serve any good end, I am not against showing to him all I write. For I must ever speak my mind, though I were to smart for it: and that nobody can, or has the heart to make me do, but my bold brother. So, Pamela, for this time, adieu.

—o—

LETTER XI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My good Lady,—I am honoured with your ladyship's three letters, the contents of which are highly obliging to me: and I should be inexcusable if I did not comply with your injunctions, and be very proud and thankful for your ladyship's condescension in accepting of my poor scribble, and promising me such a rich and invaluable return; of which you have given me already such ample and such delightful instances. I will not plead my defects, to excuse my obedience. I only fear, that the awe which will be always upon me when I write to your ladyship, will lay me under so great a restraint, that I shall fall short even of the merit my papers have already made for me, through your kind indulgence. But, nevertheless, sheltering myself under your goodness, I will cheerfully comply with everything your ladyship expects from me, that is in my power to do.

You will give me leave, madam, to put into some little method the particulars of what you desire of me, that I may speak to them all: for, since you are so good as to excuse me from sending the rest of my papers (which indeed would not bear in many places), I will omit nothing that shall tend to convince you of my readiness to obey you in everything else.

First, then, your ladyship would have the particulars of the happy fortnight we passed in Kent, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Secondly; an account of the manner in which your dear brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, thirdly, I presume your ladyship, and Lady Betty expect that I should say something upon your welcome remarks on my conduct towards Mrs Jewkes.

The other particulars contained in your ladyship's kind letters will naturally fall under one or other of these three heads.—But expect not, my lady, though I begin in method thus, that I shall keep up to it. If your ladyship will not allow for me, and keep in view the poor Pamela Andrews in all I write, but will have Mrs. B—— in your eye, what will become of me?—But indeed I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with a greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence that will accompany me in every part of the agreeable task.

To begin with the first article:

Your dear brother and my honest parents (I know your ladyship will expect from me, that on all occasions I should speak of them with the duty that becomes a good child)—I say, then, your dear brother, and they, and myself, set out on the Monday morning for Kent, passing through St. Albans to London, at both which places we stopped a night: for our dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys; and on Wednesday evening we arrived at the sweet place allotted for the good couple. We were attended only by Abraham and John, on horseback; for Mr. Colbrand, having sprained his foot, was in the travelling coach with the cook, the housemaid, and Polly Barlow, a genteel new servant, whom Mrs. Brooks recommended to wait on me.

Mr. Longman had been down there for a fortnight, em-

ployed in settling the terms of an additional purchase to this pretty well-wooded and well-watered estate; and the account he gave of his proceedings was very satisfactory to his honoured principal. He told us he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a formed resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance; for he had informed them when he expected us; but knowing how desirous Mr. B—— was of being retired while he stayed here this time, he had ventured to assure them, that when everything was settled, and the new purchase actually entered upon, they would have his presence among them now and then; and that he would introduce them all at different times to their worthy landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large and very commodious; and we found everything about it, and in it, exceeding neat and convenient; which was owing to the worthy Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well stocked, the barns and outhouses in excellent repair; and my poor father and mother have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of half the goodness we experience from the bountiful mind of your good brother.

But indeed, madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better disposed, and more generous man in the world, than himself; insomuch, that I verily think he has not been so careful to conceal his *bad* actions as his *good* ones. His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God to him for the most excellent purposes, as I have often been so free as to tell him.—Pardon me, my dear lady: I wish I may not be impertinently grave; but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which hardly anybody knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge.—But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Everybody knows the generous goodness of your *own* heart: every one that wanted relief tasted the bounty of your excellent *mother*, my late honoured lady: so that it is a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to *you*, madam.

This cannot, my dear lady, I hope, be construed as i would hereby suppose ourselves less obliged. Indeed I kn nothing so godlike in human nature as this disposition do good to our fellow-creatures; for is it not follow immediately the example of that gracious Providence wh every minute is conferring blessings upon us all, and giving power to the rich, makes them but the dispenser its benefits to those that want them? But yet, as th are but too many objects of compassion, and as the n beneficent mind in the world cannot, like Omnipote do good to all, how much are they obliged who are dis guished from others! And this, kept in mind, will alw contribute to make the benefited receive, as thankfully they *ought*, the favours of the obliger.

I know not if I write to be understood in all I me but my grateful heart is so over-filled when it is emplo on this subject, that methinks I want to say a great more, at the same time that I am apprehensive I say much.—Yet perhaps the copies of these letters I h enclose to your ladyship (that marked [I.] written by to my father and mother, on our return hither from Ke that marked [II.] from my dear father, in answer to it, that marked [III.] mine in reply to his*), will (at the sa time that they may convince your ladyship, that I conceal nothing from you in the course of this correspo ence that may in the least amuse and divert you, or t may better explain our grateful sentiments) in a g measure answer what your ladyship expects from me, a the happy fortnight we passed in Kent.

And here I will conclude this letter, choosing to susp the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whe it will not be too low, too idle for your attention; whe you will not dispense with your own commands for writing to you when you see I am so little likely to ans what you may possibly expect from me; or whether, if insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in other way, be less tedious, less serious—in short, less

* See Letters I. II. III. pp. 162, 165, and 170.

more anything. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, madam,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. B——.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge I would not keep anything that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it: and is pleased to say, he will content himself to see such parts of it, and *only* such parts, as I shall show him, or read to him.—Is not this very good, madam?—Oh, my lady, you don't know how happy I am!'

LETTER XII.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

My dear Pamela,—You very much oblige me by your cheerful compliance with my request. I leave it entirely to you to write in what manner you please, and as you shall be in the humour to write when you take up your pen; for then I shall have you write with less restraint: for, you must know, that what we admire in *you*, are truth and nature, and not studied or elaborate epistles. We can hear at church, or we can read in our closets, fifty good things that we expect not from you; but we cannot receive from anybody else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, your prudence, your integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does.

But I shall make you proud, I doubt, and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire; and, but for that, cannot praise you too much.—In my conscience, if thou

canst hold as thou hast begun, I believe thou wilt have h *all to thyself;* and that was once more than I thoug any woman, on this side the seventieth year of his a would ever be able to say. The letters to and from yc parents we are charmed with; and the communicati of them to me, I take to be as great an instance of yc confidence in me, as it is of your judgment and prudenc for you cannot but think that we, his relations, are a lit watchful over your conduct, and have our eyes up you, to observe what use you are likely to make of t power you have over your man, with respect to your o relations.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence, and you take t right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to yo marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect yo parents; because their honesty will, I perceive, be th distinguishing character; and they will not forget the selves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right; for if you were be an *encroacher,* as the good old man calls it, my broth would be one of the first to see it, and he would gradua think less and less of you, till possibly he might come despise you, and to repent of his choice: for the le shadow of an imposition, or low cunning, or mean selfi ness, he cannot bear.

In short, you are a charming girl; and Lady Betty sa so too; and, moreover, adds, that if he makes you not t best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve yc for all his fortune and birth.—And, in my heart, I begin think so too.

But won't you oblige me with the sequel of your let to your father? For you promise, my dear charmi scribbler, in that you sent to me, to write again to l letter; and I long to see how you answer the latter part it, about your relations desiring already to come and li with him! I know what I *expect* from you. But it be what it will, send it to me exactly as you wr it; and I shall see whether I have reason to praise or

reprove you. For surely, Pamela, you must leave one room to blame you for something. Indeed I can hardly bear the thought, that you should so much excel as you do, and have more prudence, by nature, as it were, than the best of us get in a course of the genteellest education, and with fifty advantages, at least in conversation, that *you* could not have, by reason of my mother's retired life while you were with her, and your close attendance on her person.

But I'll tell you what has been a great improvement to you: It is your own writings. This itch of scribbling has been a charming help to you. For here, having a natural fund of good sense, and prudence above your years, you have, with the observations these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself: So that you have struck *fire* when you pleased, wanting nothing but a few dried leaves, like the first pair, in old Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides the benefit of a good memory, everything you heard or read became your own; and not only so, but was improved by passing through more salubrious ducts and vehicles; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common free-stock, whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine, with its crimson blush.

Really, Pamela, I believe I too shall improve by writing to you.—Why, you dear saucy-face! at this rate, you'll make every one that converses with you better, and wiser, and *wittier* too, as far as I know, than they ever before thought there was *room* for them to be.

As to my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think; and your correspondence will possibly revive the poetical ideas that used to fire my mind, before I entered into the drowsy married life; for my good Lord Davers's turn happens not to be to books; and so, by degrees, my imagination was in a manner quenched; and

I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavoured to form my taste by that of the man I chose.

But after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud (I can tell you that) of my correspondence; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this: But you'll have the penetration to observe that I am the more free and unreserved, to encourage *you* to write without restraint: for already you have made us a family of writers and readers; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamoured of your letters, and desires, of all things, he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, Jackey, for that matter, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an inquiring face, and vows he'll set pen to paper, and turn letter-writer himself; and intends (if my brother won't take it amiss, he says) to begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say; for you have unlocked all our bosoms. And yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began;—only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style.—And if you will but give me hope that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself your affectionate sister; but, till then, it shall only barely be

Your correspondent,

B. DAVERS.

You'll proceed with the account of your Kentish affair, I doubt not.

—o—

LETTER XIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,—What kind, what generous hings are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent! ınd what reason have I to value myself on such an advanage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it s I ought, from a correspondence with so noble and so dmired a lady! I wish I be not now proud indeed!—To e praised by such a genius, and my honoured benefactor's vorthy sister, whose favour, next to his, it was always my hief ambition to obtain, is what would be enough to fill vith vanity a steadier, and a more equal mind, than mine.

I have heard from my late honoured lady, what a fine pen ıer beloved daughter was mistress of, when she pleased to ake it up. But I never could have had the presumption, but rom your ladyship's own motion, to hope to be in any nanner the subject of it, much less to be called your corresondent.

Indeed, madam, I *am* proud, very proud of this honour, ınd consider it as such a heightening to my pleasures, as nly *that* could give; and I will set about obeying your adyship without reserve.

But permit me, in the first place, to disclaim any merit, rom my own poor writings, to that improvement which our goodness imputes to me. What I have to boast, of hat sort, is owing principally, if it deserves commendation, o my late excellent lady.

It is hardly to be imagined what pains her ladyship took vith her poor servant. Besides making me keep a book of ıer charities, dispensed by my hands, she caused me always o set down in my way, the cases of the distressed, their griefs from their misfortunes, and their joys in her bounıful relief; and so I was entered early into the various urns that affected worthy hearts, and was taught the etter to regulate my own, especially by the help of the

fine observations which my good lady used to make to m when I read to her what I wrote. For many a time h her generous heart overflowed with pleasure at my r marks, and with praises; and I was her good girl, her de Pamela, her hopeful maiden; and she would sometim snatch my hand with transport, and draw me to her, a vouchsafe to kiss me; and always was saying what sl would do for me, if God spared her, and I continued to l deserving.

Oh, my dear lady! you cannot think what an encourag ment this condescending behaviour and goodness was me. Indeed, madam, you *cannot* think it.

I used to throw myself at her feet, and embrace her knee and my eyes streaming with tears of joy, would often cr Oh, continue to me, my dearest lady, the blessing of yo favour and kind instructions, and it is all your happy, hap Pamela, can wish for!

But I will proceed to obey your ladyship, and write wi as much freedom as I possibly *can:* for you must n expect that I can entirely divest myself of that awe whi will necessarily lay me under a greater restraint, than if was writing to my father and mother, whose partiality f their daughter made me, in a manner, secure of their go opinions.

And now, that I may shorten the work before me, in t account I am to give of the sweet fortnight that we pass in Kent, I enclose not only the copy of the letter yo ladyship desired me to send you, but my father's answer it, which, with those you have already, will set before yo ladyship all you want to see in relation to the desire son of my kindred have to live with my father, and my ow opinion on the occasion. And I am humbly confident yc will join in sentiment with me: for persons are le doubtful of approbation when their minds are incapable dark reserves, or such views as they would be afraid shoul be detected by any watchful observer of their conduct And your ladyship gives me double pleasure, that you a pleased to have an eye upon mine; first, Because I hope

will be such as will generally bear the strictest scrutiny; and next, because, when my actions fall short of my intentions, I presume to hope your ladyship will be as kind a monitor to me, as you are a correspondent; and then I shall have an opportunity to correct myself, and be, as near as my slender talents will permit, what your ladyship would have me to be.

As the letters I sent before, and those I now send, will let your ladyship into several particulars; such as a brief description of the house and farm, and your honoured brother's intentions of retiring thither now and then; of the happiness and gratitude of my dear parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve the comforts his goodness has heaped upon them; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest: and particularly,

That the behaviour of my dear benefactor to me, to my parents, to Mr. Longman, and to the tenants, was one continued series of benignity and condescension. He endeavoured, in every kind and generous way, to encourage the good couple to be free and cheerful with him; and seeing them unable to get over that awe and respect, which they owe him above all mankind, and which they sought to pay him on all occasions, he would take their hands, and more than once called them by the nearest and dearest names of relationship, as if they were his own parents; and I believe would have distinguished them oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his goodness to bear the honour (as my dear father says in his first letter) with *equalness of temper;* and he seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, and Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd, three of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who with their ladies came to visit us, and whose visits we *all* returned; for your dear brother would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Judge you, my dear lady, with what a joy these kind distinctions, and his sweet behaviour, must fill their honest hearts. Judge of my grateful sentiments and acknowledgments of these hourly instances of his goodness; and judge of the respect with which this must inspire every one for the good couple. And when once Mrs. Bennet had like to have said something of their former condition, which she would have recalled in some confusion, and when she could not, apologised for it, the dear gentleman said—All is well, Mrs. Bennet: no apologies are necessary: And to show you they are not, I'll tell you myself what you cannot have heard so particularly from others, and which were I to endeavour to conceal, would be a piece of pride as stupid as despicable. So, in a concise manner, he gave them an account of my story, so much to my advantage, and so little to his own, in the ingenuous relation of his attempts upon me, that you can't imagine, madam, how much the gentry were affected by it; and how much, in particular, they applauded him for the generosity of his actions to me, and to my dear parents. And your ladyship will permit me to observe, that since the matter is circumstanced as it is, policy, as well as nobleness of mind, obliged him to this frankness and acknowledgment; for having said *worse* of himself, and as *mean* of my parents' fortunes, as any one could think, what remained for the hearers but to *applaud,* when he had left them no room to *reproach,* not so much as in thought?

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employed hands to cut a vista through a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which fronting an old-fashioned balcony in the middle of the house, he ordered it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand. And this, and a few other alterations, mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finished against we go down next.

The dear gentleman was every hour pressing me, while

there, to take one diversion or other, frequently upbraiding me that I seemed not to choose anything; urging me to propose sometimes what I could *wish* he should oblige me in, and not always to leave it to him to choose for me: saying, He was half afraid that my constant compliance with everything he proposed, laid me sometimes under a restraint; and he would have me have a will of my own, since it was impossible that it could be such as he should not take a delight in conforming to it.

But when (as I told him) his goodness to me made him rather study what would oblige me than himself, even to the prevention of all my wishes, how was it possible for me not to receive with pleasure and gratitude every intimation from him, in such a manner as that, though it might seem to be the effect of an implicit obedience to his will, yet was it (nor could it be otherwise) entirely agreeable to my own?

I will not trouble your ladyship with any further particulars relating to this happy fortnight, which was made up all of white and unclouded days, to the very last; and your ladyship will judge better than I can describe, what a parting there was between my dear parents and their honoured benefactor and me.

We set out, attended with the good wishes of crowds of persons of all degrees; for your dear brother left behind him noble instances of his bounty; it being the *first* time, as he bid Mr. Longman say, that he had been down among them since that estate had been in his hands.

But permit me, madam, to observe, that I could not forbear often, very often, in this happy period, to thank God in private, for the blessed terms upon which I was there, to what I should have been, had I gracelessly accepted of those which formerly were tendered to me; for your ladyship will remember that the Kentish estate was to be part of the purchase of my infamy.*

We returned through London again, by the like easy journeys, but tarried not to see anything of that vast metropolis, any more than we did in going through it

* See vol. i. p. 212.

before; your beloved brother only stopping at his banker's and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he purposes to take for his winter residence. He chooses it to be about the new buildings called Hanover Square; and he left Mr. Longman there to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, my dear good lady, I have answered your first commands, by the help of the letters which passed between my dear parents and me; and conclude this, with the assurance that I am, with high respect,

Your ladyship's most obliged

And faithful servant,

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XIV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dearest Lady,—I now set myself to obey your ladyship's second command; which is, to give an account in what manner your dear brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Godfrey, with my behaviour upon it. And this I cannot do better than by transcribing the relation I gave at the time, in letters to my dear parents which your ladyship has not seen, in these very words.

[See page 131, beginning My dear Mr. B——, down to page 144.]

Thus far, my dear lady, the relation I gave to my parents at the time of my being first acquainted with this melancholy affair.

It is a great pleasure to me that I can already flatter myself, from the hints you kindly give me, that I behaved as you wished I should behave. Indeed, madam, I could not help it; for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy lady;

and though I could not but rejoice that I had had the grace to escape the dangerous attempts of the dear intriguer, yet never did the story of any unfortunate lady make such an impression upon me, as hers did. She loved him, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her soft passion for him; and so, by degrees, put herself into his power; and too seldom, alas! have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do!—And then this love, to be sure, is a sad thing, when once it is suffered to reign:—A perfect tyrant!—requiring an unconditional obedience to its arbitrary dictates, and deeming every instance of discretion and prudence, and virtue itself, too often, but as so many acts of rebellion to its usurped authority.

And then, how do even blemishes become perfections in those we love! Crimes themselves too often, to inconsiderate minds, appear but as human failings; and human failings are a *common cause*, and every frail person excuses them for his or her own sake.

Then 'tis another misfortune of people in love; they always think highly of the beloved object, and lowly of themselves: such a dismal mortifier is love!

I say not this, madam, to excuse the poor lady's fall: Nothing can do that; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself.—But, methinks, I love this dear lady so well for the sake of her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime, if I could; and the rather, as, in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to the dear Miss Goodwin. And I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, though personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to the dear gentleman whom I am bound to love and honour, that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it

shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I was her own mother. And glad I am, that the poor unfaulty baby is so justly beloved by Mr. B——.

But I will here conclude this letter, with assuring your ladyship, that I am

Your obliged and humble servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XV.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My good Lady,—I now come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes; which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says, 'That I ought not to have borne 'her in my sight, after the impudent assistance she gave 'to his lewd attempts; much less to have left her in her 'place, and rewarded her.' Alas! my dear lady, what could I do? a poor prisoner, as I was made, for weeks together, in breach of all the laws of civil society; without a soul who durst be my friend; and every day expecting to be ruined and undone, by one of the haughtiest and most determined spirits in the world!—And when it pleased God to turn his heart, and incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honourable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions with such a gentleman, who had me in his power; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked purposes against me?

Indeed, I was too much overjoyed, after all my dangers past (which were so great that I could not go to rest, nor rise, but with such apprehensions, that I wished for death rather than life), to think of refusing any terms that I could yield to, and keep my honour.

And though such noble ladies, as your ladyship and Lady Betty, who are born to independency, and are hereditarily, as I may say, on a foot with the highest descended gentleman in the land, might have exerted a spirit, and would have had a right to have chosen your own servants, and to have distributed rewards and punishments to the deserving and undeserving at your own good pleasure; yet what had I, a poor girl, who owed even my title to common notice, to the bounty of my late good lady, and had only a kind of imputed sightliness of person, though enough to make me the subject of vile attempts; who, from a situation of terror and apprehension, was lifted up to a hope beyond my highest ambition, and was bid to pardon the bad woman, as an instance that I could forgive his own hard usage of me; who had experienced so often the violence and impetuosity of his temper, which even his beloved mother never ventured to oppose, till it began to subside; and then indeed he was all goodness and acknowledgment; of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance.

What, I say, had I to do, to take upon me lady-airs, and resent?

But, my dear ladies (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both), I should be inexcusable if I did not tell you all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in regard to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also.

If I am wrong in saying this, I must submit it to your ladyships; and as I pretend not to perfection, am ready to take the blame I shall be found to deserve in your ladyships' judgments: But indeed were it to do again, I verily think I could not help forgiving her. And were I not able to say this, I should be thought to have made a mean court to my master's passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my eyes open: which, I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When full power was given me over this poor creature (seemingly at least, thought it might possibly have been resumed, and I might have been recommitted to hers, had I

given him reason to think I made an arrogant use of
you cannot imagine what a triumph I had in my mind o
the mortified guilt which (from the highest degree of insole
and imperiousness, that before had hardened her mascul
features) appeared in her countenance, when she fou
the tables likely to be soon turned upon her.

This change of behaviour, which at first discovered it
in a sullen awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent resp
showed me what an influence power had over her; a
that when she could treat her late prisoner, when tal
into favour, so obsequiously, it was the less wonder the l
woman could think it her duty to obey commands
unjust, when her obedience to them was required from
master.

To be sure, if a look could have killed her, after so
of her bad treatment, she had been slain over and over,
I may say. But to me, who was always taught to dist
guish between the person and the action, I could not h
my resentment against the poor passive machine of n
chief, one day together, though her actions were so odi
to me.

I should indeed except that time of my grand trial, wh
she appeared so much a wretch to me, that I saw her
(even after* two days that she was kept from me) with
great flutter and emotion of heart; and I had represen
to your brother before, how hard a condition it was for
to forgive so much unwomanly wickedness.†

But, my dear ladies, when I considered the matter in
particular light, I could the more easily forgive her; a
having forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by l
(as a consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not
horribly offended.—Else, how would it have been forgi
ness? Especially as she was ashamed of her crime, a
there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus then I thought on the occasion: Poor wretch
agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgi
thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so. A

* See vol. i. p. 231. † Ibid. p. 233.

indeed thou art beneath the resentment even of such a poor girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity*, is surely beneath my *anger*. My eye, that used to quiver and tremble at thy haughty eye, shall now, with conscious worthiness, take a superior steadiness, and look down thy scowling guilty one into self-condemnation, the state thou couldst never cast mine into, nor from it will be able to raise thine own! Bear the reproach of thine own wicked heart, low, vile woman, unworthy as thou art of the name, and chosen, as it should seem, for a foil to the innocent, and to make purity shine forth the brighter, the *only* good use such wretches as thou can be of to others (except for examples of penitence and mercy). This will be punishment enough for thee, without my exposing myself to the imputation of descending so near to a level with thee, as to resent thy baseness, when thou hast no power to hurt me!

Such were then my thoughts, my proud thoughts; so far was I from being guilty of *intentional* meanness in forgiving, at Mr. B——'s interposition, the poor, low, creeping, abject, *self*-mortified and *master*-mortified, Mrs. Jewkes!

And do you think, ladies, when you revolve in your thoughts, *who* I was, and *what* I was, and what I had been *designed* for; when you revolve the amazing turn in my favour, and the prospects before me (prospects so much above my hopes, that I left them entirely to Providence to direct for me, as it pleased, without daring to look forward to what those prospects seemed naturally to tend); when I could see my haughty persecutor become my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble, and to which I never could look up without awe, except in those animating cases where his guilty attempts and the concern I had to preserve my innocence, gave a courage more than natural to my otherwise dastardly heart. When this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin

worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose; could stoop to acknowledge the vileness of that purpose; could say, at one time, 'That 'my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in 'greater stead than I was aware of.' Could tell her, before me, 'That she must for the future show me all the 'respect that was due to one he must love:'* At another, acknowledge before her, 'That he had been stark naught, 'and that I was very forgiving.'† Again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her, as to guilt, 'We are 'both in generous hands: and indeed if Pamela did not 'pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, 'because you acted by my instructions.'‡ Another time to the same, 'We have been both sinners, and must be 'both included in one act of grace.'§

When, I say, I was thus lifted up to the state of a sovereign forgiver, and my lordly master became a petitioner for himself, and for the guilty creature whom he put under my feet; what a triumph was here for the poor Pamela! And could I have been guilty of so mean a pride, as to trample upon the poor abject creature, when I found her thus lowly, thus mortified, and wholly in my power? For so she seemed actually to be, while I really thought so: And would it have been good manners with regard to my master, or policy with respect to myself, to doubt it, after he had so declared?

Then, my dear ladies, while I was enjoying the soul-charming fruits of that innocence, which the divine grace had enabled me to preserve, in spite of so many plots and contrivances on my *master's* side, and such wicked instigations and assistances on hers, and all my prospects were improving upon me beyond my wishes; when all was sunshine, unclouded sunshine, and I possessed my mind in peace, and had nothing to do but to be thankful to Providence, which had been so gracious to my unworthiness; when I saw, as I said above, my persecutor become my protector; my active enemy, no longer my enemy, but

* See vol. i. p. 233. † Ibid. p. 311. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid. p. 386.

creeping with slow, doubtful feet, and speaking to me, with awful hesitating doubt of my acceptance; a stamp of an insolent foot, now turned into courtesying half-bent knees; threatening hands into supplicating folds; and the eye unpitying to innocence, running over with the sense of her own guilt; a faltering accent on her late menacing tongue, and uplifted handkerchief—'I see she will be my 'lady: and then I know how it will go with me.' *—Was not this, my ladies, a triumph of triumphs to the late miserable, now exalted Pamela?—Could I do less than pardon her? And having declared that I did so, was I not to show the sincerity of my declaration?

Indeed, indeed, my dear good ladies, I found such a subject for exultation in this providential change of my condition, that I had much ado to subdue my rising pride, and thought there was more danger of being lifted up (every moment, to see such improving contrition on the poor creature's part), than to be supposed guilty of a meanness of heart, in *stooping* (yes, madam, that was then the proudly proper word, in the elevation wherein I found myself) to forgive her!—And, what!—should I not forgive a creature for that very baseness which, happily withstood, had so largely contributed to exalt me? Indeed, my dear good ladies, permit me to repeat, I could not choose to forgive her!—How could I?—And would it not have been out of character in me, and against all expectation of my high-soul'd (though sometimes, as in my case, for a great while together, meanly acting) master, if I had not?

Would it not have shown him that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the *only* request her humble condition had given her the opportunity of granting, at that time, with innocence? Would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better born? and that she wanted but the power, to show the like unrelenting temper, by which she had so grievously

* See vol. i. p. 239.

suffered?—And might not this have given him room to think me (and to have resumed and prosecuted his purposes accordingly) fitter for an arrogant kept mistress, than a humble and obliged wife?

I see (might he not have said?) the girl has strong passions and resentments; and she that has, will be *actuated*, and sometimes governed, by them.—I will improve upon the hint she herself has now given me by her inexorable temper.—I will gratify her revenge, till I turn it upon herself: I will indulge her pride, till I make it administer to her fall: For a wife I cannot think of, in the low-born cottager; especially when she has lurking in her all the pride and arrogance (you know, my ladies, his haughty way of speaking of our sex) of the better descended.—And by a little perseverance, and watching her unguarded hours, and applying temptations to her passions, I shall first discover them, and then make my advantage of them.

Might not this have been the language, and this the resolution, of such a dear wicked intriguer?—For, my lady, you can hardly conceive the struggles he apparently had to bring down his high spirit to so humble a level. And though, I hope, all would have been, even in this *worst* case, ineffectual, through divine grace, yet how do I know what lurking vileness might have appeared by degrees in this frail heart, to have encouraged his designs, and to have augmented my trials and my dangers? And perhaps downright violence might have been used, if he could not, on one hand, have subdued his passions, nor, on the other, have overcome his pride. A pride, that every one, reflecting upon the disparity of birth and condition between us, would have dignified with the name of *decency;* a pride that was become such an essential part of the dear gentleman's character, in this instance of a wife, that although he knew he could not keep it up, if he made *me* happy, yet it was no small motive in his choosing me, in one respect, because he expected from me more humility, more submission, than he thought he had reason to flatter himself would be paid him by a lady equally born and educated. And *of*

this I will send your ladyship an instance, in a transcription from that part of my journal * you have not seen, of his lessons to me, on the occasion your ladyship so well remembers, of my incurring his displeasure by interposing between yourself and him † in your misunderstanding at the Hall: For, madam, I intend to send, at times, anything I think worthy of your ladyship's attention, out of those papers you were so kind as to excuse me from sending you in the lump, and many of which must needs have appeared very impertinent to such judges.

Thus, could your ladyship have thought it?—have I ventured upon a strange paradox, that even this strongest instance of his debasing himself, is not the weakest of his pride; and he ventured once, at Sir Simon Darnford's, to say, in your ladyship's hearing, as you may remember, that, in his conscience, he thought he should hardly have made a tolerable husband to anybody but Pamela.‡ And why? For the reasons you will see in the enclosed papers, which give an account of the noblest and earliest curtain lecture that ever girl had: One of which is, That he expects to be *borne* with (*complied* with, he meant), even when in the wrong: Another, That a wife should never so much as expostulate with him, though he *was* in the wrong, till, by complying with all he insisted upon, she should have shown him, she designed rather to convince him for his *own* sake than for *contradiction's* sake: And then, another time, perhaps he might take better resolutions.§

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your ladyship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justified; or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes: And I have yet another reason behind for doing so, had she been as absolutely in my power as the wish of the most resenting person in the world could have made her; and that is, the hope I had that the poor creature, by being continued in a family where the gentleman gave hopes of so desirable a reformation, and where the example of the person he was about to

* See p. 90, et seq. † Ibid. p. 94.
‡ Ibid p. 89. § Ibid. p. 95.

honour in so eminent a degree, beyond all that could ha been hoped for by her a few days before, might possil contribute to make her change her manner of thinking, well as acting.

I looked upon the poor wretch, in all her deportment me, in my days of trial, as one devoted to perdition; one who had no regard to a future state; but while s could live in ease and plenty for a poor remainder of yea cared not what she did, and was ready to undertake ar thing which persons of power and riches would put l upon; and who, were she to be turned off disgracefully, my desire, besides that I should thereby show myself to of an implacable spirit, might have been entertained some profligate persons, to whose baseness such a wom might be useful; and that then her power to do misch would have been augmented, and she would have gone more successfully to do the devil's work, and several inr cent creatures might have been entangled, like so ma thoughtless flies, in the ensnaring web of this venomo hearted spider, which I had so happily escaped. Is it r better then, thought I, if I can imprint *conviction* upon t poor wretch, whom its hopeful forerunner, *shame*, h already taken hold of, and add the delightful hope of m chiefs prevented, to that of a soul reclaimed? And m not I, who have been so hardly used by her, for *that* ve reason, have more influence upon her than any other perso even the best of divines, could have?

Nay, would not this behaviour of mine very probat operate on a much higher and nobler subject, her de naughty master, and let *him* see the force and amiablen of conquering one's self? that there must be something that duty, which could make so young a creature rega it, in an instance so difficult to some minds (and especiall to the passionate and high-born), that of forgiving injur where there is a power to revenge, and of returning goo for evil.

And then, when no sullen behaviour to the poor wretc on my side took place; no distant airs were affected, r

angry brow put on, nor sharpness of speech used, towards one who might expect all these from me; would it not show him that I was sincere in my forgiveness? That I was not able to bear malice? Was a stranger to revenge? Had truly that softness of nature, and placableness of disposition, which he holds to be the greatest merit in our sex; and which, I daresay your ladyship will join with me in opinion, is indispensably necessary to the happy life of the person who is his wife?

Then I have no notion of that slight distinction I have so often heard between *forgive* and *forget*, when persons have a mind to split hairs, and to distinguish away their Christian duties by a word, and say, *I must forgive such an action, but I will never forget it:* when I would rather say, *I will remember such an action, in order for my future guard;* but *I will forgive it as often as I remember it; or else I will try to forget it for ever, if it will occasion a breach in my Christian charity.*

I will only add, That I thought it would not be wrong to keep her, as, besides what I have mentioned, it would induce the world to think, that Mr. B—— had not gone such very wicked lengths, as might have been imagined, if she had not been supportable to me in the same house? And who knows, moreover, what she might have reported of both, had she been dismissed?

How then, dearest ladies, if these considerations have any weight, could I act otherwise than I did, either with respect to your honoured brother, myself, or the poor woman? And when I tell your ladyships, that I have all the reason in the world to be pleased with this manner of acting, when I consider the confidence it hath given me with Mr. B—— and (what I was very desirous of) the good effects it hath had upon the woman herself, I daresay, both your ladyships' opinions will be in my favour on this head.

But your dear brother has just sent me word that supper waits for me; and the post being ready to go off, I

defer, till the next opportunity, what I have to say as t[illegible] these good effects; and am, in the meantime,

Your ladyship's most obliged

And faithful servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—I will now acquaint you with the go[illegible] effects my behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her, [illegible]s a further justification of my conduct towards the po[illegible]r woman.

That she began to be affected as I wished, appeared to me before I left the Hall, not only in the conversations I had with her after my happiness was completed; but in her general demeanour also to the servants, to the neighbours, and in her devout behaviour at church: and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I daresay your ladyship will be pleased with the perusal of the whole letter, although a part of it would answer my present design: and in confidence that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which she so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

'My dear Neighbour that was,—I must depend upon 'your known goodness, to excuse me for not writing before 'now, in answer to your letter of compliment to us, for the 'civilities and favours, as you call them, which you received 'from us in Lincolnshire, where we were infinitely more 'obliged to you, than you to us.

'The truth is, my papa has been much disordered with a 'kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians,

ıedly speaking, give the name of *Arthritica vaga*, or Flying Gout; and when he ails ever so little (it signi- nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are so known, and when he cares not who knows them), he ı peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my ıma and her two girls (one of which is as waspish as papa; you may be sure I don't mean myself) have ı ado to make his worship keep the peace: and I ; his favourite, when he is indisposed, because I have patience, if I may give myself a good word, he calls ı me continually to read to him when he is grave, h is not often indeed, and to tell him stories and sing m when he is merry; and so I have been employed principal person about him, till I have frequently me sad, to make him cheerful, and happy when I ı do it at any rate. For once, in a pet, he flung a at my head, because I had not attended him for two s, and he could not bear to be slighted by little ırds (that was his word) that were fathered upon for his vexation! Oh these men! fathers or husbands h alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so between one and t'other, a poor girl has nothing for t a few weeks' courtship, and perhaps a first month's ılry, if that; and then she is as much a slave to a and, as she was a vassal to her father—I mean, if the ır be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the spouse a Mr. —.

ıt I will be a little more grave; for a graver occasion for it, and yet an occasion that will give you real ıure. It is the very great change that the example have left behind you, has had upon your housekeeper. ou desired her to keep up as much regularity as she ı among the servants there; and she is next to exem- in it, so that she has every one's good word. She ks of her lady not only with respect, but reverence; calls it a blessed day for all the family, and particu- for herself, that you came into Lincolnshire. She ı prayers, or makes one of the servants read them,

'every Sunday night; and never misses being at church, 'morning and afternoon; and is preparing herself, by Mr. 'Peters's advice and direction, for receiving the sacrament; 'which she earnestly longs to receive, and says, it will be 'the seal of her reformation.

'Mr. Peters gives us this account of her, and says she is 'full of contrition, for her past mis-spent life, and is often 'asking him if such and such sins can be forgiven? and 'among them, names her vile behaviour to her angel-lady, 'as she calls you.

'It seems she has written a letter to you, which passed 'Mr. Peters's revisal, before she had the courage to send it; 'and prides herself that you have favoured her with an 'answer to it, which, she says, when she is dead, will be 'found in a cover of black silk next her heart; for any-'thing from your hand, she is sure, will contribute to make 'her keep her good purposes; and for that reason she 'places it there: and when she has any bad thoughts, or 'is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, she 'recollects her lady's letter, and that recovers her to a calm, 'and puts her again into a better frame.

'As she has written to you, 'tis possible I might have 'spared you the trouble of reading this account of her; but 'yet you will not be displeased that so free a liver and 'speaker should have some testimonial, besides her own 'assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her reformation.

'What a happy lady are you, that persuasion dwells 'upon your tongue, and reformation follows your example! 'We all hear continually of your excellences. Everybody 'is proud of speaking of you, and of having something to 'say of what they observe in you. This makes us long 'more and more to see you here again. My papa t'other 'day said, He wished you'd undertake him.

'This is not the least of what is admirable in you, that 'professed rakes and libertines, who take upon themselves 'to ridicule seriousness in everybody else, speak of you 'with reverence; and while they attribute pharisaical pride, 'or affectation, or hypocrisy, to other good persons, they

y, You are a credit to religion, and That adorns you, and ɔu That.

Happy, thrice happy Mrs. B——! May you long live e ornament of your sex, and a credit to all your quaintance! Such examples as you set, how are they anted in an age so depraved! I fear not making you oud, since praise but puts the worthy upon enlarging eir deservings: for who, as I heard you once say, can : down easy under imputed commendations they do not serve? If they will not disclaim the praise they have ɔt merited, when applied to their conduct, they give an rnest, by receiving it, that they will *endeavour* to do it, ıd ought never to rest till they have made themselves a :le to it.

Happy Mr. B——! But why say I so? since, with ore propriety, I may say, Happy every one who sees, ho knows, who converses with Mrs. B——, not more e glory of the humble cot, than the ornament of the ately palace!

If you knew how I love you, you would favour m ith your presence and conversation, if it was in yc vn power to do so; and then I would rank mys nong the *happies*, and call myself

'*The happy* POLLY DARNFORD.'

Your ladyship will, as I said, forgive me what may ap- r like vanity in this communication. Miss Darnford is harming young lady. I always admired her; but her ers are the sweetest, kindest!—But I am too much the ject of her encomiums, and so will say no more; but l here a copy of the poor woman's letter to me; and ır ladyship will see what an ample correspondence you e opened to yourself, if you go on to countenance it.

HONOURED MADAM,—I have been long labouring under ɔo difficulties; the desire I had to write to you, and the ar of being thought presumptuous, if I did. But I will pend on your goodness, so often tried; and put pen to

'paper, in that very closet, and on that very desk, which 'once were so much used by your dear self, when I was 'acting a part that now cuts me to the heart to think of. 'But you forgave me, madam, and showed me you had too 'much goodness to revoke your forgiveness. And could I 'have silenced the reproaches of my own heart, I should 'have had no cause to think I had ever offended.

'But, oh! madam, how has your goodness to me, which 'once filled me with so much gladness, now, on reflection, 'made me sorrowful, and at times miserable.—To think I 'should act so barbarously as I did, by so much sweetness, 'and so much forgiveness! Every place that I remember 'to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with 'sadness, and makes me often smite my breast, and sit 'down with tears and groans, bemoaning my vile actions, 'and my hard heart! How many places are there in this 'melancholy fine house, that call one thing or other to my 'remembrance that give me remorse! But the pond and 'the woodhouse, whence I dragged you so mercilessly, after 'I had driven you to despair almost, what thoughts do 'they bring to my remembrance!—Then my wicked instigations!—What an odious wretch was I!

'sf Had his honour been as abandoned as myself, what 'ye tue had been destroyed between *his* orders, and *my* 'spea igorous execution of them; nay, stretching them, to 'assur my wicked zeal, to serve a master, whom though I

'Wha d, I should not (as you more than once hinted 'upon yo but with no effect at all, so resolutely wicked 'We all h heart) have so well obeyed in his unlawful 'is proud o

'say of wha r has made you amends, has done justice to 'more and m nd so atoned for *his* fault. But as for *me*, 'day said, He w power ever to make reparation. All that

'This is not to let your ladyship see that your pious 'professed rakes de such an impression upon me, that I 'to ridicule serio in the reflection upon my past guilt.

'with reverence; given me, and God will, I hope; for 'or affectation, o ot be more merciful than the Creator;

iat is all my hope!—Yet, sometimes I dread that I am ›rgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be inished the more hereafter!—What then will become the unhappy wretch, that has thus lived in a state of n, and had so qualified herself by a course of wicked-ess, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst urposes that any one could be employed in!

Good your ladyship, let not my honoured master see iis letter. He will think I have the boldness to reflect pon him; when, God knows my heart, I only write to ›ndemn myself, and my *unwomanly* actions, as you were leased often most justly to call them.

But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not ›nsidering whom I am writing to; and whose precious me I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for, I am ot come to yet; that is, to beg your ladyship's prayers r me. For oh, madam, I fear I shall else be for ever iserable! We every week hear of the good you do, and ie charity you extend to the bodies of the miserable. xtend, I beseech you, good madam, to the unhappy wkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me if you iink I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon; for there a woe denounced against the presumptuous sinner.

Your ladyship assured me, at your departure, on the ›nfession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my pro-ise of amendment, that you would take it for a proof my being in earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up regularity among the servants here; if I would subdue em with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued; id if I would endeavour to make every one think, that e best security they could give of their doing their ity to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to od Almighty, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be d. This, I remember, your ladyship told me, was the st test of fidelity and duty, that any servants could ow; since it was impossible, without religion, but that orldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main e; and so the worst actions might succeed, if servants

'thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacri-
'ficing their duty.

'So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I
'have begun the example to good effect; and as no one in
'the family was so wicked as I, it was therefore less diffi-
'cult to reform them; and you will have the pleasure to
'know, that you have now servants here whom you need
'not be ashamed to call yours.

''Tis true, I found it a little difficult at first to keep
'them within sight of their duty, after your ladyship
'departed: But when they saw I was in earnest, and used
'them courteously, as you advised, and as your usage of
'me convinced me was the rightest usage; when they
'were told I had your commands to acquaint you how
'they conformed to your injunctions; the task became
'easy; and I hope we shall all be still more and more
'worthy of the favour of so good a lady, and so bountiful
'a master.

'I dare not presume upon the honour of a line to your
'unworthy servant. Yet it would pride me much, if I
'could have it. But I shall ever pray for your ladyship's
'and his honour's felicity, as becomes

'Your undeserving servant,

'K. JEWKES.'

I have already, with these transcribed letters of Miss Darnford and Mrs. Jewkes, written a great deal: But nevertheless, as there yet remains one passage in your ladyship's letter, relating to Mrs. Jewkes, that seems to require an answer, I will take notice of it, if I shall not quite tire your patience.

That passage is this: 'Lady Betty rightly observes,
'says your ladyship, that he knew what a vile woman she
'[Mrs. Jewkes] was, when he put you into her power;
'and, no doubt, employed her, because he was sure she
'would answer all his purposes: and that therefore she
'should have had very little opinion of the sincerity of

s reformation, while he was so solicitous in keeping her ere.

She would, she says, had she been in your case, have ıd one struggle for her dismission, let it have been ken as it would; and he that was so well pleased with ›ur virtue, must have thought this a natural conse-ıence of it, if he was in earnest to become virtuous imself.'

3ut, alas! madam, he was not so well pleased with my tue for virtue's sake, as Lady Betty thinks he was. He uld have been glad, at that very time, to have found less resolved on that score. He did not so much as *tend* to any disposition to virtue. No, not he!

He had entertained, as it proved, a strong passion for . This passion had been heightened by *my resisting* it. His pride and the advantages he had both of person l fortune, would not let him brook control; and when could not have me upon his own terms, God turned evil purposes to good ones, and he resolved to submit mine, or rather to such as he found I would not yield to ı without. For, all this time, I had no terms to propose. ither my low fortunes, my unjust captivity, nor my , nor inexperienced youth (not a soul near me whom ould call my friend, or whose advice I could ask), per-:ted me to offer any terms to him, had I been disposed to ve disputed his will, or his intercession for the woman; ich, as I have said, I was not. I had but one steady pose to adhere to, and having grace given me to adhere that, he resolved, since he could not conquer his passion me, to make me his with honour. But still I doubt, as aid, this was not for the love of virtue at that time. at came afterwards, and I hope will always be his erning motive, in his future actions; and then I shall happy indeed!

3ut Lady Betty thinks 'I was to blame to put Mrs. wkes upon a foot, in the present I made on my nup-ıls, with Mrs. Jervis.' But the case was rather this, ıt I put Mrs. Jervis on a foot with Mrs. Jewkes; for

the dear gentleman had *named* the sum he would have me give Mrs. Jewkes,* and I would not give Mrs. Jervis *less*, because I loved her better; nor *more* could I give her, on that occasion, without making such a difference between two persons equal in station, on a solemnity, too, where one was present and assisting, the other not, as would have shown such a partiality as might have induced their master to conclude I was not so sincere in my forgiveness as he hoped from me, and as I really was.

But a stronger reason still was behind; that I could, in a much more agreeable manner, both to Mrs. Jervis and myself, show my love and my gratitude to the dear good woman: and this I have taken care to do, in the manner I will submit to your ladyship; at the tribunal of whose judgment I am willing all my actions respecting your dear brother shall be tried: and I hope your ladyship will not think me a too profuse or lavish creature; I hope you won't have reason for it: yet, if you think you have, pray, my dear lady, don't spare me; for if you shall judge me profuse in one article, I will endeavour to save it in another.

But I will make what I have to say on this head the subject of a letter by itself: and am, meantime,

Your ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XVII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—It is needful, in order to let you more intelligibly into the subject where I left off in my last, that your ladyship should know that your generous brother has made me his almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and has ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty pounds quarterly,† for purposes of which he requires no account, though I

* See vol. i. page 405. † See page 117.

ve one always ready to produce;* and he has given me her sums to enable me to do all the good I can to dis-essed objects, at my first setting out. Thus enabled, your dyship knows not how many honest hearts I have made ad already, and how many more I hope to rejoice before year is at an end, and yet keep within my limits.

Now, madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being sy in her circumstances, thinking herself obliged to pay d† debts for two extravagant children, who are both ad; and maintaining in schooling and clothes three of eir children, which always keeps her bare; I took upon e one day, as she and I sat together at our needles, to y to her (as we are always running over old stories, when e are alone), My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to k you after your own private affairs, and if you are lerably easy in them?

You are very good, madam, said she, to concern your-lf about my poor matters, so much as you have to employ ur thoughts about, and so much as every moment of ur time is taken up, from the hour you rise to the time your rest. But I can with great pleasure attribute it to ur bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am sier and easier every day.

But tell me, my dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, how your atters *particularly* stand. I love to mingle concerns with y friends: and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you'll at *me* with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and ays will; and nothing but death shall divide our endship.

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes, and taking off her ectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much goodness!—Oh, y lady!

Oh, my Pamela! say, replied I.—How often must I chide u for calling me anything but your Pamela, when we are e alone together?

My heart, said she, will burst with your goodness! I nnot bear it!

* See page 126. † See vol. i. p. 78.

But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you that. A pretty thing, truly! Here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress, by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, and her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family than I can pretend to have!— And return, shall I, in the day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence?—Indeed I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter; for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and good counsel I received every day from you.

Then moving my chair nearer her, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheek, Come, come, my dear second mother, said I, call me your daughter, your Pamela: I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name: and as I have but too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy, as our dear master has made my *first.*

She hung her head on her shoulder, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words; provoking only her speech, by saying, You used to have three grandchildren to provide for in clothes and schooling. They are all living, I hope?

Yes, madam, they are living: and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once!) made me very easy and very happy!——

How easy, and how happy, Mrs. Jervis?

Why, my dear lady, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy sons; five to a second; and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands; and with the other five I paid off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance; and every one is

atisfied and easy; and all declare they will never do harsh hings by me, if they are paid no more.

But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, what you owe in the world, put ll together; and you and I will contrive, with justice to ur best friend, to do all we can, to make you quite easy; or, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you shall have nything to disturb you, which I can remove; and so, my ear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all.

Come, I know your debts (dear, just, good woman as ou are!), like David's sins, are ever before you: So come, utting my hand in her pocket, let me be a friendly pick-ocket: Let me take out your memorandum-book, and we ill see how all matters stand, and what can be done. ome, I see you are too much moved; your worthy heart too much affected (pulling out her book, which she ways has about her): I will go to my closet and return esently.

So I left her to recover her spirits, and retired with the ood woman's book to my closet.

Your dear brother stepping into the parlour just after I ad gone out, Where's your lady, Mrs. Jervis? said he. nd being told, came up to me; What ails the good woman elow, my dear? said he: I hope you and she have had o words!

No, indeed, sir, answered I.—If we had, I am sure it ould have been my fault: but I have picked her pocket f her memorandum-book, in order to look into her private ffairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common bene-ctor, make her as easy as you, sir, have made my other ear parents.

A blessing, said he, upon my charmer's benevolent heart! -I will leave everything to your discretion, my dear.—Do ll the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.

I clasped my bold arms about him, the starting tear estifying my gratitude. Dearest, dear sir, said I, you affect ne as much as I did Mrs. Jervis! And if any one but you ad a right to ask, What ails your Pamela? as you do, What ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much

oppressed by your goodness, that there is hardly any bearing one's own joy.

He saluted me, and said, I was a dear obliging creature. But, said he, I came to tell you, that after we have dined, we'll take a turn, if you please, to Lady Arthur's: she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend you myself, only to drink tea with her; for I have told her we are to have friends to sup with us.

I will attend you, sir, replied I, most willingly; although I doubt I am to be made a show of.

Something like it, said he—for she has promised them this favour.

I need not dress otherwise than I am?

No, he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

So he left me to my *good works* (those were his kind words), and I ran over Mrs. Jervis's accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her matters, in one leaf, in a very clear manner, and a thankful acknowledgment to God, for her master's last bounty, 'which had enabled her to give 'satisfaction to others, and do herself great pleasure,' as she has written underneath.

The balance of all was thirty-five pounds eleven shillings and odd pence; and I went to my escritoir, and took out forty pounds, and down I hasted to my good Mrs. Jervis, and I said to her, Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book; but are thirty-five or thirty-six pounds all you owe, or are bound for in the world?

It is, madam, said she, and enough too. It is a great sum; but 'tis in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service.

Nor shall it ever be in anybody's *power*, said I, to trouble you: I'll tell you how we'll order it.

So I sat down, and made her sit down by me. Here,

y dear Mr. Jervis, is forty pounds. It is not so much
me now as the two guineas* were to you, that you
ould have given me, if I would have accepted of them,
my going away from this house to my father's, as I
ought. But I will not *give* it you neither, at least at
esent, as you shall hear: Indeed I won't make you so
easy as that comes to. But here take this, and pay the
irty-five pounds odd money to the utmost farthing; and
e remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in
lvance towards the children's schooling. And thus you
all repay it: I always designed, as our dear master added
ve guineas per annum to your salary, in acknowledgment
the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela
ndrews, to add five pounds per annum to it from the time
became Mrs. B——. But from that time, for so many
ears to come, you shall receive no more than you did,
ll the whole forty pounds be repaid. And so, my dear
rs. Jervis, you won't have any obligation to me, you
ow, but for the advance; and that is a poor matter, not
be spoken of; and I will have leave for it, for fear I
ould die.

Had your ladyship seen the dear good woman's beha-
our on this occasion, you would never have forgotten it.
he could not speak: tears ran down her cheeks in plenti-
l currents: her modest hand put gently from her my
ffering hand, and her bosom heaved, and she sobbed with
e painful tumult that seemed to struggle within her, and
hich, for some few moments, made her incapable of
peaking.

At last, I rising, and putting my arm round her neck,
nd wiping her eyes, and kissing her cheek, she cried, My
ear, my excellent lady! 'tis too much! too much! I cannot
ear all this!—And then she threw herself at my feet; for
was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted
ands, May God Almighty, said she—I kneeled by her, and
lasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together—May
God Almighty, said I, drowning her voice with my louder

* See vol. i. p. 78.

voice, bless us both together, for many happy years! And may He bless and reward the dear gentleman, who has thus enabled me to make *the widow's heart to sing for joy!*

Dear, good woman, said I, rising, and raising her, do you think you shall outdo me in prayers and praises to the Fountain of all these mercies?—Do you think you shall? —And while I am empowered to do good to so many worthy objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. Jervis happy at home?

And thus, my lady, did I force upon the good woman's acceptance the forty pounds.

Permit me, madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next. Till then, I have the honour to be

Your ladyship's most obliged
And faithful servant,
P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XVIII.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

My dear Lady,—I now resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner, with my dear benefactor, to Lady Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, having the too natural effects of the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests, as well as my dear Mr. B——'s, and those of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, to guard myself against: and your good brother was pleased to entertain me in the chariot going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and the furniture he should direct for it: so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up to me about our usual bed-time. He inquired kindly after my employment, which was trying to read in the French Telemachus: for, my lady, I am learning French, I'll assure you! And who, do you think, is my master?—Why, the best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: How inexcusable should I be, if I was, with such a master, who teaches me on his knee, and rewards me with a kiss whenever I do well, and says, I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which he tells me is a great difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into English two or three places that were beyond my reach; and when he had done it, he asked me, in French, what I had done for Mrs. Jervis?

I said, Permit me, sir (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue), in English, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others.

I dare answer for your prudence, my dear, he was pleased to say; but this is your favourite: Let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favourites?

I then said, Permit my bold eye, sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me then; for if you do, how shall I look at you again; now see, as I proceed, whether you are displeased? for you will not chide me in words, so partial have you the goodness to be to all I do.

He put his arm round me, and looked down, now and then, as I desired; for, O madam! he is all condescension and goodness to his unworthy, yet grateful Pamela! And I told him all I have written to your ladyship about the forty pounds.—And now, dear sir, said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please: It shall

be all kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution.

He raised my head, and kissed me two or three times, saying, Thus then I chide, I beat, my angel!—And yet I have one fault to find with you; and let Mrs. Jervis, if not in bed, come up to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve, before her. My Polly being in hearing, attending to know if I wanted her assistance to undress, I bade her call Mrs. Jervis. And though I thought, from his kind looks, and kind words, as well as tender behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what my fault was, for which I was to be exposed.

The good woman came, and as she entered with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he moved his chair further from me, and with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said—Step in, Mrs. Jervis: Your lady (for so, madam, he will always call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face.

She looked surprised—now on me, now on her dear master; and I, not knowing what he would say, looked a little attentive.—I am sorry—I am very sorry for it, sir, said she, courtesying low:—But should be more sorry, if I were the unhappy occasion.

Why, Mrs. Jervis, I can't say but it is on your account that I must blame her.

This gave us both confusion, but especially the good woman; for still I hoped much from his kind behaviour to me just before.—and she said, Indeed, sir, I could never deserve——

He interrupted her, My charge against you, Pamela, said he, is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain: You ought not to have found out the method of repayment.

The dear creature, said he, to Mrs. Jervis, seldom does anything that can be mended; but, I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from

e, in addition to your salary, the lady should have showed rself no less pleased with your service than the gentle- an.—Had it been for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, ıe should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this ad.—But I will tell you, that you must look upon the rty pounds you have, as the effect of a just distinction on any accounts; and your salary from last quarter-day shall advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years nce; and let me only add, That when my Pamela first gins to show a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then spect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue, hich is now peculiar to herself, and makes her the delight all who converse with her.

This was what he was pleased to *say:* Thus, with the ost graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind truly *culiar* to himself, was he pleased to *act:* And what, does ur ladyship think, could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him?— hy, indeed, nothing at all!—We could only look upon e another, with our eyes full, and our hearts full, of a atitude that would not permit either of us to speak, but ich expressed itself at last in a manner he was pleased to ll more eloquent than words, and that was, with uplifted lded hands, and tears of joy.

Oh, my dear lady! how many opportunities have the neficent *rich* to make *themselves,* as well as their *llow-creatures,* happy! All that I could think, or say, act, was but my duty before; what a sense of obli- tion then must I lie under to this most generous of en!

But here let me put an end to this tedious subject; the incipal part of which can have no excuse, if it may not rve as a proof of my cheerful compliance with your lady- ip's commands, That I recite *every* thing that is of con- rn to me, and with the same freedom as I was wont to do my dear parents.

I have done it, and at the same time have offered what had to plead in behalf of my conduct to the two house- epers, which you expected from me; and I shall there-

fore close this my humble defence, if I may so call it, with the assurance that I am,

My dearest lady,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

P. B——.

LETTER XIX.

Lady Davers to Mrs. B——.

[In answer to the six last letters.]

'WHERE *she had it, I can't tell; but I think I never met* '*with the fellow of her in my life, at any age;*' are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela, in the early part of your papers.* In truth, thou art a surprising creature; and every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for.—Do you think, Lady Betty, said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis, I will not soon set out to hit this charming girl a box of the ear or two?

For what, Lady Davers? said she.

For what! replied I.—Why, don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold slut hits me?—I'll LADY-AIRS her! I will!—*I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her betters, with her cottage excellences and improvements, that shame our education.

Why, you dear charming Pamela, did you only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you; for there may be a knack, and a volubility, as to *words*, that a natural talent may supply; but to be thus outdone in *thought* and in *deed*, who can bear it? And in so young an insulter too!

Well, Pamela, look to it, when I see you: You shall feel the weight of my hand, or—the pressure of my lip, one or t'other, depend on it, very quickly: For here, instead of my

* See vol. i. p. 34.

ping, as I had thought it would be, to call *you* sister, I
l be forced to think, in a little while, that you ought
to own *me* as *yours*, till I am nearer your standard.

ut to come to business: I will summarily take notice of
following particulars in all your obliging letters, in order
:onvince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my
:rvations on the subjects you touch upon.
irst, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of
advantages you received from the favour of my dear
:her; and as you know many things of her by your
ndance upon her, in the last three or four years of her
I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall
r, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured lady,
of her behaviour and kindness to you, and with a
ospect to your own early beginnings, the dawnings of
your bright day of excellence: And this not only I, but
countess and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over
r papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of

. I am much pleased with your Kentish account;
ıgh we wished you had been more particular in some
s of it; for we are greatly taken with your descriptions,
your conversation-pieces; yet I own, your honest
er's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*, as
pleasure in reading your relations makes us call it.
ır parents are honest discreet folks, I see that: I have a
ıe for them: And you're the prudentest creature I ever
w, in all your ways; particularly in the advice you give
n about your more distant relations, and to aim at
ıing beyond their natural sphere.—Every tittle is right,
as it should be. On these accounts it is, that all the
ld will allow, that you, and your parents too, merit the
une you have met with.
. I am highly delighted with the account you give me
ıy brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey,
your conduct upon it. 'Tis a sweet story, as he brought
, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just

in his account of it. But don't you think he was a sad young fellow? Well may you be thankful for *your* escape! *Well* may you!—Your behaviour was what I admire; and so we do all, but none of us think we could have imitated it in all its parts. We are in love with your charitable reflections in favour of the poor lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them; and a better mother too than she had, and a faithfuller lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper, in your declared love of Miss Goodwin. I see, child, you know your man; and never fear but you'll hold him, if you can go on thus to act and outdo your sex. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having her with you; for the girl may be pert, perhaps insolent (you know who is her father); you'd not care to check her, for several reasons, and this may make you uneasy; for, if you *did*, he might take it amiss let your motives be ever so good: So I think you'd better see her now and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you.—But this I leave to your own discretion and *his* good pleasure, to determine upon; for in the latter it must rest, let you, or me, or anybody, say what we will.

5. You have fully, and to our satisfaction, answered our objections to your behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not considered your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done. You are a charming girl! and as your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious, for the future, how we censure you. We are particularly pleased with the triumphs of your innocence over his and her guilt; and agree, that they are the rightest and best to be defended motives for pride that ever were set before us.

In short, I say with the countess, This good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend, the innocent heart; and I'll warrant, said her ladyship, nobody will become her station so well, as one who is capable of so worthy a pride as this.

But what a curtain lecture hadst thou, Pamela? A noble one, dost thou call it?—Why, what a wretch hast thou got

to expect thou shouldst never expostulate against his lordly will, even when in the wrong, till thou hast obeyed it, and, of consequence, joined in the evil he imposes! He says indeed in *small* points: but I suppose he is to judge which are, and which are not small.

Thus, I remember, my brother himself took notice once of a proposal in the House of Commons, to grant the crown a very great sum to answer civil-list deficiencies, which being opposed by the minority, the minister found out an expedient, that they might give the money *first*, and examine into the merits of the demand *afterwards*. So we read, that in some countries an accused person is put to death and then tried; and all he has to hope for while he lives, is, that his relations, and his own family, will be released from obloquy, if an acquittal ensues.

Much good may such a husband do you, says Lady Betty!—Everybody will *admire* you, but no one will have reason to *envy* you upon those principles. Yet, I don't know how it is, but this is evident, that at present there is not a happier couple in the world than you two are.

6. I am pleased with your promise of sending me what you think I shall like to see, out of those papers you choose not to show me collectedly. This is very obliging. You're a good girl, and I love you dearly.

7. We have all smiled at your paradox, Pamela, that his marrying you was an instance of his pride. The thought, though, is pretty enough, and ingenious: But whether it will hold or not, I won't just now examine.

8. Your observation on the *forget* and *forgive* we are much pleased with, and think you have distinguished well on that head.

9. You are a very good girl for sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. She is a charming young lady. I always had a great opinion of her merit; her letter abundantly confirms me in it. I hope you'll communicate to me every letter that passes between you; and pray send me in your next a copy of your answer to her letter: I must insist upon it, I think.

10. I am glad, with all my heart, to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation. Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter. Don't think me unreasonable: 'tis all for your sake. You must needs know that, or you know nothing. For I think you deserve all Miss Darnford says of you; and that's a great deal too.

Pray—have you shown Jewkes's letter to your good friend?—Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it: for, she says, it cuts him to the quick. And I think so too, if he takes it as he ought: but, as you say he's above loving Virtue for *Virtue's sake*, I warrant him He likes it in a wife, because 'tis a husband's security against the law of retaliation. There's a great deal in that, I can tell you. I once heard the wretch hold an argument that women had no souls. I asked him, If he were to marry, whether he'd have his wife *act* as if she believed this doctrine to be good? That was another thing, he said: he was for having his wife think she had, he must own: such a belief could do her no harm. Ah! Pamela, for theory and practice too, I doubt, never was such a rake, for one not quite a town debauchee.

11. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so hand some a regard to my brother's interest, her behaviour upon it, and your relation of the whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reproving, and improving your prudent gene rosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, Hang him, he has some excellent qualities too!—It is impossible not to think well of him; and his good actions go a great way towards atoning for his bad But you, Pamela, have the glory of all. We desire, particu larly, that you will never omit any of those moving scene which you so well describe, be the occasion what it will: for they are nature, and that's your excellence. Keep to that for one more learned, I verily think, could not write as you do, nor instruct, and delight, and *move*, all at once, so well engagingly.

12. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his schola

We are pleased with the pretty account you give us of his method of instructing and rewarding. 'Twould be strange, if you did not learn any language quickly under such methods, and with such encouragements, from the man you love, were your genius less apt than it is. But we wished you had enlarged on that subject: for such fondness of men to their wives, who have been any time married, is so rare, and so unexpected from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a side upon that subject at least.

What a bewitching girl art thou! What an exemplar to wives now, as well as thou wast before to maidens! Thou canst tame lions, I daresay, if thou'dst try.—Reclaim a rake in the meridian of his libertinism, and make such an one as my brother not only marry thee, but love thee better at several months' end, than he did the first day, if possible! Wonderful girl! Yet usest thou no arts but honest ones, such as prudence directs, nature points out, and such as make duty delightful; even commanding most when thou seemest most to submit.

It must be owned, indeed, that thou hast no brutal mind to deal with. Bad as he is, it must be said, that thou hast a sensible and a generous heart to work upon; one who takes no glory in the blind submission of a slave; but, like a true British monarch, delights to reign in a free, rather than in an abject mind. Yet he is jealous as a tyrant of his prerogative: but you have found the way to lay that watchful dragon asleep, and so possess the golden fruits of content and true pleasure, the due reward of your matchless conduct.

Now, my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you—but, write on, and oblige us; and mind to send the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige

Yours, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XX.

Mrs. B—— to Lady Davers.

MY DEAR LADY,—I read with pleasure your commands, in your last kind and obliging letter; and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them, that is in my power.

That which I can most easily do, I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the answer I sent to Miss Darnford,* and that to Mrs. Jewkes, the former of which (and a long one it is) is as follows:—

'DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—I begin now to be afraid I 'shall not have the pleasure and benefit I promised myself 'of passing a fortnight or three weeks at the Hall, in your 'sweet conversation, and that of your worthy family, as 'well as those others in your agreeable neighbourhood, 'whom I must always remember with equal honour and 'delight.

'The occasion will be principally, that we expect very 'soon a visit from Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to 'tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the ad-'vanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B—— 'has taken a house for his winter residence, and in order 'to attend parliament: a service, he says, which he has 'been more deficient in hitherto, than he can either answer 'to his constituents, or to his own conscience; for though, 'he says, he is but one, yet if any good motion should be 'lost by *one*, every absent member, who is independent, 'has it to reproach himself with the consequences that 'may follow on the loss of that good which might other-'wise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he 'says, such excuses as *he* could make, *every one* might 'plead; and then public affairs might as well be left to 'the administration, and no parliament be chosen.

* See Miss Darnford's letter, p. 226.

'He observed further on this subject, that every absent 'member, in such cases, indirectly abets the minister, be 'he *who* he will, in all his designs, be they *what* they will; 'and is even less excusable to his country, than the man 'who, for a transitory benefit to his private family, takes 'a pension or reward for his vote; since the difference is 'only that the one passively ruins his country by neglect 'and indolence, which can do nobody good, and the other 'more actively for a bribe; which practice, though ruin-'ous in the end to the whole public, in which his own 'private is included, yet serves to answer some present 'turn or benefit to himself or family.

'See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble 'cottager, what a public person your favoured friend is 'grown! and behold how easy it is for a bold mind to 'look forward, and perhaps forgetting what she was, now 'she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon 'herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my 'dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it! But if, 'nevertheless, I am censured for troubling my head with 'politics, let me answer, That I am at liberty, I hope, to 'tell you Mr. B——'s sentiments of these high matters; 'and that is all I have done.

'Well; but may I not presume to ask, Whether, if the 'mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not 'come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers's visit is so 'uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a 'favour as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being 'her first visit to *me*;—and since we must go and take 'possession of our London residence; why can't Sir Simon 'spare to us the dear lady whom he could use so hardly; 'and whose attendance (though he is indeed entitled to 'all her duty) he did not, just in that instance, quite so 'much deserve?

'Well, but after all, Sir Simon, would I say, if I had 'been in presence at his peevish hour, you are a fine gen-'tleman, are you not? to take such a method to show 'your good daughter, that because she did not come *soon*

'*enough* to you, she came *too soon!* And did ever papa, 'before you, put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, '*because* you were in affliction, though so little affected by 'its precepts) to such a *bad use?* As parents' examples are 'so prevalent, suppose your daughter had taken this very 'book, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nancy at her wait-'ing-maid; and so it had gone through the family; would 'it not have been an excuse for every one, to say that the 'father and head of the family had set the example?

'But again, Sir Simon, suppose you had hurt the sweet 'dove-like eyes of my dear Miss Darnford.—Suppose you 'had bruised or broken the fine skin of any part of that 'fine face, which gives, at first sight, so bright a promise 'of her still finer mind; what, let me ask you, sir, could 'you have said for yourself? How would the dear lady's 'appearance, with one sweet eye perhaps muffled up, 'with a plaistered forehead, or a veiled cheek, hiding her-'self from everybody but you; and her grieved mamma, 'and pitying sister, reproached you for so rash an act!— 'nay, reproached you more by her unreproaching obliging-'ness and cheerful duty, than if, were she capable of it, 'she could have spoken in sharp complaints and expostu-'latory wailings!

'You almost wish, my dear miss tells me, that I would 'undertake *you!*—This is very good of you, Sir Simon, 'might I (would his patience have suffered me to run on 'thus) have added—But I hope, since you are so sensible 'that you *want* to be undertaken (and since this peevish 'rashness convinces me that you *do*), that you will under-'take *yourself;* that you will not, when your indisposition 'makes the attendance and duty of your dear lady and 'daughter necessary, make it more uncomfortable to them, 'by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased, and an impatience 'of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection make 'them have for you; and, *at least*, resolve never to take a 'book into your hand again, if you cannot make a better 'use of it than you did then.'

'Pray tell your papa that I beg the favour of him to

'present *me* with this book, and I will put a mark upon 'it, and it shall never more either give or receive such dis-'grace, I warrant it. Be it what it will, I will present him 'with as good a one.

'I will write in it, "Memorandum, This book reversing 'the author's good intention, had like to have done mischief 'next to unpardonable!"—Or, "This book, instead of 'subduing the reader's passions (I take it for granted, you 'see, miss, it was Seneca's morals, or some such good book), 'had like to have been the cause of a violent evil.—Hence-'forth, unavailing instructor, be thou condemned to stand 'by thyself on a lone shelf in my closet; a shelf most out 'of mine or any other person's reach, for pretending to 'prescribe rules for subduing the passions in so inefficacious 'a manner! And, consigned to dust and cobwebs, not once 'presume (in hope to hide thy conscious guilt) to squeeze 'thyself into rank with better, or at least with more con-'vincing teachers!"

'But do you think, dear madam, Sir Simon would be 'angry, if opportunity had offered, and I had been thus 'bold? If you think so, don't let him see I had such 'thoughts in my head. But, after all, if he were to have 'been thus freely treated by me, and if he should have '*blushed* with *anger* at my freedom, 'tis but what he ought 'to bear from me; for more than once has he made me '*blush* for shame, at much greater, on his part; nay, and 'that too in presence of his virtuous daughters: So that 'I have but half my revenge upon him yet.—And will you 'bear malice, will he say, Mrs. B——?—Yes, Sir Simon, 'I will; and nothing but your amending the evil can make 'me forgive a gentleman, that is *really* a gentleman, who 'can so sadly forego his character, and before any com-'pany, not scruple to expose a modest virgin to the for-'ward leer and loud laugh of younger gentlemen, who 'durst not take such liberties of speech, as they would 'saucily chuckle at, when coming from the mouth of one 'of Sir Simon's authenticating, but better promising, time 'of life.

'But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him
'were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begge
'I would give him a hint or two on this subject, which
'she was pleased to say, would be better received from m
'than from anybody: And if it be a little too severe, it i
'but a just reprisal made by one whose ears, he knows, h
'has cruelly wounded more than once, or twice, or thre
'times, besides by what he calls his *innocent* double enten—
'dres, and who, if she had not resented it, when an oppor—
'tunity offered, must have been believed by him to b
'neither more nor less than a hypocrite—There's for you
'Sir Simon! And so here ends all my malice; for now
'have spoken my mind.

'Yet I hope your dear papa will not be so angry with m
'neither, as to deny me, for this my freedom, the reques
'I make to *him,* to your *mamma,* and to your *dear self,* fo
'your beloved company, for a month or two in Bedford—
'shire, and at London: And if you might be permitted t
'winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! I
'will be half done, the moment you desire it. Sir Simo
'loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in i
'Your honoured mamma is always indulgent to you
'requests: And Mr. B——, as well in kindness to me, a
'for the great respect he bears you, joins with me to be
'this favour of you, and of Sir Simon, and my lady.

'If it can be obtained, what pleasure and improvemen
'may I not propose to myself, with so polite a companion
'when we are carried by Mr. B—— to the play, to th
'opera, and other of the town diversions! We will wor
'together, visit together, read together, sing together; an
'improve one another; you *me,* in every word you sha
'speak, in everything you shall do; I *you,* by my questions,
'and desire of information, which will make you open all
'your breast to me; and so unlocking that dear storehouse
'of virtuous knowledge, improve your own notions the more
'for communicating them. Oh, my dear Miss Darnford!
'how happy is it in your power to make me!

'I am much affected with the account you give me of

Mrs. Jewkes's reformation. I could have wished, had I not *other* and *stronger* inducements (in the pleasure of so agreeable a neighbourhood, and so sweet a companion), that, on her account, I could have been down at the Hall, in hopes to have confirmed the poor woman in her newly-assumed penitence. God give her grace to persevere in it!—To be an humble means of saving a soul from perdition! Oh, my dear Miss Darnford, let me enjoy that heart-ravishing hope!—To pluck such a brand as this out of the fire, and to assist to quench its flaming susceptibility for mischief, and make it useful to edifying purposes, what a pleasure does this afford one! How does it encourage one to proceed in the way one has been guided to pursue! How does it make me hope that I am raised to my present condition, in order to be an humble instrument in the hand of Providence to communicate great good to others, and so extend to many those benefits I have received, which, were they to go no farther than myself, what a vile, what an ungrateful creature should I be!

'I see, my dearest Miss Darnford, how useful in every condition of life a virtuous and a serious turn of mind may be!

'How have I seen some ladies in upper life behave as if they thought good actions, and a pious demeanour, would be so unfashionable as to make them the subjects of ridicule to the lighter disposed world, and so they are shamed out of their duty! But let me make it my boast, that here is such a poor girl as I, raised from the cottage to the palace, as I may say, persevering in the good purposes which had been instilled into her, by worthy, though poor parents, and the best of ladies, her mistress, and resolving to be obstinate in goodness, having stood the test of libertinism; has brought the world to expect good actions from her, to respect her for doing them; and has even found her example efficacious, through divine grace, to bring over to penitence and imitation a poor creature who used to ridicule her for nothing so much as for her innocence and virtue, which, word and thing, were the

'constant subjects of her scorn, as well as the cause of her 'persecution.

'But let me not too much dwell upon the thought, lest I 'fall into the snare that, of all others, persons meaning 'well have reason to dread; that of *spiritual pride;* the 'most dangerous of all pride.

'In hopes of seeing you with us, I will not enlarge on 'several agreeable subjects, which I could touch upon with 'pleasure, besides what I gave you in my former (of my 'reception here, and of the kindness of our genteel neigh-'bours; such, particularly, as the arrival here of my 'dear father and mother, and the kind, generous entertain-'ment they met with from my best friend: His conde-'scension in not only permitting me to attend them 'to Kent, but accompanying us thither, and settling them 'in a most happy manner, beyond their wishes and my 'own; but yet so much in character, as I may say, that 'every one must approve his judicious benevolence: The 'favours of my good Lady Davers to me, who, pleased with 'my letters, has vouchsafed to become my correspondent; 'and a thousand, thousand things, which I want personally 'to communicate to my dear Miss Darnford.

'Be pleased to present my humble respects to Lady 'Darnford, and to Miss Nanny; to good Madam Jones, 'and to your kind friends at Stamford; to Mr. and Mrs. 'Peters likewise, and their kinswoman: and beg of that 'good gentleman from me to encourage his new proselyte 'all he can; and I doubt not she will do credit, poor woman! 'to the pains he shall take with her. In hopes of your kind 'compliance with my wishes for your company, I remain

'Dearest Miss Darnford,

'Your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

'P. B——.'

This, my good Lady Davers, is the long letter I sent to Miss Darnford, who, at parting, engaged me to keep up a correspondence with her, and put me in hopes of passing a

ıonth or two with us, at the Hall, if we came down, and if ne could persuade Sir Simon and her mamma to spare her ɔ my wishes. Your ladyship will excuse me for so faintly nentioning the honours you confer upon me; but I would ıot either add or diminish in the communications I make o you.

The following is the copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes:—

You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find that at length God Almighty has touched your heart, and let you see, while health and strength lasted, the error of your ways.—Many an unhappy one has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy afflictions, or till they have been confined to the bed of sickness, when perhaps they have made vows and resolutions that have held them no longer than the discipline lasted: but you give me much better hopes of the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well convinced before some sore evil has overtaken you: And it ought to be an earnest to you of the divine favour, and should keep you from despondency.

'As to me, it became me to forgive you, as I most cordially did; since your usage of me, as it proved, was but a necessary means, in the hand of Providence, to exalt me to that state of happiness, in which I have every day more and more cause given me to rejoice, by the kindest and most generous of gentlemen.

'As I have often prayed for you, even when you used me the most unkindly, I now praise God for having heard my prayers, and with high delight look upon you as a reclaimed soul given to my supplications. May the divine goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have entered upon! And when you can taste the all-surpassing pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in a station where your example may be of advantage to the souls of others, as well as to your own; a pleasure that every good mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; then

'may you be assured that nothing but your perseverance, 'and the consequential improvement resulting from it, is 'wanted to convince you that you are in a right way; 'and that the woe that is pronounced against the pre-'sumptuous sinner belongs not to you.

'Let me therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes (for now *indeed* 'you are dear to me), caution you against two things: The 'one, that you return not to your former ways, and wil-'fully err after this repentance; for, in this case, the divine 'goodness will look upon itself as mocked by you, and will 'withdraw itself from you; and more dreadful will your 'state then be, than if you had never repented: The other, 'that you don't despair of the divine mercy, which has so 'evidently manifested itself in your favour, and has awakened 'you out of your deplorable lethargy without those sharp 'medicines and operations which others, and perhaps *not* '*more faulty* persons, have suffered. But go on cheerfully 'in the happy path which you have begun to tread. Depend 'upon it you are now in the right way, and turn not either 'to the right hand or to the left: for the reward is before 'you, in reputation and a good fame in this life, and ever-'lasting felicity beyond it.

'Your letter is that of a sensible woman, as I always 'thought you; and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you 'will approve yourself to be: and I the rather hope it, be-'cause I shall be always desirous, then, of taking every 'opportunity that offers to me of doing you real service, as 'well with regard to your present as future life: For I am, '*good* Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may call you,

'Your loving friend to serve you,

'P. B——.

'Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be 'so kind as to recommend to you, and for those under 'your direction, send for them either to Lincoln, or 'Stamford, or Grantham, as you can get them, and 'place them to my account. And may they be the 'effectual means of confirming you and them in the

'good way you are in! I have done as much for all 'here; and, I hope, to no bad effect: for I shall now 'tell them, by Mrs. Jervis, if there be occasion, that I 'hope they will not let me be outdone in Bedfordshire, 'by Mrs. Jewkes in Lincolnshire; but that the servants 'of both houses may do credit to the best of masters. 'Adieu, *good* woman! as once more I take pleasure to 'style you.'

Thus, my good lady, have I obeyed you, in transcribing ıese two letters. I will now proceed to your ladyship's velve articles. As to the

1. I will oblige your ladyship, as I have opportunity in ıy future letters, with such accounts of my dear lady's ıvour and goodness to me, as I think will be acceptable) you, and to the noble ladies you mention.

2. I am extremely delighted that your ladyship thinks) well of my dear honest parents. Indeed they are good eople, and ever had minds that set them above low and ›rdid actions; and God and your good brother has :warded them most amply in this world, which is more ıan they ever expected, after a series of unprosperousness in l they undertook.

Your ladyship is pleased to say that people in upper fe love to see how plain nature operates in honest minds, ho have hardly anything else for their guide: and if I ight not be thought to descend too low for your ladyship's tention (for, as to myself, I shall, I hope, always look ıck with pleasure to what I *was*, in order to increase y thankfulness for what I *am*), I would give you a scene resignation, and contented poverty, of which otherwise ›ur ladyship can hardly have a notion. I *will* give it, ecause it will be a scene of nature, however low, which ›ur ladyship loves, and it shall not tire you by its length.

It was upon occasion of a great loss and disappointment hich happened to my dear parents (for though they were :ver high in life, yet they were not always so low as my ›noured lady found them, when he took me): My poors

father came home; and as the loss was of such a nature as that he could not keep it from my mother, he took her hand, I remember well, and said, after he had acquainted her with it, 'Come, my dear, let us take comfort that we 'did for the best. We left the issue to Providence, as we 'ought, and that has turned it as it pleased; and we must 'be content, though not favoured as we wished. All the 'business is, our lot is not cast for this life. Let us resign 'ourselves to the divine will, and continue to do our duty, 'and this short life will soon be past. Our troubles will be 'quickly overblown; and we shall be happy in a better, I 'make no doubt.'

Then my dear mother threw her kind arms about his neck, and said with tears, 'God's will be done, my dear 'love!—All cannot be rich and happy. I am contented, 'and had rather say, I have a poor honest husband than 'a guilty rich one. What signifies repining? Let the world 'go as it will, we shall have our length and our breadth 'at last. And Providence, I make no doubt, will be 'a better friend to our good girl here, because she is 'good, than we could be, if this had not happened,'—pointing to me, who, then about eleven years old (for it was before my lady took me), sat weeping in the chimney-corner, over a few dying embers of a fire, at their moving expressions.

I arose, and kissing both their hands, and blessing them, said, 'And this length and breadth, my dear parents, will 'be one day all that the rich and the great can possess; 'and, it may be, their ungracious heirs will trample upon 'their ashes, and rejoice they are gone: while such a 'poor girl as I, am honouring the memories of mine, who, 'in their good names, and good lessons, will have left me 'the best of portions.'

And then they both hugged their prating girl to their fond bosoms, by turns; and all three were so filled with comfort in one another, that, after joining in a grateful hymn, we went to bed (what though supperless, perhaps?) with such true joy, that very few of the rich and great can

ve any idea of it; I to my loft, and they to their rush-ored cleanly bedroom. And we have had sweet sleep, and eams so pleasant, that we have reaped greater pleasures repeating them one to another, at our next leisure hour, an possibly we should have received had we enjoyed the mforts we wanted.

And, truly, I must needs say, that while the virtuous or can be blessed with such sweet enjoyments as these, contented minds all day, and in sound sleep at night, I on't know whether they have not more, even of *this* orld's pleasures, than the abounding rich. And while the ours of night bear so near a proportion to those of the ay, may not such be said, even at the worst, to pass at least *alf* their lives with more comfort than many times the *oluptuous* and *distempered* great can pretend to know?

For a farther proof that *honest poverty* is not such a eplorable thing as some people imagine, let me ask, What leasure can those over-happy persons know, who, from he luxury of their tastes, and their affluent circumstances, lways eat before they are hungry, and drink before they re thirsty? This may be illustrated by the instance of a ertain Eastern monarch, who, as I have read, marching at he head of a vast army, through a wide-extended desert, vhich afforded neither a river nor spring, for the first time ound himself (in common with his soldiers) overtaken by a raving thirst, which made him wish for, and pant after, a up of water. And when at last, after diligent and distant earch, one of his soldiers found out a little dirty puddle, nd carried him some of the filthy water in his nasty helmet, he monarch, greedily swallowing it, cried out, That in all is life he never tasted so sweet a draught!

But when I talk or write of my worthy parents, how I m on!—Excuse me, my good lady; and don't think me, this respect, too much like the cat in the fable,* turned to a fine lady; for, methinks, though I would never forget hat I was, yet I would be thought to know *how* gratefully enjoy my present happiness, as well with regard to my

* See Æsop's Fables.

obligations to GOD, as to your dear brother. But let me proceed to your ladyship's third particular.

3. And you cannot imagine, madam, how much you have set my heart at rest, when you tell me that my dear Mr. B—— gave me a just narrative of his affair with Miss Godfrey: for when your ladyship desired to know how he had recounted that story, lest you should make a misunderstanding between us unawares, I did not know what to think. I was afraid some blood had been shed on the occasion by him: for the lady was ruined, and, as to her, nothing could have happened worse. And the regard I have for Mr. B——'s future happiness, which, in my constant supplications for him in private, costs me many a tear, gave me great apprehensions, and not a little uneasiness. But as your ladyship tells me that he gave me a just account, I am happy again.

What makes one, my dear lady, in our most prosperous condition, be always intermingling one's fears of what *may be;* whereby one robs one's self of the pleasure of one's best worldly enjoyments?—Is this apprehensiveness, does your ladyship think, implanted in our natures for wise and good ends, that we may not think ourselves so happy here, as to cause us to forget that there is a better and more perfectly happy state, which we ought to aspire after? I believe it is: and if so, what a useful monitor do we carry about us, that shall make us consider and reflect, when in prosperity; and in adversity teach us to bear up to hopes of a happier lot! Thus it is said by Mr. Norris, in his translation of one of Horace's Odes:

> 'Be life and spirit when fortune proves unkind,
> And summon up the vigour of thy mind;
> But when thou'rt driven by too officious gales,
> Be wise, and gather in the swelling sails.'

I now come to your ladyship's fourth particular.

And highly delighted I am for having obtained *your* approbation of my conduct to the child, as well as of my behaviour towards the dear gentleman, on the unhappy

dy's score. Your ladyship's wise intimations about having ıe child with me, make due impressions upon me; and I :e in them, with grateful pleasure, your unmerited regard ır me. Yet, I don't know how it is, but I have conceived strange passion for this dear baby: I cannot but look pon her poor mamma as my sister in point of trial: And ıall not the prosperous sister pity and love the poor dear ster, that, in so slippery a path, has *fallen*, while *she* had ıe happiness to keep her feet?

No doubt Miss Godfrey loved virtue, and preferred it to ll considerations: 'Tis plain she did, even after her fall— hen, as I have observed in the papers* I sent your lady- ıip, she could leave country, parents, friends, and the man f all others she loved best, and seek a new fortune, run the anger of the seas, and perhaps the hazards of meeting with orse men, rather than trust to her own strength, where : had once so unhappily failed her.—What a love of virtue ır virtue's sake is this! I know not who could have acted p to this part of her character.

The rest of your ladyship's articles gave me the greatest leasure and satisfaction; and if I can but continue myself n the favour of your dear brother, and improve in that of is noble sister, how happy shall I be! I will do all I can :o deserve both. And I hope your ladyship will take as an nstance that I will, the cheerful obedience which I pay to our commands, in writing to so fine a judge such crude nd indigested stuff as otherwise I ought to be ashamed to y before you.

I am impatient for the honour, which your ladyship akes me hope for, of your presence here: and yet I per- ex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your e when near you, as to suffer in your opinion; but I omise myself that however this may be the case on your rst visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I all reap from your lessons and good example, that when- ver I shall be favoured with a *second*, you shall have fewer faults to find with me; till, as I shall be more and more

* See page 139.

favoured, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and, of consequence, more worthy than I am of the honour of styling myself,

Your ladyship's most humble
And obedient servant,
P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XXI.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

[In answer to Mrs. B——'s, p. 250.]

My dear Mrs. B——,—You are highly obliging to me in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not anybody in this world, out of our own family, in whose company I should be happier: But my papa won't part with me, I think; though I have secured my mamma in my interest; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence, because the dear perversely envious thinks *me* more valued than *she* is; and yet, foolish girl, she don't consider that, if her envy be well-grounded, I should return with more than double advantages to what I now have, improved by your charming conversation.

My papa affects to be in a fearful pet at your lecturing of him so justly; for my mamma would show him the letter; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B—— for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B—— will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his *dedimus:* and then if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B—— to join in your kind invitation: But—yet I am loath to say it to you—the character of your worthy gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in

way with my papa: For he will have it, that he is just h a rake as is to be liked by a lady; one that saves nmon appearances, and that's all; and is too handsome, witty, and too enterprising, for any *honest man* (that's Simon's phrase) *to trust his daughter with.*

My mamma pleaded his being married.—Ads-dines, dam, said he, what of all that! What married man, ien a pretty girl's in the way, minds his wife, except she s made him stand in fear of her? and that's far from the se here. Why I tell you, added his peevish highness, if r Polly should happen to slip (I thank him for his supsition), he'd make his lady nurse both *her* and the *stard* (another of his polite expressions), if he had a mind it, and she durst not refuse him. And would you trust ch a sprightly girl as Polly in the house with such a fellow that!

These, it seems, were his words and his reasonings. I ank him for his opinion of his daughter. It becomes not e to say by what rules my papa judges of mankind; rules, owever, that are not much to the credit of his sex: but it ade me put on very grave airs when I came to supper or after this repulse, and the reasons given for it, I prended indisposition, not to dine with my papa, being half-xed, and half-afraid, of his raillery), and he said, Why, w now, Polly! What! in the sullens, girl? I said, I ould have hoped that I never gave my papa cause to spect my conduct, and that he would have had a better inion of the force which the example and precepts of my od mamma had upon me.

Not your papa's example, then?—Very well, saucebox! understand you.

But, sir, said I, I hope, if I may not go to Bedfordshire, u'll permit me to go to London when Mrs. B—— es?

No, said he, positively no!

Well, sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you ould enable me to give a better reason to good Mrs. ——, why I am not permitted to accept of her kind

invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humorous positiveness: Why, then, tell her she is a very saucy lady, for her last letter to you; and that her lord and master is not to be trusted; and it is my absolute will and pleasure that you ask me no more questions about it.

I will very faithfully make this report, sir. Do so.—And so I have.—And your poor Polly Darnford is disappointed of one of the greatest pleasures she could have had.

I can't help it.—And if you truly pity me, I can put you in a way to make me easier under the disappointment than otherwise I can possibly be; and that is, to favour me with an epistolary conversation, since I am denied a personal one; and this my mamma joins me to request of you; and particularly to let us know how Lady Davers's first visit passes; which Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, who know my lady so well, likewise long to hear. And this will make us the best amends in your power for the loss of your good neighbourhood, which we had all promised to ourselves.

This denial of my papa comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a proposal made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters: He won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humorous way, lest we should fall out about it.

I suppose, I tell him, the young gentleman is to pick and choose which of the two he likes best. But be he a duke, 'tis all one to Polly, if he be not something above our common Lincolnshire class of fox-hunters.

I have shown Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression; and Mr. Peters says, He does not know that ever he did anything in all his life, that gave him so much inward reproach, as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams* sought to move him to afford you, when you were confined

* See vol. i. p. 147.

at the Hall, before Mr. B—— came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief; and all he comforts himself with is, that that very denial, as well as the other hardships you met with, were necessary to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward your unexampled virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in *your own* duty, since he had the unhappiness to lose such an opportunity to have done honour to his function, had he had the fortitude to have done *his;* and he begged of me, somehow or other, and at some time or other, to hint his concern to you on this head; and to express his hopes that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the fault of one of its professors, who never was wanting in his duty so much before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject: but he had not the courage; and, besides, did not know *how* Mr. B—— might take it, if he should see that letter, as the case had such delicate circumstances in it, that in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, he must, by implication, have cast still greater blame upon him.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favourite for that reason; and I hope *you,* who could so easily forgive the late wicked, but now penitent, Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity and constitution, than from want of principle: For once, talking of it to my mamma, before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in his eyes. She, good lady, would have given you his protection, at Mr. Williams's desire; but wanted the power * to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B——, how your virtue has shamed every one into such a sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent, are seeking to make excuses for past misbehaviour, and to promise future amendment, like penitent subjects returning to their

* See vol. i. p. 147.

duty to their conquering sovereign, after some unworthy defection.

Happy, happy lady! May you ever be so! May you always convert your enemies, invigorate the lukewarm, and every day multiply your friends, wishes

Your most affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

P.S. How I rejoice in the joy of your honest parents! God bless 'em! I am glad Lady Davers is so wise. Every one I have named desire their best respects. Let me hear from you oftener, and omit not the minutest thing: for every line of yours carries instruction with it.

—o—

LETTER XXII.

Sir Simon Darnford to Mr. B——.

SIR,—Little did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts everybody else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken such liberties with me as ought not to be taken, and sought to turn my own child against me, and make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let 'em be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is, where he most loves;

ıd that by young upstarts who are growing up to the en-
yment of those pleasures which have run away from me,
eting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part
th them. And I rung and rung; and, Where's Polly?
ır I honour the slut with too much of my notice)
here's Polly? was all my cry, to every one who came
to ask what I rung for. And at last in burst the pert
ggage, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all
ıst be well the moment she appeared, with, Do you want
', papa?

Do I want you, confidence! Yes, I do. Where have
ı been these two hours, that you never came near me,
en you knew 'twas my time to have my foot rubbed,
ich gives me mortal pain? For you must understand,
'. B——, that nobody's hand's so soft as Polly's.

She gave me a saucy answer, as I was disposed to think
because I had just then a twinge that I could scarce
ır: for pain is a plaguy thing to a man of my lively
rits. Why, with a pox to it, cannot it go and rouse up
ne stupid lethargic rascal, whose blood is ready to
gnate? There it might do some good; and not make an
nest man miserable, as it does me, who want none of its
ngent helps to feeling.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turned upon
: heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung
ıook, which I had in my hand, at her head.

This the boldface (girls nowadays make nothing of
ıosing their indulgent parents) has mentioned in a letter
your lady: and she has abused me upon it in *such* a
.nner!—Well, if you don't take some course with her,
must with you, that's positive; and young as you
', and a cripple as I am, I'll stump to an appointed
.ce, to procure to myself the satisfaction of a man of
nour.

Your lady has written to Polly what *she* would have said
me on this occasion. She has reflected upon me for not
.ding a book of mortification, when I was labouring
der so great a sense of it, and confined to my elbow-

chair in one room, whom lately half a dozen counties could hardly have contained: she has put it into Polly's head to fling this very book at her sister's head, in imitation of my example, and hopes Nancy will fling it at somebody's else, till it goes all round the house: she reproaches me for making no better use of a *good* book, as she calls Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, which I innocently was reading, to make me the more cheerfully bear my misfortune; and runs on a pack of stuff about my Polly's eyes, and skin, and I don't know what, on purpose to fill the girl with notions of what don't belong to her, in order to make her proud and saucy; and then, to inspire her with insolence to me, runs on with suppositions of what harm I might have done her, had the book bruised her face, or put out her eyes, and so forth: As if our daughters' eyes were not our own eyes, their brazen faces our brazen faces; at least till we can find somebody to take them, and all the rest of their trumpery, off our hands.—Saucy baggages! who have neither souls nor senses but what they have borrowed from us; and whose very bones, and the skin that covers them, so much their pride and their ornament, are so many parts of our own undervalued skin and bones; for our skins are only more wrinkled, by taking pains to make theirs smooth.

Nay, this fine lady of yours, this paragon of meekness and humility, in so many words bids me, or, which is worse, tells my own daughter to bid me, never to take a book in my hands again, if I won't make a better use of it!—And yet, what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them, and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once?

Then, pray, sir, do you allow your lady to beg presents from gentlemen?—This is a tender point to touch upon: But you shall know all, I am resolved. For here she sends to desire me to make her a present of this very book, and promises to send me another as good.

Come, come, sir, these are no jesting matters; for is it not a sad thing to think of, that ladies, let them be young

old, well-married or ill-married, cannot live without rigue? And here, if I were not a very honest man, and ır friend, and *resolved* to be a virtuous man too, in spite temptation, one does not know what might be the con-ıuence of such a correspondence as is here begun, or :her *desired* to be begun; for I have too much *honour* give into it, for your sake; and I hope you'll think your-f much obliged to me. I know the time that I have ıproved a more mysterious hint than this, into all that I ıd a mind to make of it. And it may be very happy for ɔu, neighbour, that I *must* and *will* be virtuous, let the mptation be from whom it will: For the finest lady the world is nothing to me now—in this my reformed ate.

But this is not all: Mrs. B—— goes on to reflect upon ıe for making her blush formerly, and saying things :fore my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed to y; and then avows malice and revenge, and all that. Vhy, sir, why, neighbour, are these things to be borne?—)o you allow your lady to set up for a general corrector f everybody's morals but your own? Do you allow her) condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this eneration; that dear polite *double entendre,* which keeps live the attention, and quickens the apprehension, of the st companies in the world, and is the salt, the sauce, which ives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments?

Very fine, truly! that more than half the world shall be ıut out of society, shall be precluded their share of con-:rsation among the gay and polite of both sexes, were ɔur lady to have her will! Let her first find people who n support a conversation with wit and good sense like r own, and then something may be said: But, till then, I sitively say, and will swear upon occasion, that *double tendre* shall not be banished from our tables; and where is won't raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will be at erty, if we please, for all Mrs. B——, and her new-ıgled notions, to force the one and the other by still ıiner hints; and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, the advances of a married lady to a gentleman who is resolved to be virtuous, and the freedom and politeness of conversation; in all which points your lady has greatly offended; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor, as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from

Your offended friend and servant,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. B—— to Sir Simon Darnford.

[In answer to the preceding.]

DEAR SIR SIMON,—You cannot but believe that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behaviour of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from such a gentleman, than I could that she would have deserved it: and I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner, that, I daresay, she will never give you like cause to appeal to me.

It happened that the criminal herself received your letter from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet; and making her honours (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, though she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends), away she tript; and I, inquiring for her, when, with surprise, as you may believe, I had read your charge, found she was gone to visit a poor sick neighbour; of which indeed she had before apprised me, because she took the chariot; but I had forgot it in my wrath.

'Twas well for her that she was not in the way: perhaps I should have taken more severe methods with her in my first emotions; and I longed for her return: And there is

other *well for her* too, in her case; for one would be ıth to spoil a son and heir, you know, Sir Simon, before : see whether the little varlet may deserve one's con-leration.

I mention these things, that you may observe it was not ving to any regard for the offender herself that I did not ınish her as much as injured friendship required at my ınds.

At last, in she came, with that sweet composure in her ıce which results from a consciousness of doing *generally* ıst and generous things; although, in this instance, she as so egregiously erred, that it behoves me (as well in ıstice to my friend, as in policy to myself; for who knows 'hither first faults may lead, if not checked in time?) to ip such boldness in the bud. And indeed the moment I eheld the charmer of my heart (for I do love her too well, ıat's certain), all my anger was disarmed; and had the ffence regarded *myself*, I must have forgiven her, in spite f all my meditated wrath. But it behoved me in a *friend's* ase not to be soon subdued by a too partial fondness; I ssumed, therefore, that sternness and displeasure which her ntrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand: her harming eye (you know what an eye she has, Sir Simon) uivered at my over-clouded aspect; and her lips, half-rawn to a smile, trembled with apprehension of a counte-ance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost er: Come along with me, Pamela, to my closet. I want) talk with you.

Dear sir! good sir! What's the matter? what have I ɔne?

We entered. I sat down, still holding her unsteady ınd, and her pulse fluttering under my finger like a dying rd.

'Tis *well*, said I, 'tis *well* your present condition pleads r you; and I must not carry what I have to say too far, r considerations less in your favour than for one unseen: ıt I have great complaints against you.

Against me, sir!—What have I done? Let me know, dear good sir! looking round, with her half-affrighted eyes, this way and that, on the books, and pictures, and on me, by turns.

You shall know soon, said I, the *crime* you have been guilty of.

Crime, sir! Pray let me!—This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time witness to the flutter you put me in.*

There hangs a tale, Sir Simon, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of this little sorceress.

I still held one hand, and she stood before me as criminals ought to do before their judge; but said, I see, sir, sure I do, or what will else become of me! less severity in your eyes, than you affect to put on in your countenance. Dear sir, let me know my fault: I will repent, acknowledge, and amend; let me *but* know it.

You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your fault, if you can look me in the face when I tell it you.

Then let me, said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck, let me thus, my dear Mr. B——, hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told; and I will not seek to extenuate it, but by my tears and my penitence.

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they can think it thus worth their while to soothe and calm the tumults of an angry heart! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement wrath* for *slight indignation*, and all the hostile provocations of the marriage warfare; they can thus hide their dear faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults to *amend* them!

I could hardly, I say, resist the sweet girl's behaviour; nay, I believe I did, unawares to myself, and in defiance of

* See vol. i. p. 86.

my resolved displeasure, press her forehead with my lips, as the rest of her face was hid on my breast: But considering it was the cause of my *friend* that I was to assert; my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted in so various a manner, by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief, in a pomp of style theatrically tragic:

I will not, too inadvertent and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance that, on this occasion, ought to give you as much joy as it has, till now, given me—since it becomes an advocate in your favour, when otherwise you might expect very severe treatment. Know then, that the letter you gave me before you went out, is a letter from a friend, a neighbour, a worthy neighbour, complaining of your behaviour to him; —no other than Sir Simon Darnford (for I would not amuse her too much); a gentleman I must always respect; and whom, as *my* friend, I expected *you* should: Since, by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, whether she thinks so well of him herself or not, a man ought always to judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself.

She raised her head at once on this: Thank Heaven, said she, it is no worse!—I was at my wit's end almost, in apprehension: but I know how this must be.—Dear sir, how could you frighten me so?—I know how all this is!—I can now look you in the face, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with! For I am sure I have not so affronted him, as to make him angry indeed. And truly (ran she on, secure of pardon, as she seemed to think) I should respect Sir Simon, not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he was not so sad a rake at a time of life——

Then I interrupted her, you must needs think, Sir Simon; for how could I bear to hear my worthy friend so freely treated?—How now, Pamela! said I; and is it thus, by *repeating* your fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to hear my friend so freely treated?

Indeed, said she, I do respect Sir Simon very much as your *friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful

failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it when the occasion comes in so pat?—And indeed I was glad of an opportunity, continued she, to give him a little rub; I must needs own it: But if it displeases you, or has made him angry in earnest, I am sorry for it, and will be less bold for the future.

Read then, said I, the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it. So I went from her, for a few minutes.

But would you believe it, Sir Simon? she seemed, on my return, very little concerned at your just complaints.—What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women!—Instead of finding her in repentant tears, as one might have expected, she took your angry letter for a jocular one; and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of *her* fault, or the reality of your resentment. Upon which, being determined to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impressed upon her, I began thus:

Pamela, Pamela, take heed that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind, in breach of your charity, to make you too rigorous a censurer of other people's actions: Don't be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine that, because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a gentleman who indulges himself in a pleasant vein, and I believe, as well as you, *has been* a great rake and libertine (You'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part): But what then? You see it is all over with him now: You see, he says himself, that he *must*, and therefore he *will* be virtuous: And is a man for ever to hear of the faults of his youth, when he himself is so willing to forget them?

Ah! but, sir, sir, said the bold slut, can you say he is *willing* to forget them?—Does he not repine here in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them? and does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—she hesitated

—Owns what?—You know what I mean, sir, and I need not speak it: And can there well be a more censurable character?—Then, dear sir, *before* his maiden daughters! *before* his virtuous lady! *before* anybody!—What a sad thing is this, at a time of life which should afford a better example!

But, dear sir, continued the bold prattler (taking advantage of a silence that was more owing to displeasure than approbation), let me, for I would not be *censorious*, (No, not she! in the very act of censoriousness to say this!) let me offer but one thing: Don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loath to be thought a reformed gentleman? Don't you see the delight he takes when he speaks of his former pranks, as if he was sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a bad story!—And have you not seen how often he has been forced to take his handkerchief to wipe the outside of his mouth, though the inside was least cleanly, when he has wounded a lady's ears, and turned, as it were, his own faulty heart inside out?—Indeed, sir, I am afraid, so bad in this way is your worthy neighbour, that he would account it a disgrace to him to be thought reformed. And how then can I abuse the gentleman, by representing him in a light in which he loves to be considered?

But, said I, were this the case (for I profess, Sir Simon, I was at a grievous loss to defend you), for you to write all these free things against a father to his daughter, is that right, Pamela?

Oh, sir! the *good* gentleman himself has taken care that such a character as I presumed to draw to miss of her papa, was no strange one to her. You have seen yourself, Mr. B——, whenever his arch leers, and the humorous attitude in which he puts himself on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters (used to him as they are) have suffered in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke it: How, particularly, dear Miss Darnford has looked at me with concern, desirous, as it were, if possible, to save her papa from the censure

which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him. And, dear sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady, who loves and honours her papa, to observe that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the example he ought to *give?* And, pardon me, sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it not a fine sight, do you think, to see a gentleman, as we have more than once seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read a passage or so in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles,* to talk filthily upon it? Methinks I see him now, added the bold slut, splitting his arch face with a broad laugh, showing a mouth with hardly a tooth in it, while he is making obscene remarks upon what he has read.

And then the dear saucy-face laughed out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, avoid laughing heartily at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend make on two or three occasions of this sort, with his dismounted spectacles, his arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polished ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days.—And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because, when I was a sad fellow, it was always a maxim with me, to endeavour to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears. And indeed I found my account sometimes in observing it.

But, resuming my gravity, Hussy, said I, do you think I will have my old friend thus made the subject of your ridicule?—Suppose a challenge should have ensued between us on your account.—What might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honour? A pretty sight this would have afforded, would it not? And what (had any one met him on the way) could he have said he was going to do? Don't you consider that a man is answerable for the faults of his wife? And if my fondness for you would have made me deny doing justice to my friend, and, on the contrary, to resolve in your behalf to give him a meeting, and he had flung his crutch at my head, as he did

he book at his daughter's, what might have been the consequence, think you?

Very bad, sir, to be sure: I see that, and am sorry for t: for had you carried off Sir Simon's crutch, as a trophy, he poor gentleman must have lain sighing and groaning ike a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had een brought to him, to have stumped home with.

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an ssue that will, I hope, make all easy: and that is this— Miss Polly, and my Pamela, shall both be punished as they eserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told that the ins of your youth don't sit so heavily upon your limbs as hey do in your imagination; and I believe change of air, nd the gratification of your revenge (a fine help to such ively spirits as yours), will set you up. You shall then take oach, and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when ve have them together, they shall humble themselves before s, and it shall be in your power to absolve or punish them, s you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner by a couple f saucy girls, who, if not taken down in time, may proeed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with hem.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set pon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will ay an obligation upon us both, which will be acknowledged vith great gratitude by, dear sir,

Your affectionate and humble servant,

W. B——.

—o—

LETTER XXIV.

Sir Simon Darnford—in reply.

HARK ye me, Mr. B——! A word in your ear: I like neither you nor your wife, to be plain with you, well enough to trust my Polly with you. What! you are to show her, in your lady's case, all the game of a lying-in, I suppose; and, at least, set the girl a longing to make one in the dance before I have found out the proper man for her partner.

But here's war declared against my poor gums, it seems. Well, I will never open my mouth before your lady as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years avoided to put on my cravat; and for what reason, do you think? —Why, because I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage that used to inspire love and terror as it pleased. And here your—what shall I call her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good-humoured old fellow—if I *am* an old fellow—or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter. Between you and your lady, you make a wretched figure of me, that's certain.— And yet, 'tis *taking my part,* with a p—x to *you,* Mr. B——! I would have said; but on your lady's account.— You see I have as much more charity than she, as she has purity than me: or I should not have put in that saving clause in her behalf.

But, what a d—l must I do?—I'd be glad at any rate to stand in your lady's graces, that I would: Nor would I be the last rake and libertine unreformed by her example, which I suppose will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But here I have been used to cut a joke, and toss the squib about; and, as far as I know, it has helped to keep me alive in the midst of pains and aches, and with

vo women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications
iat will attend on *advanced years;* for I won't (hang me
I will) give it up as absolute *old age!*

I love, I own it, to make a pretty woman blush; it is
ɔuble-damasking a fine rose, as it were; and till I saw
ɔur—[Do let me call her some free name or other! I
ways loved to be free with pretty women!—Till I saw
ɔur—methinks I like her Arcadian name, though I'm so
d a swain, as not to merit anything but rebuke at her
ands.—Well then, till I saw your]—Pamela—I thought all
dies, in their hearts, loved a little squib of that kind. For
hy should they not, when it adds so much grace to their
atures, and improves their native charms?—And often
ave I tossed the joke about, as much, in my intention, to
ɔlige *them*, as *myself*.—Yet no one can say but that I
ways wrapt it up in clean linen, as the saying is—only
iiting myself to my company, till I had made the dear
'gues *sensible*, and show they could apprehend.

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be
ortified with a looking-glass held before me, and every
rinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow.—And
hat, pray, is to succeed to this reformation?—I can
:ither fast nor pray, I doubt.—And, besides, if my stomach
id my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darn-
rd!

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you
ink; as a foil (as, by-the-by, some of your own actions
ave been to your lady's virtue) to set off some more edify-
g example, where variety of characters make up a feast in
nversation?

I beseech you, Mr. B——'s Pamela, stick me into some
sy among your finer flowers.—And if you won't put me
to your bosom, let me stand in some gay flower-pot in
ɔur chimney-corner: I may serve for show, if not for
nell. Or, let me be the bass in your music, or permit my
amorous humdrum to serve as a pardonable kind of dis-
ɔrd to set off your own harmony.—I verily think I cannot
e so good as you'd have me to be: So pray let your poor

Anacreon go off with what he loves. It will be very cruel, if you won't.

Well, but, after all, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself: And fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time, a bolder sinner than ever I was (with your maxim of touching ladies hearts, without wounding their ears, which made surer work with them, that was all), though, 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed: and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north and south, owe great obligations to your fair reclaimer. But here is a fine prim young fellow coming out of Norfolk, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hands, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly; though I tell her I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying.—And would you have her be attending your wife's nursery, when she may possibly be put into a way to have a raree-show of her *own?*

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your kind Mrs. B——'s request. But if this matter should go off; if he should not like *her,* or she *him;* or if I should not like *his* terms, or he *mine;*—or, still another *or,* if he should like Nancy better—why, then, perhaps if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honour, and let her go for a month or two: for the devil's in you, if you attempt to abuse such a generous confidence.—As to the superiority of beauty in your own lady, I depend nothing on that; for, with you young fellows, variety has generally greater charms.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too (who, however, are less to be excused in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another sooty rascal), I give a proof of my charity which I hope, with Mrs. B——, will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, though I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the

strictest sense, I can be an *admirer* of it; and that is some little merit: and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than

Your humble servant,

SIMON DARNFORD.

—o—

LETTER XXV.

Mrs. B—— to her Parents.

MY HONOURED AND DEAR PARENTS,—I hope you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, and having had nothing new to entertain you with. And yet this last is but a poor excuse neither to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times; lest I should not, when viewed so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But this I resolve upon, I will not endeavour to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She has, and must have, advantages, by conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to assume, or to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to show such a respectful obligingness to my lady, as shall be consistent with the condition to which I am raised; that so her ladyship may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her dear brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending: And as to my family management, I am the less afraid of inspection, because by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above dark reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, that should make me wish to avoid the most scrutinising eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a

young lady of uncommon merit. But you know her character from my former writings. She is very solicitous to hear of everything that concerns me, and particularly how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first; for she has the least pride, and the most benevolence and solid thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and knows not what it is to envy any one. I shall write to her often: And as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from this lady, as I hope to do, the return of my letters to her, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights that I have such dear, such worthy parents (as I hope in God I long shall), to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The papers I send herewith will afford you some diversion; particularly those relating to Sir Simon Darnford; and I must desire, that when you have perused them (as well as what I shall send for the future), you will return them to me.

Mr. Longman gave me great pleasure, on his last return from you, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation on this occasion, which, I daresay, will please you as much as it did me.

After he had been adjusting some affairs with his dear principal, which took them up two hours, my best-beloved sent for me.—My dear, said he, taking my hand, and seating me by him, and making the good old gentleman sit down (for he will always rise at my approach), Mr. Longman and I have settled in two hours some accounts which would have taken up as many months with some persons. For never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant than Mr. Longman: He gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account

of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it.—Now, my charmer, said he, I see your sweet eyes begin to glisten: Oh, how this subject raises your whole soul to the windows of it!—Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman, and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty!

I endeavoured before Mr. Longman to rein in a gratitude that my throbbing heart confessed through my handkerchief, as I could perceive: But the good old gentleman could not hinder his from showing itself at his worthy eyes, to see how much I was favoured—*oppressed*, I should say—with the tenderest goodness to me, and kind expressions.—Excuse me, sir, excuse me, madam, said he, wiping his cheeks: My delight to see such merit so justly rewarded, will not be contained, I think.—And so he arose and walked to the window.

Well, good Mr. Longman, said I, as he returned towards us, you give me the pleasure to know that my father and mother are well; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty that I, and many more, rejoice in.

Well and happy, madam!—Ay, that they are, indeed! and a worthier couple never lived, I assure you. Most nobly do they go on in the farm. Your honour is one of the happiest gentlemen in the world. All the good you do, returns upon you in a trice. It may well be said, *You cast your bread upon the waters;* for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, madam, are hugely delighted with their good steward: everything prospers under his management. The gentry love both him and my dame; and the poor people adore them. Indeed they do a power of good, in visiting their poor neighbours, and giving them cordials, and such like; insomuch, that colics, agues, and twenty distempers, nipped in the bud, fly before them. And yet the doctors themselves can have nothing to say against them; for they administer help to those only who cannot be at the charge either of skill or physic.

In this manner ran on Mr. Longman, to my inexpres-

sible delight, you may believe: and when he withdrew, 'Tis an honest soul, said my dear Mr. B——: I love him for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am that everything answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and be happy!

The dear man makes me spring to his arms whenever he touches this string: For he speaks always thus generously and kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you don't live only to yourselves: And now and then adds, That he is as much satisfied with your prudence, as he is with mine; that parents and daughter do credit to one another; and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth make him take as great pleasure in you as if you were his own relations. How delighting! how transporting, rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well everything is taken that you do.

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London: and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may more frequently hear from one another; which, to be sure, will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I have such an account given me of the immoralities which persons may observe there, along with the public diversions, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For, they say, quarrels, and duels, and gallantries, as they are called, so often happen in London that those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprise.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of

Your ever dutiful daughter,

P. B——.

LETTER XXVI.

To Mrs. B—— from her Parents.

My dearest Child,—It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is which we confer on our poor neighbours, and the labouring people, lest it should be surmised by anybody that we are lavishing away wealth that is not our own. Not that we fear either our honoured husband or you will suspect any such matter, or that the worthy Mr. Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it as you write he did. What we do is in small things, though the good we hope from them is not small, perhaps: And if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbours, that would require anything considerable, and the objects be deserving, we would acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God should direct you.

But this, indeed, we have done, and continue to do: We have furnished ourselves with simple waters and cordials of several sorts; and when in a hot sultry day I see poor labouring creatures ready to faint and drop down, if they are only fatigued, I ordered them a mouthful of bread or so, and a cup of good ale or beer; and this makes them go about their business with new spirits: and when they bless me for it, I tell them they must bless the good 'squire, from whose bounty, next to God, it all proceeds. If they are ill, I give them a cordial; and we have been the means of setting up several poor creatures who have laboured under colicky and aguish disorders, or have been taken with slight stomach ailments. And nothing is lost by it, my dear child; for poor people have as grateful souls as anybody; and it would delight your dear heart to see how many drooping spirits we have raised, and how, in an hour or two, some of them, after a little cordial refreshment, from languishing under a hedge, or behind a haystack,

have skipped about as nimble as a deer, whistling and singing, and pursuing with alacrity their several employments; and instead of cursing and swearing, as is the manner of some wicked wretches, nothing but blessings and praises poured out of their glad hearts upon his honour and you; calling me their father and friend, and telling me they will live and die for me and my wife; and that we shall never want an industrious servant to do his honour's business, or to cultivate the farm I am blessed in. And in like sort we communicate to our sick or wanting neighbours, even although they be not tenants to the estate.

Come, my dear child, you are happy, very happy, to be sure you are; and, if it *can* be, may you be yet happier and happier! But still I verily think you cannot be more happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, That all *our* happiness, under God, proceeds from you; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have blessed your parents (or your honoured husband rather, for your sake) with all the good things this world can afford.

The papers you send us are the joy of our leisure hours; and you are kind beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them. We know how your time is taken up, and ought to be very well contented, if but now and then you let us hear of your health and welfare. But it is not enough with such a good daughter, that you have made our lives *comfortable*, but you will make them *joyful* too, by communicating to us all that befalls you: And then you write so piously, and with such a sense of God's goodness to you, and intermix such good reflections in your writings, that, whether it be our partial love or not, I cannot tell, but, truly, we think nobody comes up to you: And you make our hearts and our eyes so often overflow as we read, that we join hand in hand together; and I say to her, Blessed be God, and blessed be you, my dear! and she, in the same breath, Blessed be God, and you, my love! —For such a daughter, says the one—For such a daughter,

's the other.—And she has your own sweet temper, cry —And she has your own honest heart, cries she: And we go on, blessing God, and blessing you, and blessing ır spouse, and blessing ourselves!—Is any happiness like r happiness, my dear daughter!

Really and indeed we are so enraptured with your writ-gs, that when our spirits flag through the infirmity of years, ıich hath begun to take hold of us, we have recourse to ne of your papers: Come, my dear, cry I, what say you a banquet now?—She knows what I mean. With all my art, says she.—So I read, although it be on a Sunday, so od are your letters; and you must know I have copies a many of them: And after a little while we are as much ve and brisk as if we had no flagging at all, and return the duties of the day with double delight.

Consider then, my dear child, what joy your writings ve us: And yet we are afraid of oppressing you, who ıve so much to do of other kinds; and we are heartily ad you have found out a way to save trouble to yourself, ıd rejoice us, and oblige so worthy a young lady as Miss arnford, all at one time. I never shall forget her dear ıodness to me, and the notice she took of me at the all,* kindly pressing my rough hands with her fine hands, ıd looking in my face with *so* much kindness in her eyes! ·to be sure I never shall.—What good people, as well as d, there are in high stations!—Thank God there are; ıe our poor child would have had a sad time of it too ten, when she was obliged to *step out of herself*, as once heard you phrase it, into company you could not *live th.*

Well, but what shall I say more? And yet how shall I d?—Only with my prayers that God will continue to u the blessings and comforts you are in possession of! And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about what may ppen at London; for why should you let the dread of ture evils lessen your present joys? There is no absolute rfection in this life, that's true; but one would make

* See vol. i. p. 337.

one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be troubled when troubles come.—*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

Rejoice then, my dear child, as you have often said you would, in your present blessings, and leave the event of things to the Supreme Disposer of all events. And what have *you* to do but rejoice? *You,* who cannot see a sun rise, but it is to bless you, and to raise up from their beds numbers to join in the blessing! *You,* who can bless your high-born friends, and your low-born parents, and obscure relations! who can bless the rich by your example, and the poor by your bounty; and bless, besides, so good and so brave a husband!—Oh, my dear child, what, let me repeat it, have *you* to do but rejoice!—*For many daughters have done wisely, but you have excelled them all.*

I will only add, that everything the 'squire ordered is just upon the point of being finished. And when the good time comes that we shall be again favoured with his presence and yours, what a still greater joy will this afford to the already overflowing hearts of

Your ever loving father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

MY DEAREST MISS DARNFORD,—The interest I take in everything that concerns you, makes me very importunate to know how you approve the gentleman whom some of his best friends and wellwishers have recommended to your favour. I hope he will deserve your good opinion, and then he must excel most of the unmarried gentlemen in England.

Your papa, in his humorous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches: But indeed were he as rich as

rœsus, he should not have my consent, if he has no greater erit; though that is what the generality of parents look ıt for first: And indeed an easy fortune is so far from ːing to be disregarded, that, when attended with *equal* erit, I think it ought to have a preference given to it, ıpposing affections disengaged. For 'tis certain that a ıan or woman may stand as good a chance for happiness ı marriage with a person of fortune, as with one who has ɔt that advantage; and notwithstanding I had neither ches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with ıose who say that they never knew anybody despise ther, that had them. But to permit riches to be the *·incipal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that the fault which many a one smarts for, whether the ıoice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who ave a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy body, might some, who have not Miss)arnford's kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, ho being thus meanly descended, nevertheless presumes) give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked. But have one thing, my dear miss, to say; and that is, that think myself so entirely divested of partiality to my own ıse, that as far as my judgment shall permit, I will never ave that in view when I am presuming to hint my opinion : general rules. For most surely the honours I have ːceived, and the debasement to which my best friend has ıbjected himself, have, for their principal excuse, that the ːntleman was entirely independent, had no questions to ık, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well ; the person he chose, happy, though she brought him othing at all; and that he had, moreover, such a char-ːter for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that obody could impute to him any other inducement but ıat of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so ·equently, and, I will say, so wickedly, tried, and could not ıbdue.

But why do I thus run on to Miss Darnford, whose artial friendship attributes to me merits I cannot claim?

I will therefore quit this subject, as a needless one to her, and proceed to what was principally in my view when I began to write; and that is, to complain of your papa, who has, let me say it, done his endeavours to set at variance a gentleman and his wife.

I will not enter into the particulars, because the appeal is to Cæsar, and it would look like invading his prerogative to take it into my own hands. But I can tell Sir Simon that he is the only gentleman, I hope, who, when a young person of my sex asked him to make her a present of a book, would put such a mischievous turn as he has done upon it, to her husband!—Indeed from the *beginning* I had reason to call him a tell-tale.*—But, no more of that—yet I must say, I had rather he should have flung this book at *my* head too, than to have made a so much worse use of it. But I came off tolerably; no thanks to Sir Simon, however!—And *but* tolerably, neither: for Mr. B—— kept me in suspense a good while, and put me in great flutters before he let me into the matter.

But I was much concerned, my dear Miss Darnford, at first, till you gave a reason I better liked afterwards, for Sir Simon's denying your company to me, after I had obtained the favour of your mamma's consent, and you were kindly inclined yourself to oblige me: and that was, that Sir Simon had a bad opinion of the honour of my dear Mr. B——. For as to that part of his doubt, which reflected dishonour upon his dear daughter, it was all but the effect of his strange free humour, on purpose to vex you.

That gentleman must be the most abandoned of men who would attempt anything against the virtue of a lady intrusted to his protection: and I am grieved, methinks, that the dear man, who is the better part of myself, and has, to his own debasement, acted so honourably by me, should be thought capable of so much vileness. But forgive me, miss; it is only Sir Simon, I daresay, who could think so hardly of him: and I am in great hope, for the honour of the *present* age (quite contrary to the aspersion that every age grows

* See vol. i. p. 210.

worse and worse), that the *last*, if it produced people capable of such attempts, was wickeder than this.

Bad as Mr. B——'s designs and attempts were upon me, I can, now I am set above fearing them, and am enabled to reflect upon them with less terror and apprehension, be earnest, for his own dear sake, to think him not, even *then*, the worst of men, though bad enough in all conscience: For have we not heard of those who have had no remorse or compunction at all, and have actually executed all their vile purposes, when a poor creature was in their power?—Yet (indeed after sore trials, that's true!) did not God turn his heart? And although I was still helpless, and without any friend in the world, and in the hands of a poor vile woman, who, to be sure, was worse than he, provoking him to ruin me, and so wholly in his power that I durst not disobey him, whether he bade me come to him, or be gone from him, as he was pleased or displeased with me; yet, I say, for all this, did he not overcome his criminal passion, and entertain an honourable one, though to his poor servant girl; and brave the world, and the world's censures, and marry me?

And does not this show that the seeds of honour were kept alive in his heart, though choked or kept from sprouting forth, for a time, by the weeds of sensuality, pride, and youthful impetuosity? And by cutting down the latter, have not the former taken root, have they not shot out, and, in their turn, *kept down*, at least, the depressed weeds? And who now lives more virtuously than Mr. B——?

Let me tell you, my dear miss, that I have not heard of many instances of gentlemen, who, having designed vilely, have stopt short and acted so honourably; and who continue to act so nobly: and I have great confidence that he will, in time, be as pious as he is now moral; for though he has a few bad notions, which he talks of now and then, as polygamy, and such like, which indeed give me a little serious thought sometimes, because a man is too apt to practise what he has persuaded himself to believe is no

crime; yet I hope they are owing more to the liveliness of his wit (a wild quality, which does not always confine itself to proper exercises) than to his judgment. And if I can but see the first three or four months' residence over in that wicked London (which, they say, is so seducing a place) without adding to my apprehensions, how happy shall I be!

So much, slightly, have I thought proper to say in behalf of my dear Mr. B——. For a good wife cannot but hope for a sweeter and more elevated companionship (if her presumptuous heart makes her look upward with hope herself) than this transitory state can afford us. And what a sad case is hers, who, being as exemplary as human frailty will permit her to be, looks forward upon the partner of her adverse, and of her prosperous estate, the husband of her bosom, the father of her children, the head of her family, as a poor unhappy soul, destined to a separate and a miserable existence for ever!—Oh, my dear friend! how can such a thought be supportable!—But what high consolation, what transport rather, at times, must hers be, who shall be blessed with the hope of being an humble instrument to reclaim such a dear, dear, thrice dear partner! —And that, heart in heart, and hand in hand, they shall one day issue forth from this encumbered state into a blessed eternity, benefited by each other's example!—I will lay down my pen, and enjoy the rich thought for a few moments.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters' sentiments in relation to that part of his conduct to me, which (oppressed by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once indeed I censured; and so much the readier, as I had ever so great an honour for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good, and virtuous, was the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness: and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: How hard was then my lot, to be a cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart! To

be sure, a gentleman who knows so well, and practises so well his duty, in every other instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible that it would not have misbecome his function and character to have afforded that protection to oppressed innocence which was requested of him; and how would it have grieved his considerate mind had my ruin been completed, that he did not!

But as he had once a namesake, as one may say, that failed in a much greater instance, let not *my* want of charity exceed *his* fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity to which the most perfect are liable. I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carried off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions; who, in this very instance, showed how much in earnest he was set upon effecting all his vile purposes; and whose heart, although God might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could.

Then he was not sure that though he might assist my escape, I might not afterwards fall again into the hands of so determined a violator; and that difficulty would not, with such a one, enhance his resolution to overcome all obstacles.

Moreover, he might think that the person who was moving him to this worthy measure, might possibly be seeking to gratify a view of his own; and that while he was endeavouring to save, to outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was in reality only helping another to a wife, at the hazard of exposing himself to the vindictiveness of a violent temper and a rich neighbour, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension,* groundless, entirely groundless as it was, though not improbable, as it might seem to him.

Then again, the sad examples set by too many European sovereigns, in whom the *royal* and *priestly offices* are united; (for are not kings the *Lord's Anointed?*) and the little scruple which many persons, right reverend by their func-

* See vol. i. p. 147.

tions and characters, too generally make to pay sordid court and visits (far from bearing their testimony against such practices), even to concubines, who have interest to promote them, are no small discouragements to a private clergyman to do his duty, and to make himself enemies among his powerful neighbours, for the cause of virtue.* And especially (forgive me, deâr Sir Simon Darnford, if you should see this), when an eminent magistrate, one of the principal gentlemen of the county, of an independent fortune, who had fine young ladies to his daughters (who had nothing but their superior conditions, not their sex, to exempt them from like attempts), a justice of peace, and of the *quorum*; refused to BE a justice, though such a breach of the *peace* was made, and such a violation of *morals* plainly intended. This, I say, must add to the discouragement of a gentleman a little too diffident and timorous of himself: and who having no one to second him, had he afforded me his protection, must have stood alone in the gap, and made to himself, in an active gentleman, an enemy who had a thousand desirable qualities to make one wish him for a friend.

For all these considerations I think myself obliged to pity, rather than too rigorously to censure, the worthy gentleman. And I must and will always respect him. And thank him a thousand times, my dear, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such: for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault, when he thinks he has committed one.

Indeed, my dear friend, I have so much honour for the clergy of all degrees, that I never forget in my prayers one article, that God will make them shining lights to the world; since so much depends on their ministry and examples, as well with respect to our public as private duties. Nor shall the faults of a few make impression upon me to the disadvantage of the order. For I am afraid a very censorious

* That these arguments were pleaded by Mr. Peters, see vol i. pp. 147, 148.
† See vol. i. p. 147.

emper, in this respect, is too generally the indication of an ncharitable, and perhaps a profligate heart, levelling haracters, in order to cover some inward pride, or secret normities, which they are ashamed to avow, and will not e instructed to amend.

Forgive, my dear, this tedious scribble; I cannot, for my fe, write short letters to those I love. And let me hope hat you will favour me with an account of your new affair, nd how you proceed in it; and with such of your conversaions as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. 'or, alas! your poor friend knows nothing of this. All her ourtship was sometimes a hasty snatch of the hand, a black nd blue gripe of the arm, and, Whither now?—Come to ne, when I bid you!—And saucy-face, and creature, and uch like, on his part—with fear and trembling on mine; nd—I will, I will!—Good sir, have mercy! At other times . scream, and nobody to hear or mind me; and with uplifted ıands, bent knees, and tearful eyes—For God's sake, pity 'our poor servant!

This, my dear Miss Darnford, was the hard treatment hat attended my courtship.—Pray, then, let me know how ;entlemen court their equals in degree; how they look when hey address you, with their knees bent, sighing, supplicating, nd *all that*, as Sir Simon says, with the words slave, servant, ıdmirer, continually at their tongues' ends.

But after all it will be found, I believe, that be the anguage and behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed o end alike.—The English, the plain English, of the politest ıddress, is, I am now, dear madam, your humble servant: ?ray be so good as to let me be your master. Yes, and hank you too, says the lady's heart, though not her lips, if he likes him. And so they go to church together. And, n conclusion, it will be happy if these obsequious courtships nd no worse than my frightful one.

But I am convinced that, with a man of sense, a woman of tolerable prudence *must* be happy.

That whenever you marry, it may be to such a man, who then must value you as you deserve, and make you as

happy as I now am, notwithstanding all that's past, wishes and prays

Your obliged friend and servant,

P. B——.

N.B. Although Miss Darnford could not receive the above letter so soon as to answer it before others were sent to her by her fair correspondent; yet we think it not amiss to dispense with the order of time, that the reader may have the letter and answer at one view: and shall on other occasions take the like liberty.

—o—

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

[In answer to the preceding.]

My dear Mrs. B——,—You charm us all with your letters. Mr. Peters says, he will never go to bed, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires I will return his thankful acknowledgments for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says you are one. My papa, although he has seen your stinging reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too; and says, when you come down to Lincolnshire again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest; for he thinks it was wrong in him to deny you his protection.

We are pleased with your apology for Mr. B——. 'Tis so much the part of a good wife to extenuate her husband's faults, and make the best of his bad qualities, in order to give the world a good opinion of him; that, together with the affecting instances of your humility, in looking back with so much true greatness of mind to what you were, make us all join to admire you, and own that nobody can deserve what you deserve.

Yet I am sorry, my dear friend, to find, notwithstanding ur defence of Mr. B——, that you have any apprehensions out London. 'Tis pity anything should give you con- rn. As to Mr. B——'s talking in favour of polygamy, u cannot expect that he can shake off all his bad notions once. And it must be a great comfort to you that his *tions* do not correspond, and that his liberties have been duced to *notions* only. In time, we hope that he will be erything you wish him. If not, with such an example fore him, he will be the more culpable.

We all smiled at the description of your own uncommon urtship. And as they say the days of courtship are the appiest part of life, if we had not known that your days f marriage are happier by far than any other body's court- ip, we must needs have pitied you. But as the one were ays of trial and temptation, the other are days of reward nd happiness. May the last always continue to be so, nd you'll have no occasion to think anybody happier than Irs. B——!

I thank you heartily for your good wishes as to the man f sense. Mr. Murray has been here, and continues his isits. He is a lively gentleman, well enough in his person, as a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take is bottle freely; my papa likes him ne'er the worse for at: he talks a good deal; dresses gay, and even richly, nd seems to like his own person very well: no great plea- re this for a lady to look forward to: yet he falls far short that genteel ease and graceful behaviour which distin- ish your Mr. B—— from anybody I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an -natured girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and fancy she'd like him well enough. I can't say I do. He ughs too much; has something boisterous in his conver- tion; his complaisance is not a pretty complaisance: He however, well versed in country sports; and my papa ves him for that too, and says, he is a most accomplished ntleman. Yes, sir, cry I, as gentlemen go.—You *must* saucy, says Sir Simon, because the man offers himself to

your acceptance. A few years hence, perhaps, if you remain single, you'll alter your note, Polly, and be willing to jump at a much less worthy tender.

I could not help answering, That although I paid due honour to everything that my papa was pleased to say, I could not but hope he would be mistaken in this.

But I have broken my mind to my dear, my indulgent mamma, who tells me she will do me all the pleasure she can; but would be loath the youngest daughter should *go first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now and then, I did not care who married, unless such an one offered, as I never expect.

I have great hope the gentleman will be easily persuaded to quit me for Nancy; for I see he has not delicacy enough to love with any great distinction. He says, as my mamma tells me by the by, that I am the handsomest, and best humoured; and he has found out, as he thinks, that I have some wit, and have ease and freedom (and he tacks innocence to them) in my address and conversation. 'Tis well for me *he* is of this opinion; for if he thinks justly, which I much question, *anybody* may think so still much more; for I have been far from taking pains to engage his good word, having been under more reserve to him than ever I was before to anybody.

Indeed I can't help it; for the gentleman is forward without delicacy; and (pardon me, Sir Simon) my papa has not one bit of it neither: but is for pushing matters on, with his rough raillery, that puts me out of countenance, and has already adjusted the sordid part of the preliminaries, as he tells me.

Yet I hope Nancy's three thousand pounds fortune, more than I am likely to have,* will give her the wished-for preference with Mr. Murray; and then, as to a brother-in-law, in prospect, I can put off all restraint, and return to my usual freedom.

This is all that occurs worthy of notice from us: but from you we expect an account of Lady Davers's visit,

* See vol. i. p. 383.

nd of the conversations that offer among you; and you ave so delightful a way of making everything momentous, ither by your subject or reflections, or both, that we long or every post-day, in hopes of the pleasure of a letter.— And yours I will always carefully preserve, as so many estimonies of the honour I receive in this correspondence: vhich will be always esteemed as it deserves, by, my dear Mrs. B——,

Your obliged and faithful

POLLY DARNFORD.

Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jones, my papa, mamma, and sister, present their respects. Mr. Peters I mentioned before. He continues to give a very good account of poor Jewkes; and is much pleased with her.

—o—

LETTER XXIX.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—At your desire, and to oblige your honoured mamma, and your good neighbours, I will now acquaint you with the arrival of Lady Davers, and will occasionally write what passes among us: I will not say worthy of notice; for were I only to do so, I should be more brief perhaps, by much, than you seem to expect. But as my time is pretty much taken up, and I find I shall be obliged to write a bit now and a bit then, you must excuse me if I dispense with some forms, which I ought to observe when I write to one I so dearly love; and so I will give it journal-wise, as it were, and have no regard, when it would fetter or break in upon my freedom of narration, to inscription or subscription; but send it as I have opportunity: And if you please to favour me so far as to lend it me, after you have read the stuff, for the perusal

of my father and mother, to whom my duty and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings, it will save me transcription, for which I shall have no time; and then you will excuse blots and blurs, and I will trouble myself no farther for apologies on that score, but this once for all.

If you think it worth while, when they have read it, you shall have it again.

—o—

Wednesday morning, six o'clock.

For my dear friend permits me to rise an hour sooner than usual, that I may have time to scribble; for he is always pleased to see me so employed, or in reading; often saying, when I am at my needle (as his sister once wrote*): Your maids can do this, Pamela; but they cannot write as you can. And yet, as he tells me, when I choose to follow my needle, as a diversion from too intense study, as he is pleased to call it (but, alas! I know not what study is, as may be easily guessed by my hasty writing, putting down everything as it comes), I shall then do as I please. But you must understand I promised, at setting out, what a good wife I'd endeavour to make:† And every honest body should try to be as good as her word, you know; and such particulars as I then mentioned, I think I ought to dispense with as little as possible; especially as I promised no more than what was my duty to perform, if I had *not* promised.—But what a preamble is here?—Judge by it what impertinencies you may expect, as I proceed.

Yesterday about six in the evening, arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and the Countess of C——, mother of Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater favour. It seems her ladyship longed, as she said, to see *me;* and this was her principal inducement. The two ladies, and their two women, were

* See page 196. † See page 298, et seq.

n Lord Davers's coach and six, and my lord and his ıephew rode on horseback, attended with a train of ervants.

We had expected them to dinner; but they could not each time enough; for the countess being a little incommoded with her journey, the coach travelled slowly. My ady would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, to come ıither before her, though on horseback, because she would ıe present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he ıaving quite forgot *her mother's Pamela;* that was her vord.

It rained when they came in; so the coach drove lirectly to the door, and Mr. B—— received them there: 3ut I was in a little sort of flutter, which Mr. B—— ıbserving, made me sit down in the parlour to compose nyself. Where's Pamela? said my lady as soon as she ılighted.

I stept out, lest she should take it amiss; and she took ny hand and kissed me. Here, my lady countess, said he, presenting me to her—Here's the girl: See if I said oo much in praise of her person.

The countess saluted me with a visible pleasure in her ;ye, and said, Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. 'Twould ıave been strange (excuse me, Mrs. B——, for I know 'our story) if such a fine flower had not been transplanted rom the field to the garden.

I made no return, but by a low courtesy, to her ladyhip's compliment. Then Lady Davers, taking my hand ıgain, presented me to her lord: See here, my lord, my nother's Pamela.—And see here, my lord, said her gene-'ous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, see here 'our brother's Pamela too!

My lord saluted me. I do, said he to his lady: I do, aid he to his brother: and I see the first person in her, :hat has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder.

Mr. H——, whom every one calls Lord Jackey, after his aunt's example, when she is in good humour with him,

and who is a very *young* gentleman, though about as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, Lovelier and lovelier, by my life!—I never saw your peer, madam.

Will you excuse me, my dear, all this seeming vanity, for the sake of repeating exactly what passed?

Well, but, said my lady, taking my hand in her free quality way, which quite dashed me, and holding it at a distance, and turning me half round, her eye fixed to my waist, Let me observe you a little, my sweet-faced girl!—I hope I am right: I hope you will do credit to my brother, as he has done you credit.—Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B——?

I was unable to look up, as you may believe, miss. My face, all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked *so silly!*——

Ay, said my naughty lady, you may well look down, my good girl: for works of this nature will not be long hidden. And, oh! my lady (to the countess), see how like a pretty *thief* she looks!

Dear my lady! said I—for still she kept looking at me: And her good brother, seeing my confusion, in pity to me, pressed my blushing face a moment to his generous breast; and said, Lady Davers, you should not be thus hard upon my dear girl the moment you see her, and before so many witnesses: But look up, my best love, take your revenge of my sister, and tell her you wish her in the same way.

It is so then! said my lady: I'm glad of it with all my heart. I will now love you better and better; but I almost doubted it, seeing her still so slender. But if, my good child, you lace too tight, I'll never forgive you. And so she gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she said.

Do you think I did not look very silly?—My lord smiling, and gazing at me from head to foot, Lord Jackey grinning and laughing, like an oaf, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed the countess said, encouragingly to me, but severely on persons of birth—Lady Davers, you are as much too teasing as Mrs. B—— is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B——, that your lady's bashfulness

s the principal mark by which we can judge she is not of uality. Lord Jackey, in the language of some character a play, cried out, *A palpable hit,* by Jupiter! and laughed gregiously, running about from one to another, repeating he same words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper-time, nd I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be; for the ountess had, by her first compliment, and by an aspect as oble as intelligent, over-awed me, as I may say, into a espectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though leasant raillery (which she could not help carrying on ow and then), contributed. Besides, Lady Davers's letters ad given me still greater reason to revere her wit and udgment than I had before, when I reflected on her pas-ionate temper, and such parts of the conversation I had ad with her ladyship in your neighbourhood; which however to be admired) fell short of her letters.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, little diffidently; for I really then thought of my lady's nger at the Hall, when she would not have permitted me o sit at the table with her;* and Mr. B—— saying, Take our place, my dear; you keep our friends standing; I sat own in my usual seat. And my lady said, None of your eproaching eye, Pamela; I know what you hint at by it: nd every letter I have received from you has helped to ake me censure myself for my *lady-airs,* as you call 'em, ou saucebox you! I told you, I'd *lady-airs* you when I saw ou; and you shall have it all in good time.

I'm sure, said I, I shall have nothing from your ladyship ut what will be very agreeable: But indeed I never eant anything particular by that, or any other word that wrote; nor could I think of anything but what was highly espectful to your ladyship.

Lord Davers was pleased to say, that it was impossible I hould either write or speak anything that could be taken miss.

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were with-

* See page 72.

drawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers; for he has spoken to Lord S——, who made him a visit a few days ago; to procure you a baronet's patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family besides is so ancient, that methinks you should wish for some distinction of that sort.

Yes, brother, said my lord, I did mention it to Lord S——, and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire that I spoke about it; and I was not very sure you would accept of it: But 'tis a thing your sister has wished for a good while.

What answer did my Lord S—— make to it? said Mr. B——.

He said, We, meaning the ministers, I suppose, should be glad to oblige a man of Mr. B——'s figure in the world; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any gentleman that is so indifferent about it; for, Lord Davers, we seldom grant honours without a view, I tell you that, added he, smiling.

My Lord S—— might mention this as a jest, returned Mr. B——, but he spoke the truth. But your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. 'Tis true 'tis an hereditary title; but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of knight (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt almost as that of the French knights of St. Michael,* and nobody cares to accept of it), now are ambitious of this; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, 'tis a novel honour, and what the ancestors of our family, who lived at its institution, would never accept of. But were it a peerage they would give me, which has some essential privileges and splendours annexed to it that would make it desirable to some men, I would not enter into conditions for it. Titles at best, added he, are but shadows, and he

* This order was become so scandalously common in France, that, in order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it, which effectually abolished it.

:hat has the substance should be above valuing them; for vho that has the whole bird would pride himself upon a ingle feather?

But, said my lady, although I acknowledge that the nstitution is of late date, yet as abroad, as well as at home, t is regarded as a title of dignity, and it is supposed that he best families among the gentry are distinguished by it, I hould be glad you would accept of it. And as to citizens vho have it, they are not many; and some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants however, have brought themselves into the peerage itself of the one kingdom or the other.

As to what it is looked upon abroad, said Mr. B——, that is of no weight at all; for when an Englishman travels, be he of what degree he will, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, he is a lord of course with foreigners: and therefore Sir *Such-a-one* is rather a diminution to him, as it fixes him down to a lower title than his vanity would perhaps make him aspire to be thought in the possession of. Then, as to citizens, in a trading nation like this, I am not displeased, in the main, with seeing the overgrown ones creeping into nominal honours; and we have so many of our first titled families who have allied themselves to trade (whose inducements were money only), that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or a disgrace to the honour.

Well, brother, said my lady, I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for: if you will but go to court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you'll have: and pray now oblige me in it.

If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man, replied Mr. B——, I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so entirely satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title to show he was theirs, and would not have an

higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount to half the pension he demanded: And could I be easy to have it supposed that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a baronet?

The countess said, The world always thought Mr. B—— to be a man of steady principles, and not attached to any party; but it was her opinion, that it was far from being inconsistent with any gentleman's honour and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledged as his sovereign.

'Tis very true, madam, replied Mr. B——, that I am attached to no party, nor ever will; and I have a mean opinion of many of the heads of both: Nay, I will say further, that I wish at my heart the gentlemen in the administration would pursue such measures that I could give them every vote; as I always will every one that I can; and I have no very high opinion of those who, right or wrong, would distress or embarrass a government. For this is certain, that our governors cannot be always in the wrong; and he, therefore, who never gives them a vote, must sometimes be in the wrong, as well as they, and must, moreover, have some view he will not own. But in a country like ours, where each of the legislative powers is in a manner independent, and where they are designed as mutual checks upon one another, I have, notwithstanding, so great an opinion of the necessity of an opposition sometimes, that I am convinced it is that which must preserve our constitution. I will therefore be a *country gentleman*, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own.

You say well, brother, returned Lady Davers; but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king, and accept of this title; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title than the title to you.

Then what occasion have I for it, if that be the case, ıadam?

Why, I can't say, but I should be glad you had it, for our family's sake, as it is an hereditary honour. Then it ⁄ould mend the style of your spouse here; for the good irl is at such a loss for an epithet when she writes, that I ee the constraint she lies under. It is, *My dear gentleman, ıy best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B——;* whereas ir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and ıo other softer epithets would be wanting.

To me, replied he, who always desire to be distinguished s my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honour to be alled *her dear Mr. B——*, and *her dear man*, this reason veighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William n the kingdom than *her* Sir William; for I am very mulous of her favour, I can tell you, and think it no small listinction.

I blushed at this too great honour before such company, ınd was afraid my lady would be a little piqued at it. 3ut after a pause she said, Well then, brother, will you et Pamela decide upon this point?

Rightly put, said the countess. Pray let Mrs. B—— hoose for you, sir. My lady has hit the thing.

Very good, very good, by my soul, says Lord Jackey; et my *young aunt* (that was his word) choose for you, sir.

Well then, Pamela, said Mr. B——, give us your opinion ıs to this point.

But, first, said Lady Davers, say you will be determined ›y it; or else she will be laid under a difficulty.

Well then, replied he, be it so. I will be determined by ⁄our opinion, my dear: Give it me freely.

Lord Jackey rubbed his hands together, Charming, harming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I ⁄ished!

Well now, Pamela, said my lady, speak your true heart ⁄ithout disguise; I charge you do.

Why then, gentlemen and ladies, said I, if I must be ıo bold as to speak on a subject upon which, on several

accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the title; but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature to weigh anything; and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all.

They all called upon me for my reason; and I said, looking down a little abashed, it is this: Here my dear Mr. B—— has disparaged himself by distinguishing, as he has done, such a low creature as I; and the world will be apt to say he is seeking to repair *one way* the honour he has lost *another;* and then perhaps it will be attributed to *my* pride and ambition: Here, they will perhaps say, the proud cottager will needs be a lady, in hopes to conceal her descent; whereas, had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remembered against both Mr. B—— and myself. And indeed as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been lifted up into this distinction, for the causes to which I owe it, your brother's *bounty* and *generosity,* than to be ashamed of what I *was:* Only now and then I am concerned for his own sake, lest he should be too much censured. But this would not be prevented, but rather be promoted by the title. So I am humbly of opinion against the title.

Mr. B—— had hardly patience to hear me out, but came to me, and folding his arms about me, said, Just as I wished, have you answered, my beloved Pamela! I was never yet deceived in you; no, not once.

Madam, said he to the countess, Lord Davers, Lady Davers, do we want any titles, think you, to make us happy, but what we can confer upon ourselves? And he pressed my hand to his lips, as he always honours me most in company; and went to his place highly pleased; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made his noble sister's and the countess's glisten too.

Well, for my part, said Lady Davers, thou art a strange girl! Where, as my brother once said,* gottest thou all this? Then, pleasantly humorous, as if she was angry, she changed her tone. What signify thy *meek* words and

* See vol. i. p. 34.

humble speeches, when by thy *actions*, as well as *sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all! Pamela, said she, have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no more patience with thee than thy monarch has just now shown.

The countess was pleased to say, You're a happy couple, indeed! And I must needs repeat to you, Mr. B——, four lines of Sir William Davenant upon a lady who could not possibly deserve them so much as yours does:

> 'She ne'er saw courts; but courts could have outdone,
> With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
> Her nets, the most prepared could never shun;
> For *Nature* spread them in the scorn of *Art*.'

But, my dear Miss Darnford, how lucky one sometimes is, in having what one says well accepted! Ay, that is all in all. Since the reason for the answer I gave was so obvious, that one in my circumstances could not have missed it. Yet what compliments had I upon it! 'Tis a sign they were prepared to think well of me; and that's my great pleasure and happiness.

Such sort of entertainment as this you are to expect from your correspondent. I cannot do better than I can; and it may appear such a mixture of self-praise, vanity and impertinence, that I expect you will tell me freely, as soon as this comes to your hand, whether it be tolerable to you. Yet I must write on, for my dear father and mother's sake, who require it of me, and are prepared to approve of everything that comes from me, for no other reason but that: And I think you ought to leave me to write to them only, as I cannot hope it will be entertaining to anybody else, without expecting as much partiality and favour from others, as I have from my dear parents. Meantime I conclude here my first conversation-piece; and am, and will be,

Always yours, &c.,

P. B.——

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

Thursday morning, six o'clock.

OUR breakfast conversation yesterday (at which only Mrs. Worden, my lady's woman, and my Polly attended), was so whimsically particular (though I doubt some of it, at least, will appear too trifling), that I cannot help acquainting my dear Miss Darnford with it, who is desirous of knowing all that relates to Lady Davers's conduct towards me.

You must know then, that I have the honour to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers; who on every occasion is pleased to call me his *good sister*, his *dear sister*, and sometimes his *charming sister:* and he tells me he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

My lady seems to relish this very well in the main, though she cannot quite so readily yet frame her mouth to the sound of the word *sister*, as my lord does; of which this that follows is one instance.

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before, and saying, I will drink another dish, I think, my *good sister;* my lady said, Your lordship has got a word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: I have taken notice, that you have called Pamela, *sister, sister, sister*, no less than three times in a quarter of an hour.

My lord looked a little serious: I shall one day, said he, be allowed to choose my own words and phrases, I hope: Your sister, Mr. B——, added he, often questions whether I am at age or not, though the house of peers made no scruple of admitting me among them some years ago.

Mr. B—— said, severely, but with a smiling air, 'Tis well she has such a gentleman as your lordship for a husband, whose affectionate indulgence to her makes you overlook all her saucy sallies! I am sure, when you took her out of

ır family into your own, we all thought ourselves, I in ırticular, bound to pray for you.

I thought this a great trial of my lady's patience: but it as from Mr. B——. And she said, with a half-pleasant, ılf-serious air, How now, confidence! None but my ·other could have said this, whose violent spirit was ways much more intolerable than mine. But I can tell ɔu, Mr. B——, I was always thought very good humoured ıd obliging to everybody, till your impudence came from ıllege, and from your travels; and then, I own, your pro-ɔking ways made me now and then a little out of the way.

Well, well, sister, we'll have no more of this subject; ıly let us see that my Lord Davers wants not his proper ıthority with you, although you used to keep *me* in awe ırmerly.

Keep *you* in awe!—That nobody could ever do yet, boy · man.—But, my lord, I beg your pardon; for this brother ill make mischief betwixt us if he can.—I only took notice · the word *sister* so often used, which looked more like fectation than affection.

Perhaps, Lady Davers, said my lord gravely, I have two asons for using the word so frequently.

I'd be glad to hear them, said the dear taunting lady; for don't doubt they're mighty good ones. What are they, y lord?

One is, because I love, and am fond of my new relation: he other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call ɛr so for us both.

Your lordship says well, replied Mr. B——, smiling; and ady Davers can give two reasons why she does *not*.

Well, said my lady, now we are in for't, let us hear *your* vo reasons likewise; I doubt not they're wise ones too.

If they are *yours*, Lady Davers, they must be so. One , that every condescension (to speak in a proud lady's alect) comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favour om the house of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. he second, because those of your sex (excuse me, madam, the countess), who having once made scruples, think it

inconsistent with themselves to be over hasty to alter their own conduct, choosing rather to persist in an error than own it to be one.

This proceeded from his impatience to see me in the least slighted by my lady; and I said to Lord Davers, to soften matters, Never, my lord, were brother and sister so loving in earnest, and yet so satirical upon each other in jest, as my good lady and Mr. B——. But your lordship knows their way.

My lady frowned at her brother, but turned it off with an air: I love the mistress of this house, said she, very well; and am quite reconciled to her: But methinks there is such a hissing sound in the word *sister*, that I cannot abide it. 'Tis a true English word, but a word I have not been used to, having never had a sis-s-s-ter before, as you know. Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B—— said, Observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it, that *sister* has?—And that was, mis-s-s-tress, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s- hous-s-e: But to what childish follies does not pride make one stoop! —Excuse, madam (to the countess), such poor low conversation as we are dwindled into.

Oh, sir, said her ladyship, the conversation is very agreeable; and I think, Lady Davers, you're fairly caught.

Well, said my lady, then help me, good *sister*,—there's for you!—to a little sugar. Will that please you, sir?

I am always pleased, replied her brother, smiling, when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of.

Ay, ay, returned she, my good brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever *he* does.—And so, for this one time, I am a very sensible body with him.—And I'll leave off while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear, turning to me, that though I call you Pamela, and Pamela, as I please, I do assure you I love you as well as if

called you *sister, sister,* as Lord Davers does at every ord.

Your ladyship gives me great pleasure, said I, in this kind surance; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honour being called by that tender name, if I can be so happy to deserve it; and I'll lose no opportunity that shall be forded me, to show how sincerely I will endeavour to so.

She was pleased to rise from her seat: Give me a kiss, y dear girl! you deserve everything: And permit me to y Pamela sometimes, as the word occurs; for I am not ed to speak in print; and I will call you *sister* when I ink of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved another.

These proud and passionate folks, said Mr. B——, how od they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes eir characters!

So then, rejoined my lady, I am to have no merit of my n, I see, do what I will. This is not quite so generous my brother as one might expect.

Why, you saucy sister (excuse me, Lord Davers), what erit *would* you assume? Can people merit by doing their ty? And is it so great a praise that you think fit to own r a sister so deserving a girl as this, whom I take pride in lling my wife?

Thou art what thou always wert, returned my lady; and ere I in this my imputed pride to want an excuse, I know ot the creature living that ought so soon to make one for e as you.

I *do* excuse you, said he, for *that* very reason, if you lease: But it little becomes either your pride or mine, to o anything that wants excuse.

Mighty moral! mighty grave, truly!—Pamela, friend, ster,—there's for you!—thou art a happy girl to have ade such a reformation in thy honest man's way of *think-g* as well as *acting*. But now we are upon this topic, nd none but friends about us, I am resolved to be even ith thee, brother. Jackey, if you are not for another ish, I wish you'd withdraw. Polly Barlow, we don't

want you. Beck, you may stay. Mr. H—— obeyed; and Polly went out: For you must know, miss, that my Lady Davers will have none of the men-fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea. And I cannot say but I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given.

When they were withdrawn, my lady repeated, Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, thou bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt as thou didst, on this dear good girl, in presence of a virtuous woman, as Mrs. Jervis always was noted to be?—As to the other vile creature Jewkes, 'tis less wonder, although in *that* thou hadst the impudence of *him* who set thee to work: But to make thy attempt before Mrs. Jervis, and in spite of *her* struggles and reproaches, was the very stretch of shameless wickedness.

Mr. B—— seemed a little disconcerted, and said, Surely, surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and downcast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question as much as you do at me for the action you speak of.

The countess said to me, My dear Mrs. B——, I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question; but indeed since it has come in so naturally, I must say, Mr. B——, that we have all, and my daughters too, wondered at this more than at any part of your attempts; because, sir, we thought you one of the most civilised men in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least.

Though this, said Mr. B——, is to *you*, my Pamela, the renewal of griefs, yet hold up your dear face. You may—the triumph was yours—the shame and the blushes ought to be mine—and I will humour my saucy sister in all she would have me say.

Nay, said Lady Davers, you know the question; I cannot put it stronger.

That's very true, replied he.—But would you expect

hould give you a *reason* for an attempt that appears to you o very shocking?

Nay, sir, said the countess, don't say *appears to Lady Davers;* for (excuse me) it will appear so to every one vho hears of it.

I think my brother is too hardly used, said Lord Davers: He has made all the amends he could make: And *you,* my ister, who were the person offended, forgive him now, I ope; don't you?

I could not answer; for I was quite confounded; and nade a motion to withdraw: But Mr. B—— said, Don't o, my dear: though I ought to be ashamed of an action et before me in so full a glare in presence of Lord Davers nd the countess; yet I will not have you stir, because I orget how you represented it, and you must tell me.

Indeed, sir, I cannot, said I: Pray, my dear ladies, pray, ny good lord, and dear sir, don't thus *renew my griefs,* as ou were pleased justly to phrase it.

I have the representation of that scene in my pocket, aid my lady; for I was resolved, as I told Lady Betty, to hame the wicked wretch with it the first opportunity I ad; and I'll read it to you! Or, rather, you shall read it ourself, boldface, if you can.

So she pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapped up arefully in a paper.—Here,—I believe he who could act hus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read t to yourself; for we all know how it was.

I think, said he, taking the papers, I can say something hat will abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, nswering her interrogatories.

I send you, my dear Miss Darnford, a transcript of the harge, as follows:—To be sure, you'll say, he was a very vicked man.

[See vol. i. p. 62, et seq.]

Mr. B—— read this to himself, and said, This is a dark ffair, as it is here stated; and I can't say but Pamela, and Mrs. Jervis too, had a great deal of reason to apprehend

the worst: But surely readers of it, who were less parties in the supposed attempt, and who were not determined at all events to condemn me, might have made a more favourable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us.

However, since my lady (bowing to the countess) and Lord Davers, seem to expect that I shall particularly answer to this black charge, I will, at a proper time, if it will be agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl, how it commenced and increased, and my own struggles with it: And this will introduce with some little advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say, as to this supposed attempt; and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in my pretty accuser's papers.

This pleased every one, and they begged him to begin *then:* But he said, It was time we should think of dressing, the morning being far advanced; and if no company came in, he would, in the afternoon, give them the particulars they desired to hear.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned just time enough to dress before dinner; and my lady and the countess also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighbouring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts; and to as many as sent, Lady Davers desired their companies for to-morrow in the afternoon, to tea: But Mr. B—— having fallen in with some of the gentlemen likewise, he told me we should have most of our visiting neighbours at dinner, and desired Mrs. Jervis might prepare accordingly for them.

After dinner Mr. H—— took a ride out, attended by Mr. Colbrand, of whom he is very fond, ever since he frightened Lady Davers's footmen at the Hall threatening to chine them, if they offered to stop his lady;* for, he says, he loves a man of courage; very probably knowing

* See page 38.

his own defects that way; for my lady often calls him a chicken-hearted fellow. And then Lord and Lady Davers, and the countess, revived the subject of the morning; and Mr. B—— was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by and by: For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

'I need not,' said Mr. B——, 'observe to anybody who 'knows what love is (or rather that violent passion which 'we mad young fellows are apt to miscall love), what 'mean things it puts one upon; how it unmans, and 'levels with the dust, the proudest spirit. In the sequel 'of my story you will observe several instances of this 'truth.

'I began very early to take notice of this lovely girl, 'even when she was hardly thirteen years old: for her 'charms increased every day, not only in my eye, but in 'the eyes of every one who beheld her. My mother, as '*you*, Lady Davers, know, took the greatest delight in 'her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child: And 'her waiting-maid, and her cabinet of rarities, were her 'boasts, and equally shown to every visitor: For, besides 'the beauty of her figure, and the genteel air of her per-'son, the dear girl had a surprising memory, a solidity of 'judgment above her years, and a docility so unequalled, 'that she took all parts of learning which her lady, as 'fond of instructing her as she of improving by instruc-'tion, crowded upon her; insomuch that she had masters 'to teach her to dance, to sing, and to play on the spinnet, 'whom she every day surprised by the readiness where-'with she took everything.

'I remember once, my mother praising her girl before 'me and my aunt B—— (who is since dead), I could not 'but take notice to her of her fondness for her, and said 'What do you design, madam, to do *with*, or to do *for*, 'this Pamela of yours? The accomplishments you give her 'will do her more hurt than good: for they will set her so

'much above her degree, that what you intend as a kind-
'ness may prove her ruin.

'My aunt joined with me, and spoke in a still stronger
'manner against giving her such an education; and added,
'as I well remember, Surely, sister, you do wrong. One
'would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride,
'that you design her for something more than your own
'waiting-maid.

'Ah! sister, said the old lady, there is no fear of what
'you hint at: His family pride, and stately temper, will
'secure my son: He has too much of his father in him—
'and as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has
'always in her thoughts, and in her mouth too, her
'parents' mean condition; and I shall do nothing for
'*them*, at least at present, though they are honest
'folks, and deserve well, because I will keep the girl
'humble.

'But what can I do with the little baggage, continued
'my mother; she conquers everything so fast, and has
'such a thirst after knowledge; and the more she knows,
'I verily think, the humbler she is, that I cannot help
'letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to do to
'his kite, as fast as she pulls: and to what height she'll
'soar I can't tell.

'I intended, proceeded the good lady, at first, only to
make her mistress of some fine needleworks, to qualify
'her (as she has a delicacy in her person, that makes it a
'pity she should ever be put to hard work) for a genteel
'place: but she masters that so fast, that now, as my
'daughter is married and gone from me, I am desirous
'to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thought-
'ful hours: And were *you*, sister, to know what she is
'capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to
'me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to
'preserve amidst all she learns, you would not, nor my
'son neither, wonder at the pleasure I take in her—Shall
'I call her in?

'I don't want, said I, to have the girl called in: If you,

adam, are diverted with her, that is enough.—To be ire Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a ionkey or a harlequin: But I fear you'll set her above erself, and make her vain and pert; and that, at last, ı order to support her pride, she may fall into temptations hich may be fatal to herself, and others too.

'I'm glad to hear this from my *son*, replied the good lady. ut the moment I see my favour puffs her up, I shall ake other measures.

'Well, thought I to myself, I only want to conceal my iews from your penetrating eye, my good mother; nd I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, nd her accomplishments, as you now do: So, go on, nd improve her as fast as you will, I'll only now and nen talk against her, to blind you; and doubt not that ll you bestow upon her, will qualify her the better for ıy purpose.—Only, thought I, fly swiftly on, two or hree more tardy years, and I'll nip this bud by the time : begins to open, and place it in my bosom for a year or wo at least; for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of er education, I doubt not, she'll be new to me. Excuse ne, ladies; excuse me, Lord Davers: If I am not inge- ıuous I had better be silent.'

I will, as little as possible, interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own alternate blushes, confusions, and exclamations, as the naughty man went on; nor the censures, and many *out-upon-you's* of the attentive ladies, and *fie, brother's* of Lord Davers; nor yet with apologies for the praises on myself, so frequently intermingled—contenting myself to give you, as near as I can recollect, the very sentences of the dear relator. And as to our occasional exclaimings and observations, you may suppose what they were.

'So,' continued Mr. B——, 'I went on, dropping hints ıgainst her now and then; and whenever I met her, in he passages about the house, or in the garden, avoiding

'to look at her, or to speak to her, as she passed me, 'courtesying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of 'obligingness and reverence; while I (who thought that 'the best way to demolish the influence of such an edu-'cation, would be to avoid alarming her fears on one 'hand, or to familiarise myself to her on the other, till I 'came to strike the blow) looked haughty and reserved, 'and passed by her with a stiff nod, at most. Or, if I 'spoke, How does your lady this morning, girl?—I hope 'she rested well last night? Then, covered with blushes, 'and courtesying at every word, as if she thought herself 'unworthy of answering my questions, she'd trip away in 'a kind of hurry and confusion, as soon as she had 'spoken. And once I heard her say to Mrs. Jervis, Dear 'sirs, my young master spoke to me, and called me by 'my name, saying, How slept your lady last night, Pa-'mela? Was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis? was it not? 'Ay, thought I, I'm in the right way, I find: This will do 'in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as 'fast as you will: I'll engage to pull down in three hours 'what you'll be building up in as many years, in spite of all 'the lessons you can teach her.

'ʼTis enough for me, that I am establishing in you, 'ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my 'Pamela (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal 'of my own reputation), in the relation I am now giving 'you. Every one but my mother, who, however, had no 'high opinion of her son's virtue, used to look upon me as 'a rake; and I got the name, not very much to my credit, 'you'll say, as well abroad as in England, of *The sober 'rake;* some would say, *The genteel rake;* nay, for that 'matter, some pretty hearts that have smarted for their 'good opinion, have called me *The handsome rake:* But 'whatever other epithet I was distinguished by, it all con-'cluded in *rake* or *libertine:* Nor was I very much offended 'at the character; for, thought I, if a lady knows this, 'and will come into my company, half the ceremony 'between us is over; and if she *calls* me so, I shall have

'an excellent excuse to punish her freedom, by greater of 'my own.

'So I dressed, grew more and more confident, and became 'as insolent withal, as if, though I had not Lady Davers's 'wit and virtue, I had all her spirit (excuse me, Lady 'Davers); and having a pretty bold heart, which rather put 'me upon courting than avoiding a danger or difficulty, I 'had but too much my way with everybody; and many a 'menaced complaint have I *looked down* with a haughty air, 'and a promptitude, like that of Colbrand's to your footmen 'at the Hall, to clap my hand to my side: which was of 'the greater service to my bold enterprises, as two or three 'gentlemen had found I knew how to be in earnest.'

Ha! said my lady, thou wast ever an impudent fellow; and many a vile roguery have I kept from my poor mother. Yet, to my knowledge, she thought you no saint.

'Ay, poor lady, continued he, she used now and then to 'catechise me; and was *sure* I was not so good as I ought 'to be:—For, son, she would cry, these late hours, these 'all-night works, and to come home so *sober*, cannot be 'right.—I'm not sure, if I were to know all (and yet I'm 'afraid of inquiring after your ways), whether I should not 'have reason to wish you were brought home in wine, 'rather than to come in so sober and so late as you do.

'Once, I remember, in the summer-time, I came home 'about six in the morning, and met the good lady unex-'pectedly by the garden backdoor, of which I had a key 'to let myself in at all hours. I started, and would have 'avoided her, as soon as I saw her: But she called me to 'her, and then I approached her, with an air. What 'brings you, madam, into the garden at so early an hour? '(turning my face from her); for I had a few scratches 'on my forehead—with a thorn, or so—which I feared 'she would be more inquisitive about than I cared she 'should.

'And what makes you, said she, so early here, Billy?—

'What a rakish figure dost thou make!—One time or 'other these courses will yield you but little comfort, on 'reflection: would to God thou wast but happily married!

'So, madam, the old wish!—I'm not so bad as you 'think me:—I hope I have not merited so great a punish-'ment.

'These hints I give, not as matter of glory, but shame: 'Yet I ought to tell you all the truth, or nothing. Mean-'time, thought I (for I used, as I mentioned in the morn-'ing, to have some compunction for my vile practices, 'when cool reflection, brought on by satiety, had taken 'hold of me), I wish this sweet girl were grown to years of 'susceptibility, that I might reform this wicked course of 'life, and not prowl about, disturbing honest folks' peace, 'and endangering myself. And as I had, by a certain 'very daring and wicked attempt, in which, however, I did 'not succeed, set a hornet's nest about my ears, which I 'began to apprehend would sting me to death; having 'once escaped an ambush, by dint of mere good luck, I 'thought it was better to remove the seat of my warfare 'into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for 'the future in my amours. So I went to France a second 'time, as you know, sister; and passed a twelvemonth 'there in the best of company, and with some improvement 'both to my morals and understanding; and had very few 'sallies, considering my love of intrigue, and the ample 'means I had to prosecute successfully all the desires of my 'heart.

'When I returned, several matches were proposed to me, 'and my good mother often requested me to make her so 'happy, as she called it, as to see me married before she 'died: But I could not endure the thoughts of that state; 'for I never saw a lady whose temper and education I liked, 'or with whom I thought I could live tolerably.* She used 'in vain, therefore, to plead family reasons to me. Like 'most young fellows, I was too much a self-lover to pay so 'great a regard to posterity; and, to say truth, had very

* See, for his particular reasons against marrying, p. 92, &c.

'little solicitude at that time, whether my name were con-
'tinued, or not, in my own descendants. However, upon
'my return, I looked upon my mother's Pamela with no
'small pleasure, and I found her so much improved, as well
'in person as behaviour, that I had the less inducement
'either to renew my intriguing life, or to think of a married
'state.

'Yet, as my mother had all her eyes about her, as the
'phrase is, I affected great shyness, both before her and
'to the girl; for I doubted not my very looks would be
'watched by them both: and what the one discovered
'would not be a secret to the other; and laying myself
'open to too early a suspicion, I thought would but ice the
'girl over, and make her lady more watchful.

'So I used to go into my mother's apartment, and come
'out of it, without taking the least notice of her, but put
'on stiff airs; and as she always withdrew when I came
'in, I never made any pretence to keep her there.

'Once indeed my mother, on my looking after her
'when her back was turned, said, My dear son, I don't
'like your eye following my girl so intently. Only I know
'that sparkling lustre natural to it, or I should have some
'fear for my Pamela, as she grows older.

'*I* look after her, madam!—*My* eyes sparkle at such a
'girl as that! No, indeed!—She may be your favourite
'as a waiting-maid; but I see nothing but clumsy cour-
'tesies in her, and awkward airs about her. A little rustic
'affectation of innocence, that, to such as cannot see into
'her, may pass well enough.

'Nay, my dear, replied my mother, don't say that, of all
'things: she has no affectation, I am sure.

'Yes, she has, in my eye, madam: and I'll tell you how
'it comes about: You have taught her to assume the airs
'of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a
'grace; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in
'view: And between the one character, which she wants
'to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she
'trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set

'her feet: So 'tis the same in every gesture; her arms 'she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before 'her: nor whether to hold her head up, or down; and 'so does neither, but hangs it on one side: A little awk-'ward piece of one and t'other, I think her.—And 'indeed, madam, you'd do the girl more kindness to put 'her into your dairy, than to keep her about your per-'son; for she'll be utterly spoiled, I doubt, for any useful 'purpose.

'Ah, son! said she, I fear, by your description, you 'have minded her too much in one sense, though not 'enough in another. 'Tis not my intention to recom-'mend her to your notice, of all men: and, I doubt not, 'if it please God I live, and she continues to be a good girl, 'but she will make a man of some middling, genteel busi-'ness, very happy.

'Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so 'humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forced 'to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch 'my eye again, and lest I should be inclined to do her that 'justice which my heart assented to, but which my lips 'had just before denied her.

'All my difficulty, in apprehension, was my good mother: 'the effect of whose lessons to her girl I was not, however, 'so much afraid of, as her vigilance. For, thought I, I 'see by the delicacy of her person, the brilliancy of her 'eye, and the sweet apprehensiveness that plays about 'every feature of her face, that she must have tinder enough 'in her constitution, to catch a well-struck spark; and I'll 'warrant I shall know how to set her in a blaze in a few 'months more.

'Yet I wanted, as I passed, to catch her attention, too: 'I expected her to turn after me, and look so as to show 'a beginning liking towards me; for, you must know, I 'had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been 'fortunately distinguished by ladies, whom of course my 'vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these 'outward advantages.

'I'll give your ladyships an instance of this my vanity, 'in a catch I made *extempore* to a lady whom I had been 'urging to give me some proofs of a love, that I had the 'confidence to tell her I was sure she had in her heart for 'me. She was a lively lady; and laughing said, Whoever 'admired me, it must be for my confidence, and nothing 'else: But urging her farther, Why, said she, brazen man '(for she called names, like Lady Davers), what would 'you have me say? I would love you, if I *could*:—But '—Here interrupting her, and putting on a free air, I half 'said, and half sung,

'You'd love me, you say, if you *could!*
Why, thou mak'st me a very odd creature:
I pr'ythee survey me again;
What can'st thou object to my *feature?*'

'This showed my vanity: and I answered for the lady:

'Why, nothing.—Very well.—Then I am sure you'll admit,
That the choice I have made, is a sign of my WIT.'

'But to my great disappointment, *Pamela* never, by 'any favourable glance, gave the least encouragement to 'my vanity. Well, thought I, this girl has certainly 'nothing ethereal in her mould: All unanimated clay!— 'But the dancing and singing airs my mother is teaching 'her, will make her better qualified in time; and another 'year will ripen her into my arms, no doubt of it. Let 'me only go on in my present way, and make her *fear* 'me: that will enhance in her mind every favour I shall 'afterwards vouchsafe to show her; and never question, 'old *humdrum* virtue, thought I, but the tempter *without* 'and the temper *within*, will be too many for the perversest 'nicety that ever the sex boasted.

'Yet, though I could not once attract her eye towards 'me, she never failed to draw mine after her, whenever she 'went by me, or wherever I saw her, except, as I said, 'in my mother's presence; and particularly when she 'had passed me, and could not see me look at her, with-

'out turning her head, as I expected so often from her 'in vain.

'You will wonder, Lord Davers, who I suppose was 'once in love, or you'd never have married such an hostile 'spirit, as my sister there——

Go on, saucebox, said she, I won't interrupt you.

'You will wonder how I could behave so coolly, as to 'escape all discovery so long from a lady so watchful as 'my mother; and from the apprehensiveness of the girl; 'for, high or low, every individual of the sex is quick as 'lightning to imaginations of this kind; and, besides, well 'says the poet:

'Men without love, have oft so cunning grown,
That something *like* it, they have shown;
But none who had it, e'er seemed to have *none*.

'Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find;
But thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.'

'But to say nothing of her tender years, and that my 'love was not of this bashful sort, I was not absolutely 'determined, so great was my pride, that I ought to think 'her worthy of being my *mistress*, when I had not much 'reason, as I thought, to despair of prevailing upon persons 'of higher birth (were I disposed to try) to live with me 'upon my own terms. My pride therefore kept my pas- 'sion at bay, as I may say: So far was I from imagining 'I should ever be brought to what has since happened! 'But to proceed:—

'Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of 'her person only. My eye had drawn my HEART after 'it, without giving myself any trouble about that sense 'and judgment which my mother was always praising in 'her Pamela, as exceeding her years and opportunities: 'but an occasion happened which, though slight in itself, 'took the HEAD into the party, and made me think of her,

'young as she was, with a distinction that before I had 'not for her. It was this:—

'Being with my mother, in her closet, who was talking 'to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela's com- 'monplace-book, as I may call it: in which, by her lady's 'direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from 'the Bible, and other good books, such passages as made 'most impression upon her as she read. A method, I take 'it, my dear, *turning to me*, that was of great service to 'you, as it initiated you into writing with that freedom 'and ease which shine in your saucy letters and journals; 'and to which my present fetters are not a little owing: 'just as pedlars catch monkeys in the baboon kingdoms, 'provoking the attentive fools, by their own example, to 'put on shoes and stockings, till the apes of imitation, 'trying to do the like, entangle their feet, and so cannot 'escape upon the boughs of the tree of liberty, on which 'before they were wont to hop, and skip about, and play a 'thousand puggish tricks.

'I observed the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift 'and free; and affixed her points or stops with so much 'judgment (her years considered), that I began to have an 'high opinion of her understanding. Some observations, 'likewise, upon several of the passages, were so just and 'solid, that I could not help being tacitly surprised at 'them.

'My mother watched my eye, and was silent: I seemed 'not to observe that she did; and after a while laid down 'the book, shutting it with great indifference, and talking 'of another subject.

'Upon this, my mother said, Don't you think Pamela 'writes a pretty hand, son?

'I did not mind it much, said I, with a careless air. 'This is her writing, is it? taking the book, and opening 'it again, at a place of scripture. The girl is mighty 'pious! said I.

'I wish *you* were so, child.

'I wish so too, madam, if it would please *you*.

'I wish so, for your *own* sake, child.

'So do I, madam; and down I laid the book again very 'carelessly.

'Look once more in it, said she, and see if you can't 'open it upon some place that may strike you.

'I opened it at, *Train up a child in the way it should go,* '&c. I fancy, said I, when I was at Pamela's age, I was 'pretty near as good as she.

'Never, never, said my mother: I'm sure I took great 'pains with you; but, alas! to very little purpose. You 'had always a violent headstrong will!

'Some allowance for boys and girls, I hope, madam: 'but you see I am as good for a man as my sister for a 'woman.

'No, indeed, you are not, I do assure you.

'I am sorry for that, madam: you give me a sad 'opinion of myself——

Brazen wretch! said my lady: but go on.

'Turn to one of the girl's observations on some text, 'said my mother.

'I did; and was pleased with it more than I would own. 'The girl's well enough, said I, for what she is; but let's 'see what she'll be a few years hence. Then will be the 'trial.

'She'll be always good, I doubt not.

'So much the better for her.—But can't we talk on any 'other subject? You complain how seldom I attend you, 'madam; and indeed when you are always talking of 'matrimony, or of this low-born raw girl, it must needs 'lessen the pleasure of approaching you.

'But now, as I hinted to you, ladies, and my lord, I had 'a still higher opinion of Pamela; and esteemed her more 'worthy of my attempts: for, thought I, the girl has good 'sense, and it will be some pleasure to watch by what 'gradations she may be made to rise into love, and into an 'higher life than that to which she was born. And so I

began to think she would be worthy in time of being my *mistress*, which, till now, as I said before, I had been a little scrupulous about.

'I took a little tour soon after this, in company of some friends, with whom I had contracted an intimacy abroad, into Scotland and Ireland, they having a curiosity to see those countries, and we spent six or eight months on this expedition; and when I had landed them in France, I returned home, and found my good mother in a very indifferent state of health; but her Pamela arrived to a height of beauty and perfection which exceeded all my expectations. I was so much taken with her charms the first time I saw her, after my return, which was in the garden with a book in her hand, just come out of a little summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a parley with her: but while I was resolving, she tript away, with her courtesies and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could determine.

'I was resolved, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommended to me a little before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of tried fidelity, I asked her, If she would be faithful, if I should have occasion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

'She hoped, she said, it would be with the lady's own consent, and she should make no scruple in obeying me.

'So I thought I would waylay the girl, and carry her first to a little village in Northamptonshire, to an acquaintance of Mrs. Jewkes. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacified a little, I designed that Jewkes should attend her to Lincolnshire:* for I knew there was no coming at her here, under my mother's wing, by her own consent; and that to offer terms to her, would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I was sensible that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of my proceedings, as well as my mother.

'The method I had contrived was quite easy, as I

* See vol. i. p. 117.

'imagined, and such as could not have failed to answer 'my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubted not 'of making her well satisfied in her good fortune very 'quickly; for having a notion of her affectionate duty to 'her parents, I was not displeased that I could make the 'terms very easy and happy to them all.

'What most stood in my way was my mother's fond-'ness for her: but on the supposition that I had got her 'favourite in my hands, which appeared to me, as I said, 'a task very easy to be conquered, I had actually formed 'a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love-affair, 'and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to the 'implicit obedience she owed to her husband's commands, 'to whom she was married that morning, and who, being 'a young gentleman of a genteel family, and dependent on 'his friends, was desirous of keeping it all a profound 'secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to 'divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

'And to prepare for this, and make her escape the more 'probable, when matters were ripe for my plot, I came in one 'night and examined all the servants, and Mrs. Jervis, the 'latter in my mother's hearing, about a genteel young man, 'whom I pretended to find with a pillion on the horse he 'rode upon, waiting about the backdoor of the garden, for 'somebody to come to him; and who rode off when I came 'up to the door, as fast as he could.

'Nobody knew anything of the matter, and they were 'much surprised at what I told them: but I begged Pamela 'might be watched, and that no one would say anything to 'her about it.

'My mother said, She had two reasons not to speak of 'it to Pamela; one, to oblige me; the other, and chief, be-'cause it would break the poor innocent girl's heart to be 'suspected. Poor dear child! said she, whither can she go, 'to be so happy as with me? Would it not be inevitable 'ruin to her to leave me? There is nobody comes after her: 'she receives no letters, but now and then one from her 'father and mother, and those she shows me.

'Well, replied I, I hope she can have no design; 'twould be strange if she had formed any to leave so good a mistress: But you can't be *sure* all the letters she receives are from her father: and her showing to you, madam, those he writes, looks like a cloak to others she may receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to have an eye upon her. You don't know, madam, what tricks there are in the world.

'Not I, indeed; but only this I know, that the girl shall be under no restraint, if she is resolved to leave me, well as I love her.

'Mrs. Jervis said, She would have an eye upon Pamela, in obedience to my command; but she was sure there was no need; nor would she so much wound the poor child's peace, as to mention the matter to her.

'This I suffered to blow off, and seemed to my mother to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had had such a surmise; saying, That though the fellow and the pillion were odd circumstances, yet I dared to say there could be nothing in it: for, I doubted not, the girl's duty and gratitude would hinder her from doing a foolish or a rash thing.

'This my mother heard with pleasure; although my motive to it, was but to lay her Pamela on the thicker to her, when she was to be told she had escaped.

'She said, She was glad I was not an enemy to the poor child. Pamela has no friend but me, continued the good lady; and if I don't provide for her, I shall have done her more harm than good (as you and your aunt B—— have often said), in the accomplishments I have given her; and yet the poor girl, I see that, added she, would not be backward to turn her hand to anything, for the sake of an honest livelihood, were she put to it; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continues good, she never shall be.

'I wonder not, Pamela, at your tears on this occasion. Your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this tribute to her memory. All my pleasure now is, that she

'knew not half my wicked pranks, and that I did not vex 'her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme; which 'would have given me a severe sting, inasmuch as I might 'have apprehended, with too much reason, that I had 'shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and the 'other.

'I had thus in readiness everything necessary for the 'execution of my project: but my mother's ill state of 'health gave me too much concern to permit me to pro-'ceed. And now and then, as my frequent attendance 'upon her in her illness gave me an opportunity of observ-'ing more and more of the girl, and her affectionate duty, 'and continual tears (finding her frequently on her knees 'praying for her mistress), I was moved to pity her: And 'often did I, while those scenes of my mother's illness and 'decline were before me, resolve to conquer, if possible, 'my guilty passion, as those scenes taught me, while their 'impressions held, justly to call it; and I was much con-'cerned I found it a more difficult task than I imagined: 'For, till now, I thought it principally owing to my usual 'enterprising temper, and a love of intrigue; and that I 'had nothing to do but to resolve against it, and to sub-'due it.

'But I found I was greatly mistaken; for I had insensibly 'brought myself to admire her in everything she said or 'did; and there was so much gracefulness, humility, and 'innocence in her whole behaviour, and I saw so many 'melting scenes between her lady and her, that I found I 'could not master my esteem for her.

'My mother's illness increasing beyond hopes of recovery, 'and having settled all her greater affairs, she talked to me 'of her servants. I asked her, What she would have done 'for Pamela and Mrs. Jervis?

'Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, said she, as happy as 'you can: She is a gentlewoman born, you know; let her 'always be treated as such: But, for your own sake, don't 'make her independent; for then you'll want a faithful 'manager. Yet, if you marry, and your lady should not

value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

'As for my Pamela, I hope you will be her protector; I hope you will!—She is a good girl: I love her next to you and your dear sister: She is just arrived at a trying time of life. I don't know what to say for her. What I had designed was, that if any man of a genteel calling should offer, I would have given her a little pretty portion, had God spared my life till then. But if she should be made independent, some idle fellow, perhaps, might snap her up; for she is very pretty: Or if she should carry what you give her to her poor parents, as her duty would lead her to do, they are so unhappily involved, that a little matter would be nothing to them, and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she was not so pretty! She will be likely to be the bird for which some wicked fowler will spread his snares; or, it may be, every lady will not choose to have such a waiting-maid. You are a young gentleman, and, I am sorry to say it, not better than I wish you to be.—Though I hope my Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who owes to all his servants protection, as much as a king does to his subjects. Yet I don't know how to wish her to stay with you—for your own reputation's sake, my dear son:—For the world will censure as it lists.—Would to God! said she, the dear girl had the smallpox in a mortifying manner: She'd be lovely enough in the genteelness of her person, and the excellences of her mind; and more out of danger of suffering from the transient beauties of countenance. Yet I think, added she, she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis's care; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs. Jervis, let 'em go together, and live as they like.—I think that will be the best for both.—And you have a generous spirit enough: I will not direct you in the *quantum*. But, my dear son, remember that I am the less concerned, that I have not done for the poor girl myself, because I depend upon you. The manner how fitly to provide for her has made me defer it till now, that

'I have so much more important concerns on my hands: 'life and strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for 'anything, or to wish for anything, but to receive the last 'releasing stroke.'

Here he stopped, being under some concern himself, and we in much more. At last he resumed the subject.

'You will too naturally think, my lord, and you, my 'good ladies, that the mind must be truly diabolical, that 'could break through the regard due to the solemn injunc- 'tions and recommendations of a dying parent. They *did* 'hold me a good while indeed; and as fast as I found any 'emotions of a contrary nature rise in my breast, I endea- 'voured for some time to suppress them, and to think and 'act as I ought. But the dear bewitching girl every day 'rose in her charms upon me: and finding she still con- 'tinued the use of her pen and ink, I could not help enter- 'taining a jealousy that she was writing to somebody who 'stood well in her opinion; and my love for her, and my 'own spirit of intrigue, made it a sweetheart of course. 'And I could not help watching her motions; and seeing 'her once putting a letter she had just folded up, into her 'bosom, at my entrance into my mother's dressing-room, 'I made no doubt of detecting her, and her correspondent; 'and so I took the letter from her stays,* she trembling 'and courtesying with a sweet confusion: and highly 'pleased I was to find it contained nothing but innocence 'and duty to the deceased mistress, and the loving parents, 'expressing her joy, that, in the midst of her grief for losing 'the one, she was not obliged to return to be a burden to 'the other: And I gave it her again, with words of 'encouragement, and went down much better satisfied 'than I had been with her correspondents.

'But when I reflected upon the innocent simplicity of 'her style, I was still more in love with her, and formed a 'stratagem, and succeeded in it, to come at her other

* See vol. i. p. 3.

'letters,* which I sent forward, after I had read them, all 'but three or four, which I kept back when my plot 'began to ripen for execution; although the little slut was 'most abominably free with my character to her father and 'mother.

'You will censure me, no doubt, that my mother's 'injunctions made not a more lasting impression upon me. 'But really I struggled hard with myself to give them 'their due force; and the dear girl, as I said, every day 'grew lovelier and more accomplished. Her letters were 'but so many links to the chains in which she had bound 'me; and though once I had resolved to part with her† 'to Lady Davers, and you, madam, had an intention to 'take her, I could not for my life give her up; and thinking 'at that time more honourably of the state of a mistress 'than I have done since, I could not persuade myself (since 'I intended to do as handsomely by her as ever man did 'to a lady in that situation), but that I should do better 'for her than my mother had wished me to do, and so *more* 'than answer all her injunctions, as to the providing for 'her: And I could not imagine I should have met with a 'resistance from her that I had seldom encountered from 'persons much her superiors as to descent; and was amazed 'at it; for it confounded me in all the notions I had of her 'sex, which, like a true libertine, I supposed wanted nothing 'but *importunity* and *opportunity*, a bold attempter, and a 'mind not ungenerous.

'Sometimes I admired her for her virtue; at other times, 'impetuous in my temper, and unused to control, I could 'have beat her. She well, I remember, describes the 'tumults of my soul, when she repeats what once passed 'between us, in words like these: "Take the little witch 'from me, Mrs. Jervis.—I can neither bear nor forbear 'her.—But stay—you shan't go!—Yet begone!—No, come 'back again."‡—She thought I was mad, I remember she 'says in her papers. Indeed I was little less.

'She says, "I took her arm, and griped it black and

* See vol. i. pp. 88; 96. † Ibid. p. 7. ‡ Ibid. p. 56.

'blue, to bring her back again; and then sat down and 'looked at her as silly as such a poor girl as she!"

'Well did the dear slut describe the passion I struggled 'with; and no one can conceive how much my pride 'made me despise myself, at times, for the little actions 'my love for her put me upon, and yet to find that love 'increasing every day, as her charms and her resistance 'increased.

'I have caught myself in a raging fit, sometimes vowing 'I would have her; and, at others, jealous that to secure 'herself from my attempts, she would throw herself into 'the arms of some menial or inferior, whom otherwise she 'would not have thought of.

'Sometimes I soothed her, sometimes threatened her; 'but never was such courage, when she apprehended her 'virtue was in danger, mixed with so much humility, 'when her fears gave way to her hopes of a juster treat-'ment.

'Then I would think it impossible (so slight an opinion 'had I of woman's virtue) that such a girl as this, cottage-'born, who owed everything to my family, and had an 'absolute dependence upon my pleasure; myself not despic-'able in person or mind, as I supposed; she unprejudiced 'in any man's favour; at an age susceptible of impressions; 'and a frame and constitution not ice nor snow: Surely, 'thought I, all this frost must be owing to the want of fire 'in my attempts to thaw it: I used to dare more, and 'succeed better. Shall such a girl as *this* awe me by her 'rigid virtue? No, she shall not.

'Then I would resolve to be more in earnest. Yet my 'love was a traitor to me: That was more faithful to *her* 'than to *me:* it had more honour in it at bottom than I 'had designed it should have. Awed by her unaffected 'innocence, and a virtue I had never before encountered, 'so uniform and immovable, the moment I *saw* her I was 'half disarmed; and I courted her consent to that, which 'though I was not likely to obtain, yet it went against me 'to think of extorting by violence. Yet marriage was

'never in my thoughts; I scorned so much as to pro-
'mise it.

'To what numberless mean things did not this unmanly
'passion subject me!—I used to watch for her letters,
'though mere prittle-prattle and chit-chat, received them
'with burning impatience, and read them with delight,
'though myself was accused in them, and stigmatised as I
'deserved.

'I would listen meanly at her chamber door; try to
'overhear her little conversations; in vain attempted to
'suborn Mrs. Jervis to my purposes, inconsistently talking
'of honour, when no one step I took, or action I attempted,
'showed anything like it; lost my dignity among my
'servants; made a party in her favour against me, of every-
'body, but whom my money corrupted, and that hardly
'sufficient to keep my partisans steady to my interest; so
'greatly did the virtue of the servants triumph over the vice
'of the master, when confirmed by such an example!

'I have been very tedious, ladies, and my Lord Davers,
'in my narration: but I am come within view of the point
'for which I now am upon my trial at your dread tribunal
'(*bowing to us all*).

'After several endeavours of a smooth and a rough
'nature, in which my devil constantly failed me, and her
'good angel prevailed, I had talked to Mrs. Jervis to induce
'the girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given
'warning, but which she rejoiced to take, to my great dis-
'appointment) to desire to stay;* and suspecting Mrs.
'Jervis played me booty, and rather confirmed her in her
'coyness, and her desire of leaving me, I was mean enough
'to conceal myself in the closet in Mrs. Jervis's room, in
'order to hear their private conversation: but really not
'designing to make any other use of my concealment than
'to tease her a little, if she should say anything I did not
'like; which would give me a pretence to treat her with
'greater freedoms than I had ever yet done, and would be
'an introduction to take off from her unprecedented appre-

* See vol. i. p. 60.

'hensiveness another time: And I had the less scruple as 'to Mrs. Jervis's presence, because I was sensible she knew 'as bad of me as she could know, from Pamela's apprehen-'sions, as well as her own; and would find me, if I kept 'within any decent bounds, better than either of them 'expected. But I had no design of proceeding to extremi-'ties, although I had little hope of making any impression 'upon her by gentleness.

'So, like a benighted traveller, who having strayed out 'of his knowledge, and despairing to find his way, throws 'the reins upon the horse's neck, to be guided at its uncer-'tain direction, I resolved to take my chance for the issue 'which the adventure should produce.

'But the dear prattler, not knowing I was there, as she 'undressed herself, began such a bewitching chit-chat with 'Mrs. Jervis, who I found but ill kept my secret, that I 'never was at such a loss in my life what to resolve upon. 'One while I wished myself, unknown to them, out of the 'closet into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly led 'me; another time I was incensed at the freedom with 'which I heard myself treated: But then, rightly consider-'ing that I had no business to hearken to their private 'conversation, and that it was such as became *them*, while 'I ought to have been ashamed to give occasion for it, I 'excused them both, and admired still more and more the 'dear prattler.

'In this suspense the undesigned rustling of my night-'gown, from changing my posture as I stood, giving alarm 'to the watchful Pamela, she in a fright came towards the 'closet to see who was there, so that I could be no longer 'concealed.

'What could I then do but bolt out upon the apprehen-'sive charmer? And having so done, and she running to 'the bed, screaming, to Mrs. Jervis, would not any man 'have followed her thither, detected as I was? But yet I 'said, if she forbore her screaming, I would do her no 'harm; but if not, she should take the consequence.

'I found, by their exclamations, that this would pass

'with both for an attempt of the worst kind; but
'had no such intentions as they feared.—When it
'found myself detected; when the dear frightened g
'to the bed; when Mrs. Jervis threw herself about
'when they would not give over their hideous squall
'when I was charged by Mrs. Jervis with the worst designs;
'it was enough to make me go farther than I designed;
'and could I have prevailed upon Mrs. Jervis to go up and
'quiet the maids, who were rising, as I heard by the noise
'they made overhead, upon the others' screamings, I believe,
'had Pamela kept out of her fit, I should have been a little
'freer with her than ever I had been: but, as it was, I had
'no thought but of making as honourable a retreat as I
'could, and to save myself from being exposed to my whole
'family: and I was not guilty of any freedoms that her
'modesty, unaffrighted, could reproach itself with having
'suffered; and the dear creature's fainting fits gave *me*
'almost as great apprehensions as I could give *her*.

'Thus, ladies, and my lord, have I tediously, and little
'enough to my own reputation, given you a character of
'myself, and told you more against myself than any *one*
'person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the
'credit of my Pamela, redounds in part to my own; and so
'I have the less regret to accuse myself, since it exalts her.
'But as to a formed intention to hide myself in the closet,
'in order to attempt the girl by violence, and in the presence
'of a good woman, as Mrs. Jervis is, which you impute to
'me; indeed, bad as I was, I was not so vile, so abandoned
'as that.

'Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate votaries
'to innumerable meannesses, and unlawful passion to many
'more. I could not live without this dear girl. I hated
'the thoughts of matrimony with anybody, and to be
'brought to the stake by my mother's waiting-maid, forbid
'it, pride! thought I; forbid it, example! forbid it, all my
'past sneers and constant ridicule, both on the estate, and
'on those who descended to inequalities in it! and, lastly,
'forbid it, my family spirit, so visible in Lady Davers as

'well as in myself, to whose insults, and those of all the 'world, I shall be obnoxious, if I make such a step!

'All this tends to demonstrate the strength of my passion: 'I could not conquer my love; so I conquered a pride 'which every one thought unconquerable: and since I could 'not make an innocent heart vicious, I had the happiness 'to follow so good an example; and by this means, a vicious 'heart is become virtuous; and I have the pleasure of 'rejoicing in the change, and hope I shall still more and 'more rejoice in it; for I really look back with contempt 'upon my past follies; and it is now a greater wonder to 'me how I could act as I did, than that I should detest 'those actions, which made me a curse, instead of a benefit, 'to society. Indeed I am not, yet, so pious as my Pamela; 'but that is to come; and it is one good sign, that I can 'truly say I delight in every instance of her piety and 'virtue. And now I will conclude my tedious narration 'with the poet:

> 'Our passions gone, and reason in her throne,
> Amazed we see the mischiefs we have done:
> After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
> The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.'

Thus ended my dear Mr. B—— his affecting relation; which in the course of it gave me a thousand different emotions; and made me often pray for him (as I constantly do), that God will entirely convert a heart so generous and worthy, as his on most occasions. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to London, I shall have great hopes that nothing will affect his morals again.

I have just read over again the foregoing account of himself. As near as I remember (and my memory is the best faculty I have), it is pretty exact; only he was fuller of beautiful similitudes, and spoke in a more flowery style, as I may say. Yet don't you think, miss (if I have not done injustice to his spirit), that the beginning of it, especially, is in the saucy air of a man too much alive to such notions? For so the ladies observed in his narration.—Is

it very like the style of a true penitent?—But indeed he went on better, and concluded best of all.

But don't you observe what a dear good lady I had? Blessings, a thousand blessings, on her beloved memory! Were I to live to see my children's children, they should be all taught to lisp her praises before they could speak. *My* gratitude should always be renewed in *their* mouths; and GOD, and my dear father and mother, my lady, and my master that was, my best friend that is, but principally, as most due, the FIRST, who inspired all the rest, should have their morning, their noon-tide, and their evening praises, as long as I lived!

I will only observe farther, as to this my third conversation-piece, that my Lord Davers offered to extenuate some parts of his dear brother-in-law's conduct, which he did not himself vindicate; and Mr. B—— was pleased to observe, that my lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his allowances for the sallies of an ungovernable youth. Upon which my lady said, a little tartly, Yes, and for a very good reason, I doubt not; for who cares to condemn himself?

Nay, said my lord pleasantly, don't put us upon a foot neither: For what sallies I made before I knew your ladyship, were but like those of a fox, which now and then runs away with a straggling pullet, when nobody sees him: Whereas those of my brother were like the invasions of a lion, breaking into every man's fold, and driving the shepherds, as well as the sheep, before him.—Ay, said my lady, but I can look around me, and have reason perhaps to think the invading lion has come off, little as he deserved it, better than the creeping fox, who, with all his cunning, sometimes suffers for his pilfering theft.

Oh, my dear, these gentlemen are strange creatures!—What can they think of themselves?—for they say, there is not one virtuous man in five!—But I hope, for our sex's sake, as well as for the world's sake, all is not true that evil fame reports; for, you know, every man-trespasser must *find* or *make* a woman-trespasser!—And if so, what

a world is this!—And how must the innocent suffer from the guilty! Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the cause of another's suffering!

I long to hear of you: And must shorten my future accounts, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the bargain, though I cannot my dear father and mother. I am, my dear miss,

Always yours,

P. B——.

LETTER XXXI.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

My dear Mrs. B——,—Every post you more and more oblige us to admire and love you: And let me tell you, I will gladly receive your letters upon your own terms:* Only, when your worthy parents have perused them, see that I have every line of them again.

Your account of the arrival of your noble guests, and their behaviour to you, and yours to them; your conversation, and wise determination, on the offered title of baronet; the just applauses conferred upon you by all, particularly the good countess; your breakfast conversation, and the narrative of your saucy abominable *master*, though amiable *husband;* all delight us beyond expression.

Do go on, dear excellent lady, with your charming journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the state of matters with us, I have desired my papa to allow me to decline Mr. Murray's addresses. The good man loved me most violently, nay, he could not live without me; life was no life, unless I favoured him: But yet, after a few more of these flights, he is trying to sit down satisfied without my papa's foolish perverse girl, as Sir Simon calls me, and to transpose his affections to a

* See page 301.

worthier object, my sister Nancy; and it would make you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* applied to her, she screwed up her mouth to my mamma, and, truly, she'd have none of Polly's leavings; no, not she!—But no sooner did he declare himself in form, than the *gaudy wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well dressed* gentleman;—the *chattering magpie* (for he talks and laughs much), *quite conversible*—and has something *agreeable* to say upon *every subject.* Once, he would make a good master of the buck-hounds; but now, really, the *more* one is in his company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his part,—Indeed, he happened to see Miss Polly first; and truly he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young lady; yet there was always something of majesty (what a stately name is that for ill-nature!) in Miss Nanny; something so awful, that while Miss Polly engaged the affections at first sight, Miss Nanny struck a man with reverence; insomuch, that the one might be loved as a woman, but the other revered as something more: A goddess, no doubt.

I do but think, that when he comes to be lifted up to her celestial sphere, as her fellow constellation, what a figure Nancy and her *ursus major* will make together; and how will they glitter and shine to the wonder of all beholders!

Then she must make a brighter appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too; for why? she has three thousand satellites, or little stars, in her train more than poor Polly can pretend to. Won't there be a fine twinkling and sparkling, think you, when the greater and lesser bear-stars are joined together.

But excuse me, dear Mrs. B——; this saucy girl has vexed me just now, by her ill-natured tricks; and I am even with her, having thus vented my spite, though she knows nothing of the matter.

So, fancy, my dear friend, you see Polly Darnford abandoned, by her own fault; her papa angry at her; her mamma pitying her, and calling her silly girl; Mr. Murray,

who is a rough lover, growling over his mistress, as a dog over a bone he fears to lose; Miss Nancy, putting on her prudish pleasantry, and snarling out a kind word, and breaking through her sullen gloom, for a smile now and then in return; and I laughing at both in my sleeve, and thinking, that in a while I shall get leave to attend you in town, and that will be better than twenty humble servants of Mr. Murray's cast: Or, if I can't, that I shall have the pleasure of your correspondence here, and shall enjoy, unrivalled, the favour of my dear papa and mamma, which this ill-tempered girl is always envying me.

Forgive all this nonsense. I was willing to write something, though worse than nothing, to show how desirous I would be to oblige you, had I capacity or subject, as you have. But nobody can love you better or admire you more, of this you may be assured (however unequal in all other respects),

Than your

POLLY DARNFORD.

I send you up some of your papers for the good couple in Kent. Pay my respects to them; and beg they'll let me have 'em again as soon as they can, by your conveyance.

Our Stamford friends desire their kindest respects: They mention you with delight in every letter.

—o—

LETTER XXXII.

THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Thursday and Friday evening.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—I am retired from a very busy day, having had no less than fourteen of our neighbours, gentlemen and ladies, to dinner with us: The occasion, principally, to welcome our noble guests into these parts;

[r. B—— having, as I mentioned in a former, turned the ıtended visit into an entertainment, after his usual generous ıanner.

Mr. B—— and Lord Davers are gone part of the way ith them home; and Lord Jackey mounted with his vourite Colbrand as an escort to the Countess and Lady 'avers, who are gone to take an airing in the chariot. hey offered to take the coach, if I would have gone; but, ːing fatigued, I desired to be excused. So I retired to y closet; and Miss Darnford, who is seldom out of my ıoughts, coming into my mind, I had a new recruit of ıirits, which enabled me to resume my pen, and thus I ·oceed with my journal:

Our company was,* the Earl and Countess of D——, ho are so fashionable a married couple, that the earl made his boast, and his countess bore it like one accustomed to ıch treatment, that he had not been in his lady's company ı hour abroad before for seven years. You know his rdship's character: everybody does: And there is not a orse, as report says, in the peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single gentleman, not a little ıical and ceremonious, and a mighty beau, though of the wdry sort, and affecting foreign airs; as if he was afraid would not be judged by any other mark, that he had avelled.

Mr. Arthur and his lady, a moderately happy couple, ho seem always, when together, to behave as if they were ɔon a compromise; that is, that each would take it in ırn to say free things of the other; though some of their ɛedoms are of so cutting a nature, that it looks as if they tended to divert the company at their own expense. The dy, being of a noble family, takes great pains to let every ıe know, that she values herself not a little upon that lvantage: But, otherwise, has many good qualities.

Mr. Brooks and his lady. The gentleman is a free ker on serious subjects, but a good-natured man, and

* For the characters of most of these gentlemen and ladies, see vol. i. pp. , 50, 72, and in this vol. pp. 127-130 and 145-150.

says sprightly things with no ill grace: The lady is a little reserved, and of a haughty turn, though to-day she happened to be freer than usual; as was observed at table by

Lady Towers, who is a maiden lady of family, noted for her wit and repartee, and who says many good things, with so little doubt, and really so good a grace, that one cannot help being pleased with her. This lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the Grove, as he is called, to distinguish him from a rich citizen of that name, who is settled in these parts, but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the gentry in their visits or parties of pleasure. Mr. Martin is a shrewd gentleman, but has been a little too much of the libertine cast, and has lived freely as to women; and for that reason has not been received by Lady Towers, who hates free actions, though she'll use free words, modestly free, as she calls them; that is to say, the double entendre, in which Sir Simon Darnford, a gentleman you are not unacquainted with, takes great delight; though, by the way, what that worthy gentleman calls innocent, Lady Towers would blush at.

Mr. Dormer, a gentleman of a very courteous demeanour, a widower, was another, who always speaks well of his deceased lady, and of all the sex for her sake.

Mr. Chapman and his lady, a well-behaved couple, who are not ashamed to be very tender and observing to one another, but without that censurable fondness which sits so ill upon some married folks in company.

Then there was the dean, our good minister, whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest; and his daughter, who came to supply her mamma's place, who was indisposed; a well-behaved, prudent young lady. And here were our fourteen guests.

The Countess of C——, Lady Davers, Lord Davers, Mr. H——, my dear Mr. B——, and your humble servant, made up the rest of the company. So we had a capacious and brilliant circle, you may imagine; and all the avenues to the house were crowded with their equipages.

The subjects of discourse at dinner were various, as you

may well suppose; and the circle was too large to fall upon any regular or very remarkable topics. A good deal of sprightly wit, however, flew about, between the Earl of D——, Lady Towers, and Mr. Martin, in which that lord suffered as he deserved: for he was by no means a match for the lady, especially as the presence of the dean was a very visible restraint upon him, and upon Mr. Brooks too: So much awe will the character of a good clergyman always have upon even forward spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable regard to it himself.

Besides, the good gentleman has, naturally, a genteel and inoffensive vein of raillery, and so was too hard for them at their own weapons.

But after dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, Mr. Martin singled me out, as he loves to do, for a subject of encomium, and made some high compliments to my dear Mr. B—— upon his choice; and wished (as he often does) he could find just such another person for himself.

Lady Towers told him, that it was a thing as unaccountable as it was unreasonable, that every rake who loved to destroy virtue should expect to be rewarded with it: And if his brother B—— had come off so well, she thought no one else ought to expect it.

Lady Davers said, It was a very just observation: and she thought it was pity there was not a law, that every man who made a harlot of an honest woman, should be obliged to marry one of another's making.

That would be too severe, Mr. B—— said: It would be punishment enough if he was to marry his own; and especially if he had not seduced her under promise of marriage.

Then you'd have a man be obliged to stand to his promise, I suppose, Mr. B——? replied Lady Davers.

Yes, madam.

But, said she, the proof would be difficult perhaps: and the most unguilty heart of our sex might be least able to make it out. But what say you, my Lord D——, con-

tinued her ladyship; will you, and my Lord Davers, join to bring a bill into the house of peers for the purposes I mentioned? I fancy my brother would give it all the assistance he could in the lower house.

Your ladyship, said Mr. Martin, is highly unreasonable, I think, to propose that: It would be enough, surely, that a man should be obliged, as Mr. B—— says, to marry the woman he himself seduced.

The earl said, that he thought neither the one nor the other should be imposed upon any man; for that when women's virtue was their glory, and they were brought up with that notion, and to avoid the snares of men, he thought, if they yielded, they ought to pay the forfeit, and take the disgrace of it to themselves.

May I ask your lordship, said I, how it comes to pass, that a woman's virtue is her glory, and that a man's shall not be his?—Or, in other words, why you think virtue in a man is not as requisite as in a woman?

Custom, madam, replied the earl, has made it very different; and those things which are scandalous in a lady are not so in a gentleman.

Will your lordship argue, that it should be so, because it is so? Does not the gentleman call himself the head of his family? Is it not incumbent upon him, then, to set a good example? And will he plead it as a fashion, that he may do by the dearest relatives of another man's family, what, if any one should attempt to do by his, he would mortally resent?

Very well observed, madam, said the dean: there is not a free liver in the world, I believe, who can answer that argument.

Mr. B——, said the earl, pray speak to your lady: she is too close upon *us*. And where sentiments have been so well supported by a conduct so uniform and exemplary, I choose not to enter the lists with such an antagonist.

Well, well, said Mr. B——, since your lordship will speak in the plural number us, let me say, we must not pretend to hold an argument on this subject.—But, how-

ever, I think, my lord, you should not call upon a man to defend it, who, bad as he has been, never committed a fault of this nature that he was not sorry for, though the sorrow generally lasted too little a while.

Mr. B—— (said Lady Towers) has some merit with me for that answer: and he has still a greater on another account; and that is, that he has seen his error so early, and has left his vices before they left him.

She looked, as every one did, on the earl, who appeared a little disconcerted, as one conscious that he deserved the reflection. And the dean said, Lady Towers observes very well: for, although I presume not to make personal applications, yet I must say, that the gentleman who sees his error in the prime of life, before he is overtaken by some awakening misfortune, may be called one of the happiest of those who have erred.

Ay, Mr. Dean, said Lady Towers, I can tell you one thing, that such another buttress, as you know who, taken away from libertinism, and such another example as a certain lady every day gives, would go near in a few years to ruin the devil's kingdom in Bedfordshire.

The gentlemen looked round upon one another upon this home push: and the lady would not let them recover it. See, said she, how the gentlemen look upon one another, as who should say, each to his companion, I'm not so bad as you.

Ay, said Lady Davers, I see my Lord Davers, and the Earl of D——, and Mr. Martin, look most concerned.

Faith, ladies, said Mr. Martin, this is too severely personal: a man who contends with a lady has a fine time of it; for we are under restraint, while you say anything you please. But let me tell you, there's not a man of us all, it is my opinion, that could have attempted what a certain renegado has attempted, though he is so readily acquitted.

Not so hasty, my good friend, said Mr. B——: You don't consider well what you say, nor of whom: for did I take upon myself to censure *you?* But though I may

challenge you to say the worst you can, because I always dealt upon my own stock, while other people I could name entered into a society and clubbed for mischief; yet I see you deal with a brother rake, when he reforms, as highwaymen with one of their gang, who would fain withdraw and be honest, but is kept among them by fear of an impeachment.

But is not this, ladies, said Mrs. Arthur, a sad thing, that so many fine gentlemen, as think themselves concerned in this charge, should have no way to clear themselves but by recrimination?

Egad, gentlemen, said Sir Thomas Atkyns, I know not what you're about! You make but sorry figures, by my faith!—I have heard of many *queer* pranks among my Bedfordshire neighbours; but, I bless my stars, I was in France and Italy all the time.

Said Mr. Martin, Mrs. Arthur spoke the words *fine gentlemen,* and Sir Thomas thought himself obliged to enter upon his own defence.

Ay, said the earl; and the best of it is, Sir Thomas pleads not his *virtue* neither, that he did not join in these *queer* pranks with his Bedfordshire neighbours, but his *absence.*

Gad take me, returned he, taking a pinch of snuff with an air, you're plaguy sharp, gentlemen: I believe in my conscience you're in a confederacy, as Mr. B—— says, and would swear an honest man into the plot, that would not care for such company. What say you, Mr. H——? Which side are you of?

Every gentleman, replied he, who is not of the ladies side is deemed a criminal; and I was always of the side that had the power of the gallows.

That shows, returned Lady Towers, that Mr. H—— is more afraid of the *punishment,* than of *deserving* it.

'Tis well, said Mr. B——, that any consideration deters a man of Mr. H——'s time of life. What may be *fear* now, may improve to *virtue* in time.

Ay, said Lady Davers, Jackey is one of his uncle's *foxes.*

He'd be glad to snap up a straggling pullet, if he was not well looked after, perhaps.

Pray, my dear, said Lord Davers, forbear: you ought not to introduce two different conversations into different companies.

I think, truly, said Mr. B——, you should take the dean's hint, my good friends; else you'll be less *polite* than *personal.*

Well, but, gentlemen, said Lady Arthur, since you seem to have been so hard put to it, as *single* men, what's to be done with the married man who ruins an innocent body? What punishment, Lady Towers, shall we find out for such a one? And what reparation to the injured? This, it seems, was said with a particular view to the earl, on a late scandalous occasion: but I knew it not till afterwards.

As to the punishment of the gentleman, replied Lady Towers, where the law has not provided for it, it must be left, I believe, to his conscience. It will then one day be heavy enough. But as to the reparation to the woman, so far as it can be made, it will be determinable as the unhappy person *may* or may *not* know that her seducer is a married man: if she knows he is, I think she neither deserves redress nor pity, though it alleviates not *his* guilt. But if the case be otherwise, and *she* had no means of informing herself that he was married, and he promised to make her his wife, to be sure, though *she* cannot be acquitted, *he* deserves the severest punishment that can be inflicted. What say you, Mrs. B——?

If I must speak my mind, replied I, I think that since custom, as the earl said just now, exacts so little regard to virtue from men, and so much from women, and since the designs of the former upon the latter are so flagrantly avowed and known, the poor creature who suffers herself to be seduced, either by a *single* or *married* man, *with* promises, or *without,* has nothing to do but to sequester herself from the world, and devote the remainder of her days to penitence and obscurity. As to the gentleman, added I, he must, I doubt, be left to his conscience, as you

say, Lady Towers, which he will one day have enough to do to pacify.

Every young lady has not your angelic perfection, madam, said Mr. Dormer. And there are cases in which the fair sex deserve compassion, ours execration. Love may insensibly steal upon a soft heart. When once admitted, the oaths, vows, and protestations of the favoured object, who perhaps on all occasions declaims against the deceivers of his sex, confirm her good opinion of him, till, having lulled asleep her vigilance, in an unguarded hour he takes advantage of her unsuspecting innocence. Is not such a poor creature to be pitied? And what punishment does not such a seducer deserve?

You have put, sir, said I, a moving case, and in a generous manner. What indeed does not such a deceiver deserve?

And the more, said Mrs. Chapman, as the most innocent heart is generally the most credulous.

Very true, said the countess; for such a one as would do no harm *to* others, seldom suspects any *from* others: and her lot is very unequally cast; admired for that very innocence which tempts some brutal ravager to ruin it.

Yet, what is that virtue, said the dean, which cannot stand the test?

But, said Lady Towers, very satirically, whither, ladies, are we got? We are upon the subject of virtue and honour. Let us talk of something in which the gentlemen can join with us. This is such a one, you see, that none but the dean and Mr. Dormer can discourse upon.

Let us then, retorted Mr. Martin, to be even with *one* lady at least, find a subject that will be *new* to her: And that is CHARITY.

Does what I said concern Mr. Martin more than any other gentleman, returned Lady Towers, that he is disposed to take offence at it?

You must pardon me, Lady Towers, said Mr. B—, but I think a lady should never make a motion to wave such subjects as those of virtue and honour; and less still,

in company, where there is so much occasion, as she seems to think, for enforcing them.

I desire not to wave the subject, I'll assure you, replied she. And if, sir, you think it may do good, we will continue it, for the sakes of all *you,* gentlemen (looking round her archly), who are of opinion you may be benefited by it.

We are going into personals again, gentlemen and ladies, said the earl.

And that won't bear, my lord, you seem to think? retorted Lady Davers.

A health to the king and royal family brought on public affairs, and politics; and the ladies withdrawing to coffee and tea, I have no more to say as to this conversation, having repeated all that I remember was said to any purpose; for such large companies, you know, my dear, don't always produce the most agreeable and edifying talk. But this I was the more willing to recite, because I thought the characters of some of our neighbours would be thereby made more familiar to you, if ever I should have the happiness to see you in these parts.

I will only add that Miss L——, the dean's daughter, is a very modest and agreeable young lady, and a perfect mistress of music; in which the dean takes great delight also, and is a fine judge of it. The gentlemen coming in, to partake of our coffee and conversation, as they said, obtained of miss to play several tunes on the harpsichord; and would have me play too. But really Miss L—— so very much surpassed me, that had I regarded my reputation for playing, above the desire I had (as I said, and truly said) to satisfy the good company, I ought not to have pretended to touch a key after such a mistress of it. Miss has no voice, which is great pity; and at the request of every one, I sung to her *accompaniment,* twice or thrice; as did Lady Towers, whose voice exceeds her taste. But here, miss, will I end my fourth conversation-piece.

—o—

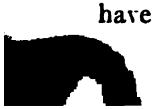
Saturday morning.

THE countess being a little indisposed, Lady Davers and I took an airing this morning in the chariot, and had a great deal of discourse together. Her ladyship was pleased to express great favour and tenderness towards me; gave me a great deal of good advice, as to the care she would have me take of myself; and told me that her hopes, as well as her brother's, all centred in my welfare; and that the way I was in made her love me better and better.

She was pleased to tell me how much she approved of the domestic management; and to say that she never saw such regularity and method in any family in her life, where was the like number of servants. Every one, she said, knew their duty, and did it without speaking to, in such silence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and delight, without the least hurry or confusion, that it was her surprise and admiration: but kindly would have it, that I took too much care upon me. Yet, said she, I don't see but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tired or fatigued; and are always dressed and easy, so that no company find you unprepared, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to breakfast or dinner.

I told her ladyship I owed all this, and most of the conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear brother, who, at the beginning of my happiness, gave me several cautions* and instructions for my behaviour; which had always been the rule of my conduct ever since, and I hoped ever would be: To say nothing, added I, which yet would be very unjust, of the assistance I receive from worthy Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager.

Good creature, sweet Pamela, and *charming girl,* were her common words, and she was pleased to attribute to me a graceful and unaffected ease, and would have it, that I have a natural dignity in my person and behaviour, which



* See page 2.

command love and reverence at the same time; so that, my dear Miss Darnford, I am in danger of being as proud as anything. For you must believe that her ladyship's approbation gives me great pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have come off near so well in her opinion.

As the chariot passed along, she took great notice of the respects paid me by people of different ranks, and of the blessings bestowed upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said, She should fare well, and be rich in good wishes, for being in my company.

The good people, who know us, *will* do so, madam, said I; but I had rather have their silent prayers than their audible ones; and I have caused some of them to be told so.

What I apprehend, madam, continued I, is, that you will be more uneasy to-morrow, when at church you'll see a good many people in the same way. Indeed, added I, my story, and your dear brother's tenderness to me, are so much talked of, that many strangers are brought hither to see us. 'Tis the only thing, continued I (and so it is, miss), that makes me desirous to go to London; for by the time we return, the novelty, I hope, will cease.

Then I mentioned some verses of Mr. Cowley, which had been laid under my cushion in our seat at church, two Sundays ago, by some unknown hand: and how uneasy they have made me. I will transcribe them, my dear, and give you the particulars of our conversation on that occasion. The verses are these:

Thou robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights,
Ah! lovely thief, what wilt thou do?
What! rob me of heav'n too?
Thou ev'n my prayers dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to GOD, and end them all to thee.

No, to what purpose should I speak,
No, wretched heart, swell till you break!

She cannot love me, if she would:
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.
No, to the grave thy sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there!
Since that loved hand this mortal wound does give,
So handsomely the thing contrive,
That she may guiltless of it live:
So perish, that her killing thee,
May a chance-medley, and no murder be!

I had them in my pocket, and read them to my lady; who asked me if her brother had seen them? I told her it was he that found them under the cushion I used to sit upon; but did not show them to me, till I came home, and that I was so vexed at them that I could not go to church in the afternoon.

What should you be vexed at, my dear? said she. How could you help it?—My brother was not disturbed at them, was he?

No, indeed, replied I: he chid *me* for being so; and was pleased to make me a fine compliment upon it; that he did not wonder that everybody who saw me loved me. —But I said, This was all that wicked wit was good for, to inspire such boldness in bad hearts, which might otherwise not dare to set pen to paper to affront any one.

But pray, madam, added I, don't own I have told you of them, lest the least shadow of a thought should arise, that I was prompted by some vile, secret vanity, to tell your ladyship of them: when, I am sure, they have vexed me more than enough. For is it not a sad thing that the church should be profaned by such actions, and such thoughts, as ought not to be brought into it?

Then, madam, to have any wicked man *dare* to think of one with impure notions! It gives me the less opinion of myself, that I should be so much as *thought of* as the object of any wicked body's wishes. I have called myself to account upon it, whether any levity in my looks, my dress, my appearance, could embolden such an affrontive insolence. And I have thought, upon this occasion, better of Julius Cæsar's delicacy, than I did when I read of it;

'ho, upon an attempt made on his wife, to which, however, : does not appear she gave the least encouragement, said, to ıose who pleaded for her against the divorce he was re-ɔlved upon, *That the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.*

Indeed, madam, continued I, it would extremely shock ıe but to know that any wicked heart had conceived a esign upon me: Upon *me,* give me leave to repeat, whose nly glory and merit is, that I have had the grace to with-tand the greatest of trials and temptations from a gentle-ıan more worthy to be beloved, both for person and mind, han any man in England.

Your observation, my dear, is truly delicate, and such as ecoines your mind and character. And I really think, if ny lady in the world is secure from vile attempts, it must e you; not only from your story so well known, and the ɔve you bear to your man, and his merit to you, but from he prudence, and natural *dignity,* I will say, of your ehaviour, which, though easy and cheerful, is what would trike dead the hope of any presumptuous libertine, the ıoment he sees you.

How can I enough, returned I, and kissed her hand, cknowledge your ladyship's polite goodness in this com-liment! But, my lady, you see, by the very instance I ave mentioned, that a liberty *is* taken which I cannot hink of without pain.

'Tis such a liberty, replied my lady, as shows more de-pair than hope, and is a confirmation of my sentiments on he prudence and dignity which not only I, but everybody ttributes to you.

Kind, kind Lady Davers! said I, again pressing her hand ith my lips. But I think I will turn my quarrel (since I now not, and hope I never shall, the vile transcriber) upon he author of the verses; for had they not been written, I hould not have been thus insulted, perhaps.

Cowley, replied my lady, is my favourite poet. He has beautiful imagination, a vast deal of brilliant wit, and a hastity too in most of his pieces, that hardly any of the ribe can boast.

I once liked him better too, said I, than I have done since this; for he was one of the poets that my lady would permit me to read sometimes; and his pieces in praise of the country life, and those charming lines against ambition, used to delight me much:

> If e'er ambition should my fancy cheat
> With any wish so *mean*, as to be great,
> Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of the life I love!

I have taken notice of these lines often, said my lady, and been pleased with them. But I think you have no reason to be out of conceit with Cowley, for the ill use made of his verses. He but too naturally describes the influence of love; which frequently interferes with our best duties. And there is something very natural, and easy, and witty, in the first lines; and shows that the poet *laments* the too engaging impressions which love made upon his mind, even on the most solemn occasions.—*What! rob me of heav'n too?*—A bad heart, Pamela, could not have so lamented, or so written.

Ah! but, madam, returned I, I have seen in your dear brother's collection of manuscripts, a poem, in which this very point, nice as it is, is touched with much greater propriety.

Can you repeat it, my dear?

The lines I mean, I can. Your ladyship must know it was upon a quarrel between a beloved couple, where the gentleman had been wild, and the lady's ill-natured uncle, who wanted to break the match (although it was designed by her deceased parents), had fomented it, so that she would not look upon her lover, nor see him, nor receive a letter of excuse from him, though they were betrothed, and she loved him dearly. This obliged him to throw himself in her way at church, and thus he writes:

> But, oh! forgive me, Heav'n, if oft my fair
> Robs thee of my devoir, disturbs my pray'r,
> Confounds my best resolves, and makes me prove,
> That she's too much a rival in thy love.

These now, madam, continued I, are the lines I admire:

> But better thoughts my happier hopes suggest,
> When once this stormy doubt's expelled my breast;
> When once this *agitated flame* shall turn
> To *steadier* heat, and more *intensely* burn,
> My dear *Maria* then, thought I, will join,
> And we, *one heart*, *one soul*, shall *all* be THINE!

Ay, Pamela, these are very pretty lines. But you must not think ill of my favourite Cowley, however; for I say, with a gentleman, whose judgment and good heart have hardly any equal, that though Cowley was going out of fashion with some, yet he should always suspect the head or the heart of him or her, who could not taste, and delight in, his beauties.

The words,

> She *cannot* love me, if she would,
> And, *to say truth*, 'twere pity that she should;

show the *goodness* of the *poet's heart;* and even, that the transcriber himself, be he who he will, had not the *worst*, that he could single out *these;* when, if he would be shining with borrowed rays, he might have chosen a much worse poet to follow.

O madam! replied I, say not one word in behalf of the wicked transcriber. For a wretch to entertain the shadow of a wish for a married person, is a degree of impurity that ought not to be excused: But to commit such thoughts to writing, to put that writing under the seat of the married person at church, where her heart should be engaged *wholly* in her first duties; where, too, it might be more likely to be seen by the pew-keepers than her, and so be spread over the whole parish, to the propagation of bad ideas whenever I appeared; and, moreover, might come to the hands of one's husband, who, from his own free life formerly, and high passions, as far as the transcriber knew, might be uneasy at, and angry with, the innocent occasion of the insult.—Besides the apprehension it must give one, that the man who could take this vile step might proceed to greater

lengths, which my busy fears could improve to duelling and murder.—Then the concern it must fill me with, to the diverting of my mind from my first regards, when *any one* looked at me wistfully, that he might be the transcriber! which must always give me confusion of thought.—Dearest madam, can one forbear being vexed, when all these imaginations dart in upon a mind apprehensive as mine? Indeed this action has given me great uneasiness at times, ever since, and I cannot help it.

I am pleased with your delicacy, my dear, as I said before—you can never err, while thus watchful over your conduct: and I own you have the more reason for it, as you have married a mere Julius Cæsar, an open-eyed rake, that was her word, who would, on the least surmises, though ever so causeless on your part, have all his passions up in arms, in apprehension of liberties that might be offered like those he has not scrupled to take.

Oh, but, madam, said I, your dear brother has given me great satisfaction in one point; for you must think I should not love him as I ought, if I had not a concern for his future happiness, as well as for his present; and that is, he has assured me that in all the liberties he has taken, he never attempted a married lady, but always abhorred the thought of so great an evil.

'Tis pity, said her ladyship, that a man who could conquer his passions *so far*, could not subdue them entirely. This shows it was in his own power to do so; and increases his crime: and what a wretch is he, who scrupling, under pretence of conscience or honour, to attempt ladies *within* the pale, boggles not to ruin a poor creature *without;* although he knows he thereby, most probably, for ever deprives her of that protection, by preventing her marriage, which, even among such rakes as himself, is deemed, he owns, inviolable, and so casts the poor creature headlong into the jaws of perdition!

Ah! madam, replied I, this was the very inference I made upon the occasion.

And what could he say?

He said my inference was just; but called me *pretty preacher*;—and once having cautioned me* not to be over-serious to him, so as to cast a gloom, as he said, over our innocent enjoyments, I never dare to urge matters farther, when he calls me by that name.

Well, said my lady, thou'rt an admirable girl! God's goodness was great to our family, when it gave thee to it.

No wonder, continued her ladyship, as my brother says, everybody that sees you, and has heard your character, loves you. And this is some excuse for the inconsiderate folly even of this unknown transcriber.

Ah! madam, replied I, but is it not a sad thing that people, if they must take upon them to like one's behaviour in general, should have the *worst*, instead of the *best* thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that reason? And so to destroy the cause of that pleasure which they pretend to take in seeing a body set a good example? For what, my dear lady, could a wretch mean, even by the words your ladyship thinks most innocent

She cannot love me, if she would;
And, to say truth—(as if this truth were extorted rather by his *fears* than his *wishes*)
——'twere pity that she should.

But why, then, if this be the case, and that he would bear his *sorrows*, as the poet calls them, to the grave, should he not keep them to *himself*? Make that very *mind* their grave, which gave them their *birth*? If the bold creature, whoever he be, had not thought this might be a hint that might somehow be improved, and a vile foundation for some viler superstructure, would he have transcribed them, and caused them to be placed where they were found?

Then, in my humble opinion, the thought that is contained in these lines,

* See vol. i. p. 377.

> Since that loved hand this mortal wound does give,
> So handsomely the thing contrive,
> That she may guiltless of it live!
> So perish, that her killing thee
> May a chance-medley, and no murder be,

is rather a *conceit* or *prettiness* that won't bear examination, than that true wit in which this fine poet excels:—For if she cannot love him if *she would*, and if it were *pity* that she *should* love him, this implies she was a lady under previous obligation, whether marriage or betrothment is the same thing to him: Then, need the thing to be so *handsomely contrived*, need any pains be taken (if her repulse *had killed*, as poetical license makes him say, this invader of another's right) to bring it in *chance-medley*;—since no jury could have brought it in *murder*; except that sort of murder which is called *felo de se?* You know, my lady, what a scholar your brother has made me: so that I presume to think, the poet himself is not so blameless in this, as he has taken care to be in most of his pieces. And permit me to make one observation, my good lady, That if the chastest writers (supposing Cowley meant ever so well) may have their works, and their thoughts, turned to be panders and promoters of the wickedness of coarse minds, whose grosser ideas could not be clothed in a dress fit to appear in decent company, without *their* assistance, how careful ought a good author to be, whose works are likely to live to the end of time, how he propagates the worst of mischiefs to such a duration, when he himself is dead and gone, and incapable of antidoting the poison he has spread?

Her ladyship was pleased to kiss me as we sat. My charming Pamela, my *more than sister!* (did she say)—Yes, she did say so! and made my eyes overflow with joy to hear the sweet epithet!—How your conversation charms me!—I charge you, when you get to town, let me have your remarks on the diversions you will be carried to by my brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and *you* know how acceptable everything will be *to me* that comes from you. I promise great pleasure, as well to my-

self as to my worthy friends, particularly to Lady Betty, in your unrestrained, free correspondence.

Indeed, Pamela, I must bring you acquainted with Lady Betty: She is one of the worthies of our sex, and has a fine understanding.—I'm sure you'll like her.—But (for the world say it not to my brother, nor let Lady Betty know I tell you so, if ever you should be acquainted—) I had carried the matter so far by my officious zeal to have my brother married to so fine a lady, not doubting his joyful approbation, that it was no small disappointment to *her*, I can tell you, when he married you: and this is the best excuse I can make for my furious behaviour to you at the Hall. For though I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost mad—indeed my disappointment had given me so much indignation, both against you and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you did feel the weight of my hand: *—But what was that?—'Twas well I did not *kill you dead*—these were her ladyship's words—For how could I think the wild libertine capable of being engaged by such noble motives, or thee what thou art?—So this will account to thee a little for my violence then.

Your ladyship, said I, all these things considered, had but too much reason to be angry at your dear brother's proceedings, so well as you always loved him, so high a concern as you always had to promote his honour and interest, and so far as you had gone with Lady Betty.

I tell thee, Pamela, said she, that the old story of Eleanor and Rosamond ran in my head all the way of my journey, and I almost wished for a potion to force down thy throat: and when I came and found thy lewd paramour absent (for little did I think thou wast married to him, though I expected thou wouldst endeavour to persuade me to believe it), apprehending that this intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my hopes as to Lady Betty and him: Now, thought I, all happens as I wish!—Now will I

* Compare this part of the conversation, with Lady Davers's behaviour to Pamela, pp. 18–38.

confront this brazen girl!—Now will I try her innocence, as I please, by offering to take her with me out of his hands: if she refuses, take that refusal for a demonstration of her guilt; and then, thought I, I will make the creature provoke me, in the presence of my nephew and my woman (and I hoped to have got that woman Jewkes to testify for me too); and I cannot tell what I might have done, if thou hadst not got out of the window as thou didst, especially after thou hadst told me thou wast as much married as I was, and hadst shown me his tender letter to thee, which had a quite different effect upon me than thou hadst hoped for. But if I had committed any act of violence, what remorse should I have had, when I came to reflect, and had known what an excellence I had injured! Thank God, thou didst escape me! Thank God, thou didst! And then her ladyship folded her arms about me, and kissed me.

This was a sad story, you'll say, my dear; and I wonder what her ladyship's passion would have made her do! Surely she would not have *killed me dead*, indeed! surely she would not!—Let it not, however, Miss Darnford, nor you, my dear father and mother, when you see it,—go out of your own hands, nor be read, for my Lady Davers's sake, to anybody else—no, not to your own mamma.—It made me tremble a little, even at this distance, to think what a sad thing passion is, when way is given to its ungovernable tumults, and how it deforms and debases the noblest minds.

We returned from this agreeable airing but just time enough to dress before dinner, and then I attended my lady, and we went together into the countess's apartment, where I received abundance of compliments from both. As this brief conversation will give you some notion of that management and economy for which they heaped upon me their kind praises, I will recite to you what passed in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; and the less, because what I underwent formerly from my lady's indignation, half entitles me to be proud of her present kindness and favour.

Lady Davers said, Your ladyship must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your company; but here this sweet girl has entertained me in such a manner, that I could have stayed out with her all day; and several times did I bid the coachman prolong his circuit.

My good Lady Davers, madam, said I, has given me inexpressible pleasure, and has been all condescension and favour, and made me as proud as proud can be.

You, my dear Mrs. B——, said she, may have given great pleasure to Lady Davers; for it cannot be otherwise. —But I have no great notion of her ladyship's condescension, as you call it (pardon me, madam, said she to her, smiling), when she cannot raise her style above the word *girl*, coming off from a tour you have made so delightful to her.

I protest to you, my Lady C——, replied her ladyship, with great goodness, that that word, which once indeed I used through pride, as you'll call it, I now use for a very different reason. I begin to doubt, whether to call her sister is not more honour to myself than to her; and to this hour am not quite convinced. When I am, I will call her so with pleasure.

I was quite overcome with this fine compliment, but could not answer a word. And the countess said, I could have spared you longer, had not the time of day compelled your return. For I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, although but with the talk of your woman and mine. For here they have been giving me such an account of Mrs. B——'s economy, and family management, as has highly delighted me. I never knew the like; and in so young a lady too! We shall have strange reformations to make in our families, Lady Davers, when we go home, were we to follow so good an example.

Why, my dear Mrs. B——, continued her ladyship, you out-do all your neighbours. And indeed I am glad I live so far from you:—For were I to try to imitate you, it would still be *but* imitation, and you'd have the honour of it.

Yet you hear, and you see by yesterday's conversation, said Lady Davers, how much her best neighbours of both sexes admire her. They all yield to her the palm, unenvying.

Then, my good ladies, said I, it is a sign I have most excellent neighbours, full of generosity, and willing to encourage a young person in doing right things: so it makes, considering what I was, more for their honour than my own. For what censures should not such a one as I deserve, who have not been educated to fill up my time like ladies of condition, were I not to employ myself as I do? I, who have so little other merit, and who brought no fortune at all?

Come, come, Pamela, none of your self-denying ordinances—that was Lady Davers's word—you must know something of your own excellence:—If you do not, I'll tell it you, because there is no fear you will be proud or vain upon it. I don't see, then, that there is the lady in your neighbourhood, or *any* neighbourhood, that behaves with more decorum, or better keeps up the port of a lady, than you do. How you manage it, I can't tell; but you do as much by a look, and a pleasant one too, that's the rarity! as I do by high words and passionate exclamations. I have often nothing but blunder upon blunder, as if the wretches were in a confederacy to try my patience.

Perhaps, madam, said I, the awe they have of your ladyship, because of your high qualities, makes them commit blunders; for I myself have always been more afraid of appearing before your ladyship, when you have visited your honoured mother, than of anybody else, and have been the more sensibly awkward through that very awful respect.

Psha, psha, Pamela, that is not it: 'Tis all in yourself. I used to think my mamma, and my brother too, had as awkward servants as I ever saw anywhere—except Mrs. Jervis.—Well enough for a bachelor, indeed!—But, here! —thou hast not parted with one servant—Hast thou?

No, madam.

How! said the countess; what excellence is here! All of them, pardon me, Mrs. B——, your fellow-servants, as one may say, and all of them so respectful, so watchful of your eye; and you, at the same time, so gentle to them, so easy, so cheerful!

Don't you think me, my dear, insufferably vain? But 'tis what they were pleased to say. 'Twas their goodness to me, and showed how much they can excel in generous politeness. So I will proceed.

Why this, continued the countess, must be *born* dignity, —*born* discretion.—Education cannot give it:—If it could, why should not *we* have it?

The ladies said many more kind things of me then; and after dinner they mentioned all over again, with additions, before my best friend, who was kindly delighted with the encomiums given me by two ladies of such distinguishing judgment in all other cases. They told him how much they admired my family management: then would have it that my genius was universal, for the employments and accomplishments of my sex, whether they considered it, they were pleased to say, as employed in penmanship, in needlework, in paying or receiving visits, in music, and I can't tell how many other qualifications, which their goodness made them attribute to me, over and above the family management; saying, That I had an understanding which comprehended everything, and an eye that penetrated into the very bottom of matters in a moment, and never was at a loss for the *should be*, the *why* or *wherefore*, and the *how*: these were their comprehensive words—that I did everything with celerity, clearing all as I went; and left nothing, that was their observation, to recur or come over again, that could be despatched at once: by which means, they said, every hand was clear to undertake a new work, as well as my own head to direct it: and there was no hurry nor confusion; but every coming hour was fresh and ready, and unencumbered (so they said) for its new employment: and to this they attributed that ease and pleasure with which everything was performed, and that I could *do*, and

cause to be done, so much business, without hurry either to myself or servants.

These things, they would have it, they observed in part themselves, and in part were beholden for to the observations of their women, who looked, they said, so narrowly into every part of the management, as if they were spies upon it; but were such faithful ones, that it was like a good cause brought to a strict scrutiny, the brighter and fairer for it.

Thus, my dear Miss Darnford, did their ladyships praise me for what I *ought* to be; and I will endeavour to improve more and more by their kind admonitions, which come clothed in the agreeable and flattering shape of praise; the noblest incitement to the doing of one's duty.

Judge you how pleasing this was to my best beloved, who found, in their kind approbation, such a justification of his own conduct as could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady Davers was one of the kind praisers.

Lord Davers was so highly delighted, that he rose once, begging his brother's excuse to salute me, and remained standing over my chair, with a pleasure in his looks that cannot be expressed, now and then lifting up his hands, and his good-natured eye glistening with joy, which a pier-glass gave me the opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a bashful glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. H—— seemed to be touched very sensibly; and recollecting his behaviour to me at the Hall, he once cried out, What a sad whelp was *I*, to behave as I formerly did, to so much excellence!—Not, Mr. B——, that I was anything uncivil, neither;—but in unworthy sneers, and nonsense—you know me well enough; p-x on me for a jackanapes. You called me, *tinselled toy*,* though, madam; don't you remember that? and said, *Twenty or thirty years hence, when I was at age, you'd give me an answer.*—Egad! I shall never forget your looks, nor your words neither!—They were d—d severe speeches! Were they not, sir?

* See page 27.

Oh, you see, Mr. H——, replied my dear Mr. B——, Pamela is not quite perfect—we must not provoke her; for she'll call us both so, perhaps; for I wear a laced coat, sometimes, as well as you.

Nay, faith, I can't be angry, said he, I deserved it richly, that I did, had it been worse.

Thy silly tongue, said my lady, runs on without fear or wit. What's past is past.

Why, i'faith, madam, I was plaguily wrong; and I said nothing of anybody but *myself*:—And have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my nonsense.

My nephew, said my lord, must bring in hanging, or the gallows, in every speech he makes, or it will not be he.

Mr. B——, smiling, said, with severity enough in his meaning, as I could see by the turn of his countenance—Mr. H—— knows that his birth and family entitle him more to the *block* than the rope, or he would not make so free with the latter.

Good! very good, by Jupiter! said Mr. H——, laughing. The countess smiled. Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, and said to her nephew, Thou'rt a good-natured foolish fellow, that thou art.

For what, madam? Why the word *foolish*, aunt? What have I said now?

Nothing to any purpose, indeed, said she; when thou dost, I'll write it down.

Then, madam, said he, have your pen and ink always about you, when I'm present.—The devil's in't if you won't put that down, to begin with!

This made every one laugh. What a happy thing is it, thought I, that good-nature generally accompanies this character; else, how would some people be supportable?

But here I'll break off. 'Tis time, you'll say.—But you know to whom I write, as well as to yourself, and they'll be pleased with all my silly scribble.—So excuse one part

for that, and another for friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable to you.

Now the trifler again resumes her pen. I am in some pain, miss, for to-morrow, because of the rules we observe of late in our family on Sundays, and of going through a crowd to church; which will afford new scenes to our noble visitors, either for censure, or otherwise. But I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my duty, than for the want of it; and so will omit nothing that we have been accustomed to do.

I hope I shall not be thought ridiculous, or as one who aims at works of supererogation, for what I think is very short of my duty.—Some order, surely, becomes the heads of families; and, besides, it would be discrediting one's own practice, if one did not appear at one time what one does at another. For that which is a reason for discontinuing a practice for some company, would seem to be a reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a family visiting and visited as ours.

And I remember well a hint given me by my dearest friend once on another subject,* that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself, after a while, and persons see what is one's way, and that one is not to be put out of it.

But my only doubt is, that to ladies, who have not been accustomed perhaps to the *necessary* strictness, I should make myself censurable, as if I aimed at too much perfection: For, however one's duty is one's duty, and ought not to be dispensed with; yet when a person, who uses to be remiss, sees so hard a task before them, and so many great points to get over, all to be no more than tolerably regular, it is rather apt to frighten and discourage than to allure; and one must proceed, as I have read soldiers do in a difficult siege, inch by inch, and be more studious to intrench and fortify themselves, as they go on gaining upon the enemy, than by rushing all at once upon an attack of the

* See page 3.

place, be repulsed, and perhaps obliged, with great loss, to abandon a hopeful enterprise.

And permit me to add that, young as I am, I have often observed that over-great strictnesses, all at once enjoined and insisted upon, are not fit for a beginning reformation, but for stronger Christians only; and therefore generally do more harm than good, in such a circumstance.

What a miserable creature am I, said a neighbouring widow gentlewoman (whom I visited in her illness, at her own desire, though a stranger to me but by name), if all the good *you* do, and the strict life *you* live, is no more than absolutely necessary to salvation!

I saw the poor gentlewoman, through illness and low spirits, was ready to despond, and, to comfort her, I said, Dear madam, don't be cast down: God Almighty gives us all a light to walk by in these our dark paths; and 'tis my humble opinion, He will judge us according to the *unforced* and *unbiassed* use we make of that light. I think it my duty to do several things, which perhaps the circumstances of others will not permit *them* to do; or which they, on serious and disinterested reflection, may not think absolutely necessary to be done: In each case our judgments are a law to each; and I ought no more to excuse myself from doing such parts as I think my duty, than you to condemn yourself for not doing what does not appear to you so strictly necessary: And besides, madam, you may do as much good one way, as I another, and so both may be equally useful in the general system of Providence.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear friend?—Excuse me, for this is Saturday night: and as it was a very good method which the ingenious authors of the *Spectators* took, generally to treat their more serious subjects on this day; so I think one should, when one can, consider it as the preparative eve to a still better.

—o—

Sunday.

Now, my dear, by what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you briefly with the method my dear Mr. B—— not only permits, but encourages me to take in the family he leaves to my care, as to the *Sunday duty*.

The worthy dean, at my request, and by my beloved's permission, recommended to me, as a sort of family chaplain for Sundays, a young gentleman of great sobriety and piety, and sound principles, who having but lately taken orders, has at present no other provision. And this gentleman comes and reads prayers to us about seven in the morning, in the lesser Hall, as we call it,—a retired apartment, next to the little garden; for we have no chapel with us here, as in your neighbourhood: And this generally, with some suitable exhortation, or meditation out of some good book, which the young gentleman is so kind as to let me choose now and then, when I please, takes up little more than half an hour.

We have a great number of servants of both sexes: and myself, my good Mrs. Jervis, and my Polly Barlow, are generally in a little closet, which, when we open the door, is but just a separation, and that's all, from the Hall.

Mr. Adams (for that is our young clergyman's name) has a desk, at which sometimes Mr. Jonathan makes up his running accounts to Mr. Longman, who is very scrupulous of admitting anybody to the use of his office, because of the writings in his custody, and the order he values himself upon having everything in.

About seven in the evening the young gentleman comes again; and I generally, let me have what company I will, find time to retire for about another half-hour; and my dear Mr. B—— connives at, and excuses my absence, if inquired after; though, for so short a time, I am seldom missed.

To the young gentleman I shall present, every quarter, five guineas; and Mr. B—— presses him to accept of a

lace at his table, at his pleasure: but as we have gene-
ılly a good deal of company, his modesty makes him
ecline it, especially at those times.

Mr. Longman is so kind as to join with us very often in
ır Sunday office, and Mr. Colbrand seldom misses: and
ıey tell Mrs. Jervis that they cannot express the pleasure
ıey have to meet me there; and the edification they
:ceive, as they are so kind to say, from my example; and
om the cheerful temper I am always in, which does 'em
ɔod to look upon me. And they will have it, that I do
·edit to religion. But if they do but think so, it must
ave been of service to me in the order I have now estab-
ıhed, as I hope; and that through less difficulties than I
ɾpected to meet with, especially from the cook-maid;*
ut she says, she comes with double delight to have the
pportunity to see her blessed lady, as it seems she calls me
: every word.

My best beloved dispenses as much as he can with the
:rvants, for the evening part, if he has company; or will
: attended only by John or Abraham, perhaps, by turns;
ıd sometimes looks upon his watch, and says, 'Tis near
ven; and if he says so, they take it for a hint they may
: dispensed with for half an hour: and this countenance
hich he gives me has not contributed a little to make the
atter easy and delightful to me, and to every one.

I am sure, were only policy to be considered, this method
ust be laudable; for since I began it, there is not a more
ligent, a more sober, nor more courteous set of servants
. any family in a great way. We have no broils, no hard
ords, no revilings, no commandings nor complainings:
ıd Mrs. Jervis's government is made so easy, as she says,
ıat she need not speak twice: and all the language of the
rvants is, Pray, John, or, Pray, Jane, do so or so: and
ıey say, Their master's service is a heaven upon earth.

When I part from them, on the breaking up of our
ısembly, they generally make a little row on each side of
ıe hall-door; and when I have made my compliments,

* See vol. i. p. 106; and this vol. p. 119.

and paid my thanks to Mr. Adams, one whispers, as I go out, God bless you, madam! and so says another, and another, and indeed every one; and bow and courtesy with such pleasure in their honest countenances, as greatly delights me: And I say (if it so happens), So, my good friends!—I am glad to see you—Not one absent! or but one—as it falls out. This is very obliging, I cry: And thus I show them that I take notice, if anybody be not there. And back again I go, to pay my duty to my earthly benefactor; and he is pleased to say sometimes, that I come to him with such a radiance in my countenance, as gives him double pleasure to behold me; and often he tells me afterwards, that but for appearing too fond before company, he could meet me, as I enter, with embraces as pure as my own heart.

I hope, in time, I shall prevail upon the dear man to give me his company.—But thank God, I am enabled to go thus far already!—I will leave the rest to His providence. For I have a point very delicate to touch upon in this particular; and I must take care not to lose the ground I have gained, by too precipitately pushing at too much at once. This is my comfort, that next to being uniform *himself,* is that permission and encouragement he gives *me,* to be so, and the pleasure he takes in seeing me so delighted—and, besides, he always gives me his company to church. Oh, how happy should I think myself, if he would be pleased to accompany me to the divine office, which yet he has not done, though I have urged him as much as I durst! One thing after another, he says; we shall be better and better, I hope: but nobody is good all at once. But, my dear Miss Darnford, as I consider this as the seal of all the rest, and he himself has an awful notion of it, I shall hardly think my dear Mr. B——'s morals fully secured till then.

Mrs. Jervis asked me, on Saturday evening, if I would be concerned to see a larger congregation in the lesser Hall next morning than usual? I answered, No, by no means. She said, Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley (the two ladies'

women), and Mr. Sidney, my Lord Davers's gentleman, and Mr. H——'s servant, and the coachmen and footmen belonging to our noble visitors, who are, she says, all great admirers of our family management and good order, having been told our method, begged to join in it. I knew I should be a little dashed at so large a company; but the men being orderly, for lords' servants, and Mrs. Jervis assuring me that they were very earnest in their request, I consented to it.

When, at the usual time (attended by my Polly), I went down, I found Mr. Adams there (to whom I made my first compliments), and every one of our own people waiting for me, Mr. Colbrand excepted (whom Mr. H—— had kept up late the night before), together with Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley, and Mr. Sidney, with the servants of our guests, who, as also worthy Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Jonathan, paid me their respects: and I said, This is early rising, Mrs. Lesley and Mrs. Worden; you are very kind to countenance us with your companies in this our family order.—Mr. Sidney, I am glad to see you. How do you, Mr. Longman? And looked round with complacency on the servants of our noble visitors. And then I led Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley to my little retiring-place, and Mrs. Jervis and my Polly followed; and throwing the door open, Mr. Adams began some select prayers; and as the young gentleman reads with great emphasis and propriety, and as if his heart was in what he read, all the good folks were exceedingly attentive.

After prayers, Mr. Adams read a meditation, from a collection made for private use, which I shall more particularly mention by and by; and ending with the usual benediction, I thanked the worthy gentleman, and gently chid him, in Mr. B——'s name, for his modesty in declining our table; and thanking Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, received their kind wishes, and hastened, blushing through their praises, to my chamber, where being alone, I pursued the subject for an hour, till

breakfast was ready, when I attended the ladies, and my best beloved, who had told them of the verses placed under my cushion at church.

We set out, my Lord and Lady Davers, and myself, and Mr. H——, in our coach; and Mr. B——, and the countess, in the chariot, both ladies and the gentlemen splendidly dressed; but I avoided a glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two peeresses. —Mr. B—— said, Why are you not full dressed, my dear? —I said, I hoped he would not be displeased: If he was, I would do as he commanded. He kindly answered, As you like best, my love. You are charming in every dress.

The chariot first drawing up to the church door, Mr. B—— led the countess into the church. My Lord Davers did me that honour; and Mr. H—— handed his aunt through a crowd of gazers, many of whom, as usual, were strangers. The neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, paid us their silent respects; but the thoughts of the wicked verses, or rather, as Lady Davers will have me say, wicked action of the transcriber of them, made me keep behind in the pew: But my lady, with great goodness, sat down by me; and whisperingly talked a good deal, between whiles, to me, with great tenderness and freedom in her aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I knew she intended by it, to show every one she was pleased with me.

Among other things, she said softly, Who would wish to be a king or queen, Pamela, if it is so easy for virtue and beauty (so she was pleased to say) to attract so many sincere admirers, without any of their grandeur? — Look round, my dear girl, and see what a solemn respect and mingled delight appears in every countenance: And pressing my hand, Thou art a charming creature! Such a natural modesty, and such a becoming dignity in thy whole appearance.—No wonder that every one's eyes are upon thee, and that thou bringest to church so many booted gentlemen, as well as neighbours, to behold thee!

Afterwards she was pleased to add, taking my hand (and Mr. B—— and the countess heard her, for she raised her voice to a more audible whisper), I am proud to be in thy company; and in this solemn place I take thy hand, and acknowledge with pride, my *sister*. I looked down; and indeed here, at church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gazed at so?—And softly said, Oh! my good lady! how much you honour me, the place, and these surrounding eyes, can only hinder me from acknowledging as I ought.

My best friend, with pleasure in his eyes, said, pressing his hand upon both ours, as my lady had mine in hers, You are two beloved creatures: both excellent in your way. God bless you both! And you too, my dear brother, said my lady.

The countess whispered, You should spare a body a little! You give one, ladies, and Mr. B——, too much pleasure all at once. Such company, and such behaviour, adds still more charms to devotion; and were I to be here a twelvemonth, I would never miss once accompanying you to this good place.

Mr. H—— thought he must say something, and addressing himself to his noble uncle, who could not keep his good-natured eye off me, I'll be *hanged*, my lord, if I know how to behave myself!—Why, this outdoes the chapel!—I'm glad I put on my new suit! And then he looked upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, his part of the general admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss Darnford, and my dearest father and mother, that I am now at the height of my happiness in this life, thus favoured by Lady Davers?

The dean preached an excellent sermon; but I need not have said that. Only to have mentioned that *he* preached, was saying enough.

My lord led me out, when divine service was over (and being a little tender in his feet, from a gouty notice, walked very slowly). Lady Towers and Mrs. Brooks joined us in the porch; and made us their compliments, as did Mr.

Martin. Will you favour us with your company home, my old acquaintance? said Mr. B—— to that gentleman. I can't, having a gentleman, my relation, to dine with me; but if it will be agreeable in the evening, I will bring him with me to taste of your Burgundy; for we have not any such in the county. I shall be glad to see you, or any friend of yours, replied Mr. B——.

Mr. Martin whispered, It is more, however, to admire your lady, I can tell you that, than your wine.—Get into your coaches, ladies, said he, with his usual freedom: Our maiden and widow ladies have a fine time of it wherever you come: By my faith, they must every one of them quit this neighbourhood, if you were to stay in it: But all the hopes they have are, that while you are in London they'll have the game in their own hands.

Sister, said Lady Davers, most kindly to me, in presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gathered near us, Mr. Martin is the same gentleman he used to be, I see.

Mr. Martin, madam, said I, smiling, has but one fault: he is too apt to praise whom he favours, at the expense of his absent friends!

I am always proud of your reproofs, Mrs. B——, replied he.

Ay, said Lady Towers, that I believe. And therefore I wish, for all our sakes, you'd take him oftener to task, Mrs. B——.

Lady Towers, Lady Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mr. Martin all claimed visits from us; and Mr. B—— making excuses, that he must husband his time, because of being obliged to go to town soon, proposed to breakfast with Lady Towers the next morning, dine with Mrs. Arthur, and sup with Mrs. Brooks: and as there cannot be a more social and agreeable neighbourhood anywhere, his proposal, after some difficulty, was accepted; and our usual visiting neighbours were all to have notice accordingly, at each of the places.

I saw Sir Thomas Atkyns coming towards us, and fearing to be stifled with compliments, I said, Your servant, ladies and gentlemen! and, giving my hand to Lord Davers, stept

into the chariot, instead of the coach; for people that would avoid bustle, sometimes make it. Finding my mistake, I would have come out; but my lord said, Indeed you shan't: and I'll step in, because I'll have you all to myself.

Lady Davers smiled, Now, said she (while the coach drew up), is my Lord Davers pleased; but I see, sister, you were tired with part of your company in the coach.

'Tis well contrived, my dear, said Mr. B——, as long as you have not deprived me of this honour; taking the countess's hand, and leading her into the coach.

Will you excuse all this impertinence, my dear?—I know my father and mother will be pleased with it; and you will have the goodness to bear with me on that account; for their kind hearts will be delighted to hear every minute thing in relation to Lady Davers and myself.

When Mr. Martin came in the evening, with his friend (who is Sir William G——, a polite young gentleman of Lincolnshire), he told us a deal of the praises lavished away upon me by several genteel strangers; one saying to his friend, he had travelled twenty miles to see me.

My Lady Davers was praised too for her goodness to me, and the gracefulness of her person; the countess for the noble serenity of her aspect, and that charming ease and freedom which distinguish her birth and quality: My dear Mr. B——, he said, was greatly admired too: But he would not make *him* proud; for he had superiorities enough already, that was his word, over his neighbours: But I can tell you, said he, that for most of your praises you are obliged to your lady, and for having rewarded her excellence as you have done: For one gentleman, added he, said, he knew no one but you could deserve her; and he believed *you* did, from that tenderness in your behaviour to her, and from that grandeur of air, and majesty of person, that seemed to show you formed for her protector, as well as rewarder.—Get you gone to London, both of you, said he. I did not intend to tell you, Mr. B——, what was said of you.

The women of the two ladies had acquainted their ladyships with the order I observed for the day, and the devout

behaviour of the servants. And about seven, I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going through the great hall, to be joined by both.

I shall come at all your secrets, Pamela, said my lady, and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know whither you are going.

My good ladies, said I, pardon me for leaving you. I will attend you in half an hour.

No, my dear, said Lady Davers, the countess and I have resolved to attend you for that half hour, and we will return to company together.

Is it not descending too much, my ladies, as to the company?

If it is for us, it is for you, said the countess: so we will either act up to you, or make you come down to us; and we will judge of all your proceedings.

Every one, but Abraham (who attended the gentlemen), and all their ladyships' servants, and their two women, were there; which pleased me, however; because it showed that even the strangers, by this their second voluntary attendance, had no ill opinion of the service. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see the ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. Adams.—I was in hopes, sir, said I, we should have been favoured with your company at our table.

He bowed.

Well, sir, said I, these ladies come now to be obliged to you for your good offices; and you'll have no better way of letting them return their obligation, than to sup, though you would not dine with them.

Mr. Longman, said my lady, how do you?—We are come to be witnesses of the family decorum.

We have a blessed lady, madam, said he: and your ladyship's presence augments our joys.

I should have said we were not at church in the afternoon—and when I do not go there, we have the evening service read to us, as it is at church; which Mr. Adams performed now with his usual distinctness and fervour.

When all was concluded, I said, Now, my dearest ladies, excuse me for the sake of the delight I take in seeing all my good folks about me in this decent and obliging manner. —Indeed, I have no ostentation in it, if I know my own heart.

The countess and Lady Davers, delighted to see such good behaviour in every one, sat a moment or two looking upon one another in silence; and then my Lady Davers took my hand: Beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of husbands, what a blessing art thou to this family!

And to every family, said the countess, who have the happiness to know, and the grace to follow, her example! But where, said Lady Davers, collectedst thou all this good sense, and fine spirit in thy devotions?

The Bible, my dear ladies, said I, is the foundation of all: But this, and the Common Prayer-book, and the Duty of Man, our worthy folks have every one of them, and are so good as to employ themselves in them at all leisure opportunities on other days. For which reason, that I may diversify their devotions, I have, with the assistance of Mr. Adams, and by advice of the dean, made extracts from several good pieces, which we read on these days. Mr. Adams, said my Lady Davers, will you oblige me with a copy of my sister's book, at your leisure? He readily engaged to do this; and the countess desired another copy, which he also promised.

Lady Davers then turning herself to Mrs. Jervis, How do you, good woman? said she.—Why, you are now made ample amends for the love you bore to this dear creature formerly!

You have an angel, and not a woman, for your lady, my good Mrs. Jervis, said the countess.

Mrs. Jervis, folding her uplifted hands together, Oh, my good lady! you know not our happiness; no, not one half of it. We were before blessed with plenty, and a bountiful indulgence, by our good master; but our plenty brought on wantonness and wranglings: But now we have peace as well as plenty; and peace of mind, my dear lady, in doing

all in our respective powers, to show ourselves thankful creatures to God, and to the best of masters and mistresses.

Good soul! said I, and was forced to put my handkerchief to my eye: your heart is always overflowing thus with gratitude and praises, for what you so well merit from us.

Mr. Longman, said my lady, assuming a sprightly air, although her eye twinkled, to keep within its lids the precious water that sprang from a noble and well-affected heart, I am glad to see you here, attending your pious young lady.—Well might you love her, honest man! well might you!—I did not know there was so excellent a creature in any rank.

Madam, said the other worthy heart, unable to speak but in broken sentences,—you don't know—indeed you don't, what a—what a—hap—happy—family we are!—Truly, we are like unto Alexander's soldiers, every one fit to be a general; so well do we all know our duties, and *practise* them too, let me say.—Nay, and please your ladyship, we all of us long till morning comes, thus to attend my lady; and after that is past, we long for evening, for the same purpose: for she is *so* good to us—you cannot think how good she is!—But permit your honoured father's old servant to say one word more, that though we are always pleased and joyful on these occasions; yet we are in transports to see our master's noble sister thus favouring us, with your ladyship too (to the countess), and approving our young lady's conduct and piety.

Blessing on you all! said my lady.—Let us go, my lady; —let us go, sister;—for I can stay no longer!

As I slid by, following their ladyships, How do you, Mr. Colbrand? said I softly:—I feared you were not well in the morning.—He bowed, Par-don me, ma-dame—I vas leetel indispose, dat ish true!

Now, my dear friend, will you forgive me all this self-praise, as it may seem?—Yet when you know I give it you, and my dear parents, as so many instances of my Lady Davers's reconciliation and goodness to me, and as it will show what a noble heart that good lady has at bottom,

when her pride of quality and her passion have subsided, and her native good sense and excellence taken place, I flatter myself I may be the rather excused; and especially, as I hope to have my dear Miss Darnford's company and countenance one day, in this my delightful Sunday employment.

I should have added, for I think a good clergyman cannot be too much respected, that I repeated my request to Mr. Adams to oblige us with his company at supper: but he so very earnestly begged to be excused, and with so much concern of countenance, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it; though I was sorry for it, because I am sure, as of anything, that modesty is always a sign of merit.

We returned to the gentlemen as soon as supper was ready, and as cheerful and easy, as Lady Davers observed, as if we had not been present at so solemn a service: and this, said she, after the gentlemen were gone, makes religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher opinion of those who make it a regular and constant part of their employment than ever I had. But I have seen, added her ladyship, perhaps, such characteristic wry faces, and such gloomy countenances, among some of your pious folks, in and after a solemn office, as was enough to dishearten such a one as me, and make one think that it would be a sin to go to bed with a smile upon one's face, or without sighing and groaning.

Then, said she, I was once, I remember, when a girl, at the house of a very devout man for a week, with his granddaughter, my school-fellow; and there were such preachments *against* vanities, and *for* self-denials, that, were we to have followed the good man's precepts (though indeed not his practice, for well did he love his belly), half God Almighty's creatures and works would have been useless, and industry would have been banished the earth.

Then, added her ladyship, have I heard the good man confess himself guilty of such sins, as, if true (and, by his hiding his face with his broad-brimmed hat, it looked a little bad against him), he ought to have been hanged on a gallows fifty feet high.

These reflections, as I said, fell from my lady after the gentlemen were gone, when she recounted to her brother the entertainment, as she was pleased to call it, I had given her. On which she made high encomiums, as did the countess; and they praised also the natural dignity which they imputed to me, saying, I had taught them a way they never could have found out, to descend to the company of servants, and yet to secure, and even augment, the respect and veneration of inferiors at the same time. And, Pamela, said my lady, you are certainly very right to pay so much regard to the young clergyman; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater efficacy with the auditors, facilitates the work you have in view to bring about, and in your own absence (for your monarch may not always dispense with you, perhaps) strengthens his influences, and encourages the young gentleman beside.

—o—

Monday.

I AM to thank you, my dear Miss Darnford, for your kind letter, approving of my scribble.* When you come to my Saturday's and Sunday's accounts, I shall try your patience. But no more of that; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concerned, especially as they will be more indulgently received somewhere else than they may merit; so that my labour will not be wholly lost.

I congratulate you with all my heart, on your dismissing Mr. Murray; for besides that some of his qualities are not to be approved by a lady of your taste and judgment, I will never give my consent, that any gentleman shall have the honour of calling you his, who can so easily resign his pretensions to you, and address your sister.

You are extremely diverting, my dear, with your greater and lesser bear stars; and I could not help showing your letter to Mr. B——. And what do you think the free

* See Letter xxviii., page 298.

gentleman said upon it? I am half afraid to tell you: but lo, now you are so happily disengaged, get leave to come, and let us two contrive to be even with him for it. You are the only lady in the world that I would join with against him.

He said, That your characters of Mr. Murray and Miss Nanny, which he called severe (but I won't call them so, without your leave), looked a little like pretty spite, and as if you were sorry the gentleman took you at your word.—That was what he said—pray let us punish him for it. Yet he called you charming lady, and said a great deal in your praise, and joined with me that Mr. Murray, who was so easy to part with you, could not possibly deserve you.

But, Pamela, said he, I know the sex well enough. Miss Polly may not love Mr. Murray; yet to see her sister addressed and complimented, and preferred to herself, by one whom she so lately thought it was in her own power to choose or to refuse, is a mortifying thing. And young ladies cannot bear to sit by neglected, while two lovers are playing pug's tricks with each other.

Then, said he, all the preparations to matrimony, the clothes to be bought, the visits to be paid and received, the compliments of friends, the busy novelty of the thing, the day to be fixed, and all the little foolish humours and nonsense attending a concluded courtship, when *one sister* is to engross all the attention and regard; the new equipages, and so forth; these are all subjects of mortification to the *other*, though she had no great value for the man perhaps.

Well, but, sir, said I, a lady of Miss Darnford's good sense and good taste, is not to be affected by those parades, and has well considered the matter, no doubt: and I dare-say rejoices, rather than repines, at missing the gentleman.

I hope you will leave the happy pair, for they are so, if they think themselves so, together, and Sir Simon to rejoice in his accomplished son-in-law elect, and give us your company to London: For who would stay to be

vexed by that ill-natured Miss Nanny, as you own you were, at your last writing?

But I will proceed with my journal; and the rather, as I have something to tell you of a conversation, the result of which has done me great honour, and given me inexpressible delight: of which in its place.

We pursued Mr. B——'s proposal, returning several visits in one day; for we have so polite and agreeable a neighbourhood, that all seem to concur in a desire to make everything easy to one another: and, as I mentioned before, hearing Mr. B——'s intention to set out for London, as soon as our company should leave us, they dispensed with formalities, being none of them studious to take things amiss, and having a general good opinion of one another's intentions not to disoblige.

We came not home till ten in the evening, and then found a letter from Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle by the half blood to Mr. B——, acquainting him, that hearing his niece Lady Davers was with him, he would be here in a day or two (being then upon his journey), to pay a visit to his nephew and niece at the same time.

This gentleman is very particularly odd and humorsome; and his eldest son being next heir to the maternal estate, if Mr. B—— should have no children, has been exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me; and would have been better pleased had he not married at all, perhaps.

There never was any cordial love between Mr. B——'s father and him, nor between the uncle and nephew and niece, for his positiveness, roughness, and self-interestedness too, has made him, though very rich, but little agreeable to the generous tempers of his nephew and niece; yet when they meet, which is not above once in four or five years, they are always very civil and obliging to him.

Lady Davers wondered what could bring him hither now; for he lives in Herefordshire, and seldom stirs ten miles from home. Mr. B—— said, he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our nuptials. No,

rather, said my lady, to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own cubs. Thank God, we are, said my dearest friend. Whenever I was strongest set against matrimony, the only reason I had to weigh against my dislike to it was, that I was unwilling to leave so large a part of my estate* to that family.

My dear, said he to me, don't be uneasy; but you'll see a relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine: but no doubt you have heard his character.

Ah, Pamela, said Lady Davers, we are a family that value ourselves upon our ancestry: but, upon my word, Sir Jacob, and all his line, have nothing else to boast of: and I have been often ashamed of my relation to them.

No family, I believe, my lady, has everybody excellent in it, replied I: but I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir Jacob.

He won't dare to affront you, my dear, said Mr. B——, although he'll say to you, and to me, and to my sister too, blunt and rough things. But he'll not stay above a day or two, and we shall not see him again for some years to come; so we'll bear with him.

I am now, miss, coming to the conversation I hinted at.

Tuesday.

On Tuesday, Mr. Williams came to pay his respects to his kind patron. I had been to visit the widow gentlewoman I mentioned before, and on my return went directly to my closet, so knew not of his being there till I came to dinner; for Mr. B—— and he were near two hours together in discourse in the library.

When I came down, Mr. B—— presented him to me. My friend Mr. Williams, my dear, said he.

Mr. Williams, how do you do? said I. I am glad to see you.

* See vol. i. p. 305, and this vol. p. 151.

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well; and had longed for an opportunity to pay his respects to his worthy patron and me before: but had been prevented twice when he was upon the point of setting out.

Mr. B—— said, I have prevailed upon my old acquaintance to take up his residence with us, while he stays in these parts. Do you, my dear, see that everything is made agreeable to him.

To be sure, sir, I will.

Mr. Adams being in the house, Mr. B—— sent to desire he would dine with us; if it were but in respect to a gentleman of the same cloth, who gave us his company.

Mr. B——, when dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, said, My dear, Mr. Williams's business, in part, was to ask my advice as to a living that is offered him by the Earl of ———, who is greatly taken with his preaching and conversation.

And to quit yours, I presume, sir, said Lord Davers?

No, the earl's is not quite so good as mine, and his lordship would procure him a dispensation to hold both. What would *you* advise, my dear?

It becomes not me, sir, to meddle with such matters as these.

Yes, my dear, it does, when I ask your opinion.

I beg pardon, sir—My opinion then is, that Mr. Williams will not care to do anything that *requires* a dispensation, and which would be unlawful without it.

Your ladyship, said Mr. Williams, speaks exceedingly well.

I am glad, Mr. Williams, that you approve of my sentiments. You see they were required of me by one who has a right to command me in everything; otherwise this matter is above my sphere; and I have so much goodwill to Mr. Williams, that I wish him everything that will contribute to make him happy.

Well, my dear, said Mr. B——, but what would you advise in this case? The earl proposes that Mr. Williams's

present living be supplied by a curate: to whom, no doubt, Mr. Williams will be very genteel; and as we are seldom or never there, his lordship thinks we shall not be displeased with it, and insists upon it, that he will propose it to me; as he has done.

Lord Davers said, I think this may do very well, brother. But what, pray, Mr. Williams, do you propose to allow to your curate? Excuse me, sir; but I think the clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surprised that some of the laity treat them as they do.

Indeed, said Mr. H——, that's well observed; for I have heard it said twenty and twenty times, if you would know how to value a clergyman, and what he deserves for spending his whole life in the duties of his function, you need but form your opinion upon the treatment they give to one another; and forty or fifty pounds a year would be thought too much, even for him who does all the labour.

Who says my nephew speaks not well? said my lord.

Oh, said my lady, no wonder! This is Jackey's peculiar. He has always something to say against the clergy. For he never loved them, because his tutors were clergymen; and since, said her ladyship (very severely), he never got any good from them, why should they expect any from him?

Always hard upon my poor nephew, said Lord Davers.

Thank you, aunt, said Mr. H——.

Mr. Williams said, Mr. H——'s observation was but too true! that nothing gave greater cause of scandal than the usage some even of the dignified clergy gave their brethren: that he had always lamented it as one of the greatest causes of the contempt with which the clergy are too generally treated.

He was proceeding; but Lady Davers said, I am not at all surprised at their treatment of one another; for if a gentleman of education and learning can so far forget what belongs to his function, as to accept of two livings, when one would afford him a handsome maintenance, it is

no wonder that such a one would make the most of it, for does he not as good as declare that he takes it for that very purpose?

I must not let this argument proceed, said Mr. B——, without clearing my worthy friend. He is under no difficulty about holding the two. He proposes *not* to do it; and like a good man, as I always thought him to be, is of opinion he *ought not* to do it: But here is the difficulty, and all his difficulty; he is desirous to oblige his good friend the earl, who is very pressing to have him near him; but apprehending that I may take it amiss, if he relinquishes my living, he came to ask my advice; and after we had talked a good deal of the matter, I told him we would refer it to Pamela, who was a kind of a casuist in such matters of equity and good order as fell within the compass of her observation and capacity: And so, my dear, give us your free opinion; for this is a subject you have spoken your mind to me upon once before.

I am very glad, sir, replied I, that Mr. Williams's own resolution was so conformable to what I wished it to be, and indeed expected from his character; and I can therefore more freely speak my mind upon the occasion, though I am but a poor casuist neither.

You remember, my dear, said Mr. B——, what you observed to me in favour of the clergy, and their maintenance, when we fell occasionally upon that subject a while ago. I found you had considered the point, and thought you spoke well upon the occasion. Let us hear your opinion now upon it.

Indeed, replied I, I say now, as I then took the liberty to say, that I have so general a goodwill to the order, that if my wishes could have effect, there is not one of it but should have a handsome competency; at least such a one as to set him above contempt. And this, I am persuaded, would be a great furtherance to the good we expect from them, in teaching the lower rank of people (as well as the higher) their duties, and making them good servants, and useful members of the commonwealth.

But, my dear, you took notice of some things which would, if you can recollect them, be very *apropos* to the subject we are now upon.

I remember, sir, we were talking of impropriations. I took the liberty to express myself a little earnestly against impropriations; and I remember you stopped my mouth at once upon that head.

As how, sister? said Lady Davers.

Ay, as how, Mrs. B——? said the countess.

Why, madam, Mr. B—— was pleased to say, that when the clergy would come into a regulation for the more equal and useful disposition of the revenues which at present were in the Church, he would be the first who would bring in a bill for restoring to it all that it had lost by impropriations and other secularisations, and leave it upon the public to make satisfaction to such of the laity as would be sufferers by the restoration.

That was not, my dear, what I meant, returned Mr. B——. You were particularly against dispensations; which is the point before us now.

I remember, sir, I did say, that as there are so many gentlemen of the function, who have no provision at all, I could not wish any one of it should hold two livings; especially if they cannot perform the duties of both, and where one would afford a tolerable competence. Much less (I remember I took the liberty to add) could I think it excusable, that a gentleman should rate the labours of his brother, who does *every*thing, so low, as is too frequently the case, and pay himself so well for doing *nothing* at all.

This is what I mean, returned Mr. B——, and I thought you observed very well upon it, my dear. For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the clergy who do thus, make the best excuse that can be made for impropriators and lay patrons. For here is a gentleman, the son of a layman (I speak to general cases), is sent to the university, and takes orders. He has interest perhaps to get two or more livings, and hires a person, who is as deserving as himself, but destitute of friends, at a low rate, to do the

duties of one of them. We will suppose in his favour, that he has several children to provide for out of these, and makes that his pretence for oppressing the person he employs to do his own duty. Some of these children are males, some females, and not one in five of the former is brought up to the Church; and all that he saves for them, and gives them out of what he squeezes from his unhappy brother, is it not secularising, as it were, at least as far as he can do it, the revenues appropriated to the Church? And can *he*, whatever others may, blame an impropriator for applying that portion of the produce of Church lands to *his* lay family, which the other intends for the lay family he is endeavouring to build up? Some one or two of which impropriator's sons may possibly, too, in order to possess the living in their father's gift, be brought up to the Church: What is the difference, I would fain know?

If the clergy were always to have done thus, continued Mr. B——, should we not have wanted many endowments, and charitable foundations, which we now have? And I am very sorry to have reason to say, that we owe such sort of works more to the piety of the clergy of past times than to the present; for now, let us cast our eye upon the practices of some of our prelates; for who is it that looks not up first for examples to that venerable order? And we shall find, that too many among them seem more intent upon making a family, as it is called, and thereby secularising, as I observed, as much as they can the revenues of the Church, than to live up either to the ancient hospitality, or with a view to those acts of munificence which were the reasons for endowing the Church with such ample revenues as it once had, and still has, were it not so unequally distributed, and in so few hands.

But, dear sir, said I, what a sad hardship do the inferior clergy labour under all this time!—To be oppressed and kept down, by their brethren, and by the laity too! This is hard indeed!—'Tis pity, methinks, this, at least, could not be remedied.

It will hardly ever be done, my dear. The evil lies deep;

'tis in human nature; and when that can be mended, it will be better; but I see not how it can be expected, while those who have most influence to procure the redress are most interested to prevent it: and the views of others, aspiring to the same power and interest, make too many wish to have things left as they are; although they have no present benefit by it. And those would join in a cry of the Church's danger, were the legislature to offer at a redress.

'Tis pity, sir, said I, the convocation are not permitted to sit. They would perhaps undertake this province, and several others, for the benefit of the whole body of the clergy: and I should think such regulations would come best from them.

So it is, my dear, would they employ themselves and their deliberations in such good works. But 'tis a sad thing to consider, that there is little good to be expected from bodies of men in general; for although an individual cares not to pull down upon himself the odium of a bad or unpopular action, yet when there are many to share it among them, I see not that they scruple doing things which very little become them to do. But far be it from me to say this with a view to convocations *as* convocations: I speak what is but too generally the case in all bodies of men whatever, whether clergy or laity. And let us look into the greater or lesser corporations and societies throughout the kingdom, and we shall find, if a poor witticism may be excused, that bodies are really *bodies*, and act too often as if they had no *souls* among them.

I hope, sir, said the countess, when you judge thus hardly of bodies, you include the two supreme bodies.

Thou shalt not, said Mr. B——, I know these reverend gentlemen (looking at Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams) will tell me, *speak evil of the rulers of thy people.*—But I wish I could always defend what I am loath at any time to censure. But were you to read, or attend to the debates in both houses, which sometimes happen in cases almost self-evident, you would find it impossible not to regret, that

you are now and then under a necessity to join with the minority; as well in your house, Lord Davers, as in ours.

I wish, brother, replied his lordship, I could differ from you with reason; but this always *was*, and I fear always *will be* so, more or less, in every session.

But to return to our first subject, said Mr. B——: You know, my dear, how much pleasure I take to hear your opinion in cases of natural equity: and you must tell us freely what you would advise your friend Mr. Williams to do.

And must I, sir, speak my mind on such a point before so many better judges?

Yes, *sister*, said her ladyship (a name she is now pleased to give me freely before strangers, after her dear brother's example, who is kindest, though always kind, at such times), you *must*; if I may be allowed to say *must*.

Why then, proceeded I, I beg leave to ask Mr. Williams one question: that is, Whether his present parishioners do not respect and esteem him in that particular manner, which I think everybody must, who knows his worth?

I am very happy, madam, in the goodwill of all my parishioners, and have great acknowledgments to make for their civilities to me.

I don't doubt, said I, but it will be the same wherever you go; for, bad as the world is, a prudent and good clergyman will never fail of respect. But, sir, if you think your ministry among them is attended with good effects; if they esteem your person with a preference, and listen to your doctrines with attention; methinks, for *their* sakes, 'tis pity to leave them, were the living of *less* value, as it is of *more*, than the other. For, how many people are there who can benefit by one gentleman's preaching rather than by another's; although, possibly, the one's abilities may be no way inferior to the other's? There is a great deal in a *delivery*, as it is called, in a way, a manner, a deportment, to engage people's attention and liking: and as you are already in possession of their esteem, you are sure to do much of the good you aim and wish to do. For where the

flock loves the shepherd, all his work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the tongue of an angel, and let him live the life of a saint, he will be heard with indifference, and oftentimes, as his subject may be, with disgust.

I paused here: but every one being silent, As to the earl's friendship, sir, continued I, you can best judge what force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mentioned would be the only difficulty with me, were I in Mr. Williams's case. To be sure it will be a high compliment to his lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better living to oblige him. And he will be bound in honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking that a prudent regard to worldly interest misbecomes the character of a good clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the world, for their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of their hearers; since independency gives a man respect, besides the power of doing good, which will enhance that respect, and, of consequence, give greater efficacy to his doctrines.

The countess mentioned, hereupon, the saying of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. because he would not own the king's supremacy. This prelate, being offered a richer bishopric, would not accept of it, saying, 'He looked upon his 'bishopric as his wife; and he should not think it excus- 'able to part with his wife because she was poor.' This brought so many reflections upon frequent translations, and the earnestness with which richer bishoprics were sought after, that I was very sorry to hear, or to think, there were occasion for them. And I did take the liberty to say, that as Mr. B—— had observed the fault was in human nature, and though it was an inexcusable one, perhaps we that censured them, might find it hard, in their circumstances, to resist the temptation.

Mr. B—— said he wished, for the sake of the clergy in general, that there was a law against translations; and that all the bishoprics in England were made equal in

revenue: For do we not see, said he, that the prelates, almost to a man, vote on the side of power? And, by this means, contribute not a little to make themselves and the whole body of the clergy (so numerous, and so deserving too, as those of the *Church of England* are) a by-word to free-thinkers of all denominations, who are ever ready to take occasion to malign them, and their venerable order.

Would you not, asked Lord Davers, have the two primacies distinguished in revenue?

No, said Mr. B——, the distinction of dignity and precedence would be enough; if not too much; for where there is but one pope, the whole college of cardinals, seventy in number, are always looking up to, and gaping after, the chair: And I would have no temptations laid in the way of good men to forfeit their characters, and weaken their influences, which are of so much consequence, for example sake, to the public weal.

I think, said Lord Davers, there was some reason for the celibacy of the clergy in the Roman Church at first, although the inconveniences arising from it are too many and too obvious, to wish the restraint so general. For the provision for families and children furnishes so natural and so laudable a pretence to clergymen to lay up all they can for them, that their characters suffer not a little on that account.

If we look around us, said Mr. B——, and see how many good and worthy families are sprung from the clergy; and look abroad and see what are too often the effects of celibacy in the Roman Church, and the scandal, worse than what we complain of, thrown upon them, even by bigots of their own communion, we shall have sufficient reason to condemn the celibacy which that Church enjoins. Besides, a bad mind, an oppressive or covetous nature, will be the same, whether married or single: For have we not seen to what a scandalous height nepotism has been carried in that Church? And has not a pope, of a private and narrow spirit, done as much for his nephews and nieces (and perhaps nearer relations under those names), as he could

have done for his sons and daughters? So still *here* too, we must resolve all into that common sewer of iniquity, human nature; and conclude, that a truly good man will not do a bad thing upon any the nearest and most affecting considerations; and that a bad man will never want a pretence to display his evil qualities, nor flatterers neither (if he has power), to defend him in the worst he can do.

I well remember the argument, when I was at Rome, used to the Pope on such an occasion. His holiness declared against nepotism, saying, that he would never look upon the revenues of the Church as the patrimony of his private family; and forbade his numerous relations, who, on his promotion, swarmed about him, with looks as hungry as if they were so many *North Britons* travelling southward for preferment—(that was Mr. B——'s word, spoken pleasantly)—to think of him in any other light than that of the common father of all his people; and as having no other relation but merit.

This was setting out well, you'll say: But what was the event?—Why, two-thirds of his relations rushed into orders directly; and it was not long before parasites were found, to represent to the holy father that it was a sin to deprive the Church of so many excellent props and buttresses; and that, for the good of the public, he ought to prefer them to the first dignities; so that the good man, overcome with their reasons, and loath to continue in so great a sin, graced the cardinalate with one, the episcopate with half a dozen; and the richest abbacies with a score or two: and the emperor having occasion to make interest with his holiness, found merit enough in some of the lay relations, to create them princes and counts of the holy Roman empire.

But, sir, said I (for I am always sorry to hear things said to the discredit of the clergy, because I think it is of public concern that we reverence the function, notwithstanding the failings of particulars), have I not been a silent witness, that you have made the same observations on a minister of state, who, though he shall be perhaps the first to blame this disposition in a clergyman, will be

equally ready to practise it himself, to relations and children, full as worthless, to the exclusion of the worthy?—So that, sir, this is all human nature still; and should we not be tender in our censures of the one, when we are so ready to acquit the other?

There is this difference, Mrs. B——, said the countess: From the one we expect a better example; from the other, no example fit to be followed. And this is one reason that makes the first minister generally so hated a thing in all nations, because he usually resolves all considerations into self, and is beloved by nobody but those to whom he gives the overflowings of such benefits as he has not relations enough to heap them upon.

Well, Mr. Adams, said I, if I may be allowed to be so serious, does not this show the excellency of the prayer we are taught by the Supreme Teacher, and that part of it, *Lead us not into temptation?* For it seems too natural a consequence, that no sooner are we tempted, but we *deliver ourselves up to evil.*

Right, sister, said Lord Davers; and this ends in Mr. B——'s *human nature* again.

What remains, then, observed Lady Davers, but that we take the world as we find it? Give praise to the good, dispraise to the bad; and every one try to mend *one?*

Yet I wish, said Mr. B——, so over-tender are many good clergymen of the failings in their brethren, which they would not be guilty of themselves, that we might avoid displeasing them, if they were to know the freedom of this conversation, when we are all so well disposed to reverence their function.

I hope otherwise, returned Mr. Williams; for it is but giving *due* praise and dispraise, as my lady says; and were evil actions to go uncensured, good ones would lose their reward, and vice, by being put upon a foot with virtue in this life, would meet with too much countenance.

But give me leave, resumed Lady Davers, to interpose a little in the matter we have departed from, that of the curate and dispensation; and when I have delivered my

sentiments, I insist upon it, that Mrs. B—— will as freely give us hers, as if I had been silent.

Dispensations are usual things. Mr. Williams may pay a young gentleman *handsomely;* and the censure we have passed, is only upon such as do *not.* To a young man at first setting out, a good curacy will be very acceptable. If he has merit, it will put him in a way of showing it, and he may raise himself by it. If he has not, he will not deserve more. And Mr. Williams may marry, perhaps, and have a family to provide for. His opportunities may not always be the same. The earl may die, and he should be excused if he makes the best use of his interest and favour, for the very reason Mrs. B—— gave, that, as he is a good man, it will strengthen his influences: And come, brother, you know I am always for prescribing: Here is a worthy young gentleman in my eye, who won't take it amiss to begin with a curacy: And you shall give *your* dispensation, previous to the legal one, on condition that Mr. Williams will permit you to present his curate: And thus all will be resolved.

Both the gentlemen bowed,—and Mr. Williams was going to speak: but Mr. B—— said, Take my sister at her word, Pamela; and if you have anything to say to this scheme, speak it freely, as if her ladyship had been silent; for I perceive, by your downcast eye and silence, you could say something, if you would.

Ay, pray do, said my lady. I love to hear you speak. You always make me think of something I had not considered before.

I am very loath to say anything on so nice a subject. Indeed it would not become me. There is so much generosity and benevolence in my good lady's scheme, that I ought not.

Ought not! repeated my dearest friend, interrupting me: None of your *ought nots!* I know you are always forming in your mind notions of right and wrong, in the common cases of life. Let us therefore have your opinion in this matter more fully than you have hitherto given it;

and deliver it too without hesitation, and with that ease and freedom which are born with you; for, I can tell you, that were we, through the corruption of human nature, to lose the distinctions of right and wrong, I know not where we could apply ourselves, but to such as you, to recover them.

I bowed, and said, If you will have it so, sir, it must be so, and I will then bespeak all your kind allowances (casting my eye around me, to each person), and tell you all I think upon this matter; and when I have done, submit my poor sentiments, as becomes me, to your superior judgments.

Thus, then, I would say—pardon me, madam, for taking your ladyship's words for my theme, as I remember them; and hardly anything falls from your ladyship that I do *not* remember—*That dispensations are usual things*—I am sure I am going to display my ignorance, because, knowing nothing of their original or design, I must presume them to be very ancient in this kingdom, and introduced only when there were fewer clergymen than benefices. Was there ever such a time?

They smiled—Nay, now, you *would* command me, sir, to speak; when I need to do nothing else, to expose myself. There was a time, as I have read, that there were so few scholars, that the benefit of clergy was allowed to some sort of criminals who could do no more than read, because the commonwealth could ill spare learned men, and thought it right to encourage the love of letters.—And might there not be a time then, when dispensations were allowed to worthy men, because it was difficult to find enow of such as deserved that character, to fill the Church preferments?

Tell us, Pamela, said Mr. B——, whether you do not intend this as a satire upon the practice? Or, is it really your pretty ignorance that has made you pronounce one of the severest censures upon it that could be thought of?

I smiled, and said, Indeed, sir, I think only some such reason, or a worse, must be the original of dispensations;

for is it right that one gentleman shall have two or three livings, the duties of no more than one of which he can personally attend; while so many are destitute of bread, almost, and exposed to contempt, the too frequent companion of poverty? And what though custom may have sanctified it, to be sure that is all that can; and a good man will not do all he may do without incurring a penalty, because there is in everything a right and a wrong; and because, be the custom what it will, a man should regulate his actions by his conscience and the golden rule.

My good lady says, Mr. Williams may pay a gentleman handsomely: I don't doubt but Mr. Williams would do so; and this, I am sorry to say it, would be doing what is not so often done as one would wish. But may I be permitted to ask, for *what* would he pay the gentleman handsomely? —Why, for doing that duty for him which, in conscience and honour, he ought to do himself, and which, when he takes institution and induction, he engages solemnly to do! And pray, excuse me, my dear everybody—that was my foolish word, which made them smile—to what end is all this?—Only, that the gentleman who does all the labour in the vineyard, shall live upon thirty, forty, or fifty pounds per annum, more or less; while the gentleman who has *best* nothing but *best* interest (another of my foolish phrases), shall receive twice, and perhaps three times the sum for doing nothing at all. Can any dispensation, my dear friends, make this a just or equitable thing? Indeed, if the living be so poor, as too many of them are, that a man cannot comfortably and creditably subsist without putting two poor ones together to make one tolerable one, that is another thing. But pray now, my good Mr. Williams, excuse me; if Mr. Adams can live upon a curacy of forty or fifty pounds a year, cannot another gentleman live, unless his rectory or vicarage bring him two or three hundred? Mr. Adams may marry as well as Mr. Williams: and both, I believe, will find God's providence a better reliance than the richest benefice in England.

A good curacy, no doubt, continued I, may be a comfort-

able thing, at setting out, to a young gentleman: But if here be a rectory or vicarage, of two hundred a year, for example (for if it be of no more value than a good curacy, he *must* be content), is not that two hundred a year the reward for doing such and such labour? And if this be the stated hire for this labour, to speak in the scripture phrase, *is not the labourer worthy of his hire?* Or is he that does *not* labour, to go away with the greatest part of it?

If the gentleman, my lady is pleased to say, has merit, this curacy may put him in the way of showing it. But does the manifestation of merit, and the reward of it, always go together?

My lady is so good as to observe:—But may I, madam, be excused?

Proceed, proceed, child!—I shall only have a care of what I say before you for the future, that's all.

And I too, said Mr. H——; which made them smile.

Nay, now, my lady——

Proceed, I tell you—I only wonder, as my brother has said, on another occasion, where thou gottest all these equitable notions.

My lady is so good as to observe, proceeded I (for they were pleased to be attentive), that Mr. Williams should make use of his opportunities. I know her ladyship speaks this rather in generous indulgence to the usual practice, than what always *ought* to be the chief consideration; for if the earl should die, may not some other friend arise to a gentleman of Mr. Williams's merit?

As to strengthening of a good man's influence, which is a point always to be wished, I would not say so much as I have done, if I had not heard Mr. Longman say, and I am sure I heard it with great pleasure, that the benefice Mr. Williams so worthily enjoys, is a clear two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

But after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a greater or lesser income?—On the contrary, is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency, or mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. B—— had five

thousand pounds a year added to his present large income, would that increase his happiness? That it would add to his cares is no question: but could that addition give him one single comfort which he has not already? And if the dear gentleman had two or three thousand less, might he be less happy on that account? No, surely, for it would render a greater prudence on my humble part necessary, and a nearer inspection, and greater frugality, on his own; and he must be contented (if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every year) so long as he lived within his income—and who will say that the obligation to greater prudence and economy is a misfortune?

The competency, therefore, the golden mean is the thing; and I have often considered the matter, and endeavoured to square my actions by the result of that consideration. For a person, who being not born to an estate, is not satisfied with a competency, will probably not know any limits to his desires. One whom an acquisition of one hundred or two hundred pounds a year will not satisfy, will hardly sit down contented with any sum. For although he may propose to himself at a distance, that such and such an acquisition will be the height of his ambition; yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther, and know no bound, till the natural one is forced upon him, and his life and his views end together.

Now let me humbly beg pardon of you all, ladies and gentlemen, turning my eye to each; but most of you, my good lady, whose observations I have made so free with. If *you* can forgive me, it will be an instance of your goodness that I may wish for, but hardly can promise to myself. Will you, my dear lady? said I, and laid my hand upon her ladyship's in a supplicatory manner, for she sat next me.

I think *not*, said her ladyship. I think I *ought* not.—Should I, brother? Can I, my lord? Ought I, my lady countess?—Brother, brother, if you have been in any degree contributing to the excellency of this—what shall I call her? How cunningly do you act, to make her imbibe your notions, and then utter them with such advantage, that you

have the secret pride to find your own sentiments praised from her mouth? But I will forgive you both, be it as it will; for I am sure, outdone as I am in thought, word, and deed, and by so young a gipsy—that was her word—it is by one that would outdo everybody else, as well as me: Only I would except your ladyship.

None of your exceptions, Lady Davers, replied the countess—I know not, in so young a lady, whether I should most envy or admire her excellence.

Well; but since I have the pleasure, resumed I, to find myself forgiven, may I be indulged a few moments prattle more? Only just to observe, that the state of the case I have given is but *one* side of the question; that which a good clergyman, in my humble opinion, would choose to act. But when we come to the *other* side, what it would be kind we of the laity should think fit and act by them, that is another thing. For, when we think of the hardships the clergy lie under, more than almost any other body of men, we shall see they are entitled to better usage than they often meet with.

Here, in the first place, a youth is sent to the university, after a painful course to qualify him for it. He endangers his health and impairs his constitution, by hard study and a sedentary life; and after he has passed such a number of years he is admitted into orders, perhaps gets a small fellowship, turns tutor, a painful employment: and his education having been designed for all his portion, and that expended in it, he at last, by interest or favour, gets a curacy or little living of forty, fifty, or sixty pounds a year; if less, so much the worse; and is obliged to maintain himself in a genteel appearance out of that, and be subject not seldom to the jests of buffoons and rakes at a great man's table, where the *parson* is too often the butt to receive the supposed witty shafts of such as can allow themselves to say anything. If he marries, which possibly too he is kept from, contrary to his wishes, of all men he is the least to follow his own liking; since prudence too often obliges him to take the person his inclination would not.

If children follow, what melancholy views has he of providing for them, did not his strong reliance on Providence exercise his faith against worldly appearance?

Then has he too often to contend for his dues, the produce of his poor income, with churlish and ignorant spirits, whom his function would make him wish to smooth and instruct; who, though they farm and pay to the landlord for no more than nine-tenths of the lands they occupy, hardly think it a sin to cheat the parson of his tithe; who, however, has the same right to it, by the laws of the land, as the gentleman has to the estate, or the tenant to the produce of his farm.

This obliges the poor gentleman to live in a state of war among a people with whom both his duty and inclination would make him desirous to cultivate a good understanding. And what benefits can result from his ministry in such a situation, when the people to be instructed look upon him as an invader of their substance, at the very time that they are robbing him of what is legally his?

In the next place, I presume to think that the clergy are too much looked upon by some as a detached body, as I may say, from the rest of the people, and as persons acting upon a separate interest, quite opposite to that of the laity: When, possibly, that very churl who refuses them their right, or would cheat them of it, has a view to bring up one of his family to the Church, and hopes to get him provided for out of its revenues. And are not the clergy, moreover, the fathers, the sons, the uncles, the brothers of the laity, who shall set themselves against their maintenance? And must their education debar them of those comforts, which it better qualifies them to enjoy, and which it incapacitates them any other way to procure?

Forgive me, looking all around me, and courtesying when I cast my eye on Mr. B——, for entering so deeply into this subject. I have often heard my excellent lady, who had a great veneration for good clergymen, talk to this purpose with a lady who had very different sentiments from hers: And I have not been used to forget anything

that fell from her lips. Mr. B—— and Lady Davers bid me proceed; I could not, my lady said, have had a better instructress.

What opportunity, resumed I, have not the laity in general, of all degrees and ranks, to make their lives easy and happy, to what the clergy have? Here is a middling family with three or four sons: Suppose the father's circumstances will allow him to bring up one to the *law:* What opportunities has *he,* unenvied, to make a fortune! Another is brought up to *trade:* if he has but tolerable success in the world, in what ease and affluence does he support himself, and provide for his family! And as to the *physic line,* what fortunes are raised in that! And nobody envies any of these. But the son, whose inclination shall lead him perhaps *best* to deserve, and *most* to require, an easy and comfortable subsistence, and who ought wholly to devote himself to the duties of his function, is grudged everything, and is treated as if he were not a son of the same family, and had not a natural right and stake in the same commonwealth.

There are, 'tis true, preferments, and some great ones, and honours too, in the Church; but how few, compared to the numbers of the clergy, or to those livings which are so poor as can hardly set a man above penury and contempt!—And how are those few engrossed by the descendants or dependants of the rich and powerful! And, what by commendams, dispensations, and such like contrivances, how does one man of interest and address swallow up the provision which was designed for several, as deserving perhaps, at least, as himself!—For, my good lady (you *have* forgiven me, and must not be displeased), a man's friends *may die off,* and he must, you know, *make the best use of his opportunities.*

Oh, you dear sauce-box! as my brother calls you—how dare you, by that arch pretty look, triumph over me thus? —Let me, brother, give her a slap for this!—I'm sure she deserves it.

I think she *is* a little insolent indeed, Lady Davers. But

to the case in hand. There is so much truth in what Pamela says, of the hardships to which the clergy, the inferior clergy particularly, are subjected, that I wonder any gentleman who can choose for himself, and has no probable prospect, should enter into orders under such discouragements.

I humbly conceive, sir, said I, that there can be but one *good* inducement, and this is what the apostle hints at in these words—*If in* this life *only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable.*

Well, said Mr. B——, by how much this is their motive, by so much are they entitled to that better hope; and may it never deceive them!

But I have the pleasure to acquaint this company, that I had a mind only to hear what Pamela, who, as I hinted, talked to me learnedly on this very subject a few days ago, would say, when she came face to face, to her two worthy friends, Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams (and so I desired Mr. Williams would let her run on, if I could set her into the subject)—else my old acquaintance was resolved not to hold both livings; since *either*, he was so good as to say, would afford him as handsome a provision as he wished for; his only difficulty being about obliging the earl, or whether he should not disoblige me, if he complied with that nobleman's request.

Indeed, madam, said Mr. Williams, this is the very case; and after what I have heard from you, I would not, for the world, have been of another mind, nor have put it upon any other foot than I did.

You are a good man, said I; and I have such an opinion of your worthiness, and the credit you do your function, that I can never suspect either your judgment or your conduct. But pray, sir, may I ask, what have you determined to do?

Why, madam, replied he, I am staggered in that too, by the observation your ladyship made, that where a man has the love of his parishioners, he ought not to think of leaving them.

Else, sir, I find you were rather inclined to oblige the earl, though the living be of *less* value! This is very noble, sir; it is more than generous.

My dear, said Mr. B——, I'll tell you (for Mr. Williams's modesty will not let him speak it before all the company) what *is* his motive; and a worthy one you'll say it is. Excuse me, Mr. Williams—for the reverend gentleman blushed.

The earl has of late years—we all know his character—given himself up to carousing, and he will suffer no man to go from his table sober. Mr. Williams has taken the liberty to expostulate, as became his function, with his lordship on this subject, and upon some other irregularities, in so agreeable a manner, that the earl has taken a great liking to him, and promises that he will suffer his reasonings to have an effect upon him, and that he shall reform his whole household, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his table by his own example.

The countess is a very good lady, and privately presses Mr. Williams to oblige the earl: and this is our worthy friend's main inducement; with the hope, which I should not forget to mention, that he has of preserving untainted the morals of the two young gentlemen, the earl's sons, who, he fears, will be carried away by the force of such an example. And he thinks, as the earl's living has fallen, mine, probably, will be better supplied than the earl's, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise the earl, as he apprehends, will find out for his, some gentleman, if such a one can be found, as will rather further than obstruct his own irregularities; as was the unhappy case of the last incumbent.

Well, said Lady Davers (and so said the countess), I shall always have the highest respect for Mr. Williams, for a conduct so genteel and so prudent. But, brother, will you, and will you, Mr. Williams, put this whole affair, in all its parts, into Mrs. B——'s hands, since you have such testimonies, *both* of you, of the rectitude of her thinking and acting?

With all my heart, madam, replied Mr. Williams; and I shall be proud of such a direction.

What say *you*, brother? You are to suppose the living in your own hands again: Will you leave the whole matter to my *sister* here?

Come, my dear, said Mr. B——, let us hear how you'd wish it to be ordered. I know you have not need of one moment's consideration, when once you are mistress of a point.

Nay, said Lady Davers, that is not the thing. I repeat my demand: Shall it be as Mrs. B—— lays it out, or not?

This is a weighty matter, my good sister; and bad as I have been, I think patrons are accountable, in a great measure, for the characters of the persons they present; and I do assure you, that, had I twenty livings in my gift, I should think I ought not to prefer my brother to any one of them, if his morals and character were not likely to do honour to the Church as well as to my presentation. And I expected to hear from Pamela, when she was enumerating the hardships of the clergy, of that scandalous practice of some patrons, who rob the regularly bred clergymen, by pushing into orders some kinsman, or friend, or friend's kinsman, or friend, when a living falls in, let his character or qualifications be ever so faulty and defective. I could name several such instances, that ought to make the ordainers, as well as the ordained, *blush;* as (were I to borrow one of Pamela's serious inferences, I would say) it will one day make them both *tremble,* when they come to give an account of the trusts committed to them.

Well, said my lady, I have a noble brother, that's true. What pity you ever were wicked at all! But come (and laid her hand upon mine), this same good girl will be a blessing to you: Nay, why said I, *will* be? she *is,* and the greatest that man can receive.—But still I must have you put this matter into Mrs. B——'s hands.

Conditionally, I will—provided I cannot give satisfactory reasons why I *ought not* to conform to her opinion: for this, as I said, is a point of conscience with me; and I

made it so, when I presented Mr. Williams to the living; and have not been deceived in that presentation.

To be sure, said I, that is very reasonable, sir; and, on that condition, I shall the less hesitate to speak my mind, because I shall be in no danger to commit an irreparable error.

I know well, Lady Davers, added Mr. B——, the power your sex have over ours, and their subtle tricks; and so will never, in my weakest moments, be drawn in to make a blindfold promise. There have been several instances, both in sacred and profane story, of mischiefs done by such surprises: so you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear slut's power over me, and have been taught by the inviolable regard she pays to her own word to value mine.—And now, Pamela, speak all that's in your heart to say.

With your *requisite* condition in my eye, I will, sir. But let me see that I state the matter right. And preparative to it, pray, Mr. Williams, though you have not been long in possession of this living, yet maybe you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in clear?

Madam, said he, by the best calculation I can make (I thank *you* for it, good sir), it may, one year with another, be reckoned at 300*l.* *per annum.* It is the best living within twenty miles of it, having been improved within these two last years.

If it was 500*l.* and would make you happier (for *that*, sir, is the thing),—I should wish it you, said I, and think it short of your merits. But pray, sir, what is the earl's living valued at?

At about 220*l.*, madam.

Well then, replied I, very pertly, I believe now I have it.

Mr. Williams, for motives most excellently worthy of his function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. B—— his living of 300*l.* *per annum*, and to accept of the earl's living of 220*l.* *per annum.* Dear sir, I am going to be very bold; but under *your* condition nevertheless:—Let the gentleman to whom you shall present the living of F—— allow

80*l. per annum* out of it to Mr. Williams, till the earl's favour shall make up the difference to him, and no longer. And—but I dare not name the gentleman:—For how, dear sir, were I to be so bold, shall I part with my chaplain?

Admirable! most admirable! said Lord and Lady Davers, in the same words. The countess praised the decision too; and Mr H——, with his Let me be hanged, and his Fore Gads,—and such exclamations natural to him, made his plaudits.

Mr. Williams said, he could wish with all his heart it might be so; and Mr. Adams was so abashed and surprised, that he could not hold up his head:—but joy danced in his silent countenance for all that.

Mr. B—— having hesitated a few minutes, Lady Davers called out for his objection, or consent, according to condition: and he said, I cannot so soon determine as that prompt slut did. I'll withdraw one minute.

He did so, as I found afterwards, to advise, like the considerate and genteel spirit he possesses, with Mr. Williams, whom he beckoned out, and to examine whether he was in *earnest* willing to give it up, or had anybody he was very desirous should succeed him; telling him that if he had, he thought himself obliged, in return for his worthy behaviour to him, to pay a particular regard to his recommendation. And so being answered as he desired, in they came together again.

But I should say that his withdrawing with a very serious aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: and I said, before they came in, What *shall* I do, if I have incurred Mr. B——'s anger by my over-forwardness?—Did he not look displeased? Dear ladies, if he be so, plead for me, and I'll withdraw when he comes in; for I cannot stand his anger: I have not been used to it.

Never fear, Pamela, said my lady; he can't be angry at anything you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have been witness to of Mr. Adams's behaviour and modesty, that such a thing could be done for him.

Mr. Adams bowed, and said, Oh, my good ladies! 'tis too, too considerable a thing!—I cannot expect it—I do not—it would be presumption, if I did.

Just then re-entered Mr. B—— and Mr. Williams; the first with a stately air, the other with a more peace-portending smile on his countenance.

But Mr. B—— sitting down; Well, Pamela, said he, very gravely, I see that power is a dangerous thing in any hand. —Sir, sir! said I—My dear lady, whispering to Lady Davers, I will withdraw, as I said I would.—And I was getting away as fast as I could: But he arose, and coming up to me, took my hand: Why is my charmer so soon frightened? said he most kindly; and still more kindly, with a noble air, pressed it to his lips.—I must not carry my jest too far upon a mind so apprehensive, as I otherwise might be inclined to do. And leading me to Mr. Adams and Mr. Williams, he said, taking Mr. Williams's hand with his left, as he held mine in his right, Your worthy brother clergyman, Mr. Adams, gives me leave to confirm the decision of my dear wife, and you are to thank her for the living of F—— upon the condition* she proposed; and may you give but as much satisfaction *there* as you have done in *this* family, and as Mr. Williams has given to his flock; and they will then, after a while, be pleased as much with your ministry, as they have hitherto been with his.

Mr. Adams trembled with joy, and said, he could not tell how to bear this excess of goodness in us both: and his countenance and his eyes gave testimony of a gratitude that was too high for further expression.

As for myself, you, my honoured and dear friends, who know how much I am always raised (even out of myself, as I may say) when I am made the dispenser of acts of bounty and generosity to the deserving; and who now, instead of incurring blame, as I had apprehended, found myself applauded by every one, and most by the gentleman whose

* This condition Mr. Williams generously renounced, afterwards, lest it should have a Simoniacal appearance.—See vol. iii.

approbation I chiefly coveted to have: You, I say, will judge how greatly I must be delighted.

But I was still more affected, when Mr. B——, directing himself to me and to Mr. Williams at the same time, was pleased to say, Here, my dear, you must thank this good gentleman for enabling you to give such a shining proof of your excellence: and whenever I put power into your hands for the future, act but as you have now done, and it will be impossible that I should have any choice or will but yours.

Oh, sir, said I, pressing his hand with my lips, forgetting how many witnesses I had of my grateful fondness, how shall I, oppressed with your goodness, in such a signal instance as this, find words equal to the gratitude of my heart!—But here, patting my bosom, just here, they stick; —and I cannot——

And indeed I could say no more; and Mr. B——, in the delicacy of his apprehensiveness for me, led me into the next parlour; and placing himself by me on the settee, said, Take care, my best beloved, that the joy which overflows your dear heart, for having done a beneficent action to a deserving gentleman, does not affect you too much.

My Lady Davers followed us: Where is my angelic sister? said she. I have a share in her next to yourself, my noble brother. And clasping me to her generous bosom, she ran over with expressions of favour to me, in a style and words, which would suffer were I to endeavour to repeat them.

Coffee being ready, we all three returned to the company. My Lord Davers was pleased to make me a great many compliments; and so did Mr. H——, after his manner. But the countess exceeded *herself* in goodness.

Mr. Williams seemed so pleased, or, rather, so elated, with the deserved acceptation his worthy conduct had met with, that it showed he was far from repenting at the generous turn the matter had taken in favour of Mr. Adams: on the contrary, he congratulated him upon it, telling him, he would introduce him, when his generous

patron thought proper, to his new parishioners, and would read prayers for him at his first preaching. And I think, Mr. Adams, said he, since this happy affair has been brought about from the conversation upon dispensations, you and I, both by our example and our arguments, must, on all occasions, discredit that practice; since, as my lady has observed, God's providence is a better reliance than the richest benefice in England; and since, as her ladyship has also observed, we ought not to look beyond a happy competency, as if in *this life only we had hope.*

My lady, said Mr. Adams, has given me many lessons relating to different parts of my duty, both as a Christian and a clergyman, that will not only furnish me with rules for my future conduct, but with subjects for the best sermons I shall ever be able to compose.

Mr. B—— was pleased to say, It is a rule with me not to leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day: And *when*, my dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. Adams's good offices in your family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to town with us?

I had not proposed anything, sir, as to that; for I had not asked your kind direction: But the good dean will supply us, I doubt not: and when we set out for London, Mr. Adams will be at full liberty, with his worthy friend Mr. Williams, to pursue the happy scheme which your goodness has permitted to take effect.

Mr. Adams, my dear, who came so lately from the university, can perhaps recommend such another young gentleman as himself, to perform the functions *he* used to perform in your family.

I looked, it seems, a little grave; and Mr. B—— said, What have you to offer, Pamela? What have I said amiss?

Amiss! dear sir!——

Ay, and dear madam, too! I see by your bashful seriousness, in place of that smiling approbation which you always show when I utter anything you *entirely* approve, that I have said something which would rather meet with your

acquiescence, than choice. So, as I have often told you, none of your reserves: And never *hesitate* to me your consent in anything, while you are sure I will conform to your wishes, or pursue my own liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* reasons.

Why then, dear sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better judgment, was, whether, since the gentleman who is so kind as to assist us in our family devotions, in some measure acts in the province of the worthy dean, it were not right that our own parish minister, whether here or in London, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the gentleman!

Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, sauce-box? Lady Davers, I am entirely on your side: I think she deserves a slap now from us both.

I'll forgive her, said my lady, since I find her sentiments and actions as much a reproof to others as to me.

Mr. Williams, did you ever think, said Mr. B——, it would have come to this? Did you ever know such a saucy girl in your life?—Already to give herself these reproaching airs!

No, never, if your honour is pleased to call the most excellent lady in the world by such a name, nor anybody else.

Pamela, I charge you, said the dear gentleman, if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the wrong, that one may not always be taking lessons from such an assurance; but, in our turns, have something to teach *you*.

Then, dear sir, said I, must I not be a strange creature? For how, when you and my good ladies are continually giving me such charming examples, can I do a wrong thing?

Mr. H—— said, Let *him be hanged* if he would not marry, as soon as ever he could get anybody to have him.

Foolish fellow! said Lady Davers, dost think that thou'lt meet with such a wife as that, when thou marriest?

Why not, madam?—For if I am not so good as Mr. B—— now is, I have not been so bad neither as he was formerly:—Excuse me, sir:—And so I may stand a chance.

A chance! said my lady—that's like thee.—Didst ever hear of such a one as she?

I never, said he, and fell a laughing, *saw* such a one, I own. And take *that*, my good lady, for calling me *foolish fellow*.

There's not the reproach in thy answer that thou intendest, except to thy own grinning insolence, said her ladyship (severe enough, but smiling), that makes thee think *that* a reflection, which is none in this case.

Egad, madam, you're always hard upon me! I can say nothing to please you. While everybody else gives and receives compliments, I can come in for nothing but *foolish fellow* with your ladyship.

Nephew, said my lord, laughing, I think you come in for a large part, and a facetious one too: for when you're present, and conversation takes a serious turn, you make an excellent character to set us all a laughing.

He got up, and bowed very low: I thank your lordship. —You might as well have called me a jack-pudding in plain words: but then I would have looked upon you all as so many mountebanks!—There I have you! said he, and fell a laughing.

The countess, shuddering, said, Dear, dear Mr. H——, be silent, I beseech you, whenever we are serious: for you tear one from the feast of souls to the froth of bodies.

I hope you will forgive me, my dear, for being so tedious on the aforegoing subject, and its most agreeable conclusion. It is an important one; because several persons, as conferrers or receivers, have found their pleasure and account in it; and it would be well, if conversation were often attended with like happy consequences. I have one merit to plead in behalf even of my prolixity; that in reciting the delightful conferences I have the pleasure of holding with our noble guests and Mr. B——, I am careful not to write twice upon one topic, although several which I omit may be more worthy of your notice than those I give; so that you have as much variety from me, as the nature of the facts and cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different subject, as a proof of what I have advanced, to touch in my next. Till when, I am

Your most affectionate and faithful

P. B——.

—o—

LETTER XXXIII.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—I now proceed with my Journal, which I brought down to Tuesday evening; and of course I begin with

Wednesday.

Towards the evening came Sir Jacob Swynford, on horseback, attended by two servants in liveries. I was abroad; for I had got leave for a whole afternoon, attended by my Polly; which time I passed in visiting no less than four several poor sick families, whose hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the particulars; and, besides, I have a brief list of cases which, when you'll favour me with your company, I may show you; for I have obliged myself,* though not desired, to keep an account of what I do with no less than two hundred pounds a year, that Mr. B—— allows me to expend in acts of charity and benevolence.

Lady Davers told me afterwards, that Sir Jacob carried it mighty stiff and formal when he alighted. He strutted about the courtyard in his boots, with his whip in his hand; and though her ladyship went to the great door, in order to welcome him, he turned short, and whistling, followed the groom into the stable, as if he had been at an inn; only, instead of taking off his hat, pulling its broad brim over his eyes, for a compliment. In she went in a pet, as she says, saying to the countess, A surly brute he

* See page 126.

always was! *My* uncle! He's more of a hostler than a gentleman: I'm resolved I'll not stir to meet him again. And yet the wretch loves respect from others, though he never practises common civility himself.

The countess said she was glad he was come, for she loved to divert herself with such odd characters, now and then.

And now let me give you a short description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a gentleman he is.

He is about sixty-five years of age; a coarse, strong, big-boned man, with large irregular features: he has a haughty, supercilious look, a swaggering gait, and a person not at all bespeaking one's favour in behalf of his mind: and his mind, as you shall hear by and by, not clearing up those prepossessions in his disfavour, with which his person and features at first strike one. His voice is big and surly: his eyes little and fiery: his mouth, large with yellow and blackish stumps of teeth, what are left of which, being broken off to a tolerably regular height, looked as if they were ground down to his gums by constant use. But with all these imperfections, he has an air that sets him somewhat above the mere vulgar, and such as makes one think that half his disadvantages are rather owing to his own haughty humour than to nature; for he seems to be a perfect tyrant at first sight, a man used to prescribe, and not to be prescribed to: and has the advantage of a shrewd penetrating look, which yet, methinks, seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had seen his horses well served, and put on an old-fashioned gold-buttoned coat, which by its freshness showed he had been very chary of it; a better wig, but in stiff buckle; and a long sword, stuck stiffly, as if through his coat lappets; in he came, and with an imperious air entering the parlour: What, nobody come to meet me! said he; and saluting her ladyship, How do you do, niece? and looked about haughtily, she says, as if he expected to see me.

My lady, presenting the countess, said, The Countess of

C——, Sir Jacob!—Oh, cry mercy! said he. Your most obedient humble servant, madam; I hope his lordship is well?

At your service, Sir Jacob.

I wish he was, said he bluntly; he should not have voted as he did last sessions, I can tell you that.

Why, Sir Jacob, said she, *servants*, in this free kingdom, don't always do as their *masters* would have 'em.

Mine do, I can tell you that, madam.

Right or wrong, Sir Jacob?

It can't be wrong, if I command them.

Why, truly, Sir Jacob, there's many a private gentleman carries it higher to a servant than he cares his *prince* should to him: But I thought, till now, 'twas the king only could do no wrong.

But, madam, I always take care to be right.

A good reason—because I daresay you never think you *can* be in the wrong.

Your ladyship should spare me: I'm but just come off a journey. Let me turn myself about, and I'll be up with you, never fear, madam. But where's my nephew, Lady Davers? And where's your lord? I was told you were all here, and young H—— too, upon a very extraordinary occasion; so I was willing to see how causes went among you, and what you were about. It will be long enough before you come to see me.

My brother, and Lord Davers, and Mr. H——, have all rode out together.

Well, niece, strutting with his hands behind him, and his head held up—Ha!—he has made a fine kettle on't—han't he!—'Sblood (that was his profligate word), that ever such a rake should be so caught!—They tell me she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome.—But I wish his father were living.—Yet what could he have done? Your brother was always unmanageable. I wish he'd been my son;—by my faith I do!—What! I hope, niece, he locks up his baby while you're here! You don't keep her company, do you?

Yes, Sir Jacob, I do; and you'll not scruple to do so too when you see her.

Why, thou countenancest him in his folly, child; I'd a better opinion of thy spirit! Thou married to a lord, and thy brother to a—canst tell me what, Barbara? If thou canst, pr'ythee do.

To an angel; and so you'll say presently.

What, dost think I shall look through *his* foolish eyes? —What a disgrace to a family ancienter than the conquest! —*O tempora! O mores!* What will this world come to!

The countess was diverted with this odd gentleman, but ran on in my praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in, and Lady Davers seconded her. But all, it seems, signified nothing. He would tell us both his mind, let the young whelp, that was his word, take it as he would. And pray, said he, can't I see this fine body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a question or two; and, by her answers, I shall know what to think of her in a twinkling.

She is gone to take a little airing, Sir Jacob, and won't be back till supper-time.

Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit down at table, is she? If she does, I won't; that's positive.—But now you talk of supper, what have you?—I must have a boiled chicken, and shall eat it all myself.—Who's housekeeper now? I suppose all's turned upside down.

No, there's not one new servant, except a girl that waits upon her own person: All the old servants are continued.

That's much! These creatures generally take as great state upon them as a born lady: And they're in the right. If they can make the man stoop to the great point, they'll hold his nose to the grindstone, never fear; and all the little ones come about in course.

Well, Sir Jacob, when you see her you'll alter your mind.

Never, never! that's positive.

Ay, Sir Jacob, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she was my own sister.

Oh, hideous, hideous!—Tell it not in Gath; for thou'lt

make the daughters of Philistia triumph! All the fools that he has made wherever he has travelled will clap their hands at him, and at you too, if you talk at this rate.—But let me speak to Mrs. Jervis, if she be here: I'll order my own supper.

So he went out, saying, he knew the house, though in a better mistress's days.

The countess said, If Mr. B—— kept his temper, as she hoped he would, there would be good diversion with the old gentleman.

Oh yes, said my lady, my brother will, I daresay. He despises the surly brute too much to be angry with him, let him say what he will.

He went, and talked a great deal against me to Mrs. Jervis. You may guess, my dear, that she launched out in my praises; and he was offended at her, and said, Woman! woman! forbear these ill-timed praises! Her birth's a disgrace to our family! What! my sister's waiting maid, taken upon charity! I cannot bear it.

I mention all these things, as the ladies afterwards told them to me, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine time I was likely to have of it.

When Mr. B——, and my Lord Davers, and Mr. H—— came home, which they did about half an hour after six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the parlour; and Mr. B—— smiled at Lord Davers, and entering,—Sir Jacob, said he, welcome to Bedfordshire! And thrice welcome to this house! I rejoice to see you.

My lady says, Never was so odd a figure as the old baronet made when thus accosted. He stood up, indeed; but as Mr. B—— offered to take his hand, he put them both behind him—Not that you know of, sir!—And then looking up at his face, and down at his feet, three or four times successively—Are you my brother's son? That very individual son that your good father used to boast of, and say, that for handsome person, true courage, noble mind, was not to be matched in any three counties in England!

The very same, dear sir, that my honoured father's partiality used to think he never praised enough.

And what is all of it come to at last?—He paid well, did he not, to teach you to know the world?—Ad's life, nephew! hadst thou been born a fool, or a raw greenhead, or a doating greyhead——

What then, Sir Jacob?

What then? Why then thou wouldst have done just as thou hast done!

Come, come, Sir Jacob, you know not my inducements. You know not what an angel I have in person and mind. Your eyes shall by and by be blest with the sight of her: your ears with hearing her speak: and then you'll call all you have said profanation.

What is it I hear! What is it I hear!—You talk in the language of romance; and from the housekeeper to the head of the house, you're all stark staring mad! By my soul! nephew, I wish, for thy own credit, thou wert.—But what signifies wishing?—I hope you'll not bring your siren into my company.

Yes, I will, sir, because I love to give you pleasure. And say not a word more, for your own sake, till you see her. —You'll have the less to unsay, Sir Jacob, and the less to repent of.

The devil!—I'm in an enchanted castle, that's certain. What a plague has this little witch done to you all?—And how did she bring it about?

The ladies and Lord Davers laughed, it seems; and Mr. B——, begging him to sit down, and answer him some family questions, he said (for it seems he is very captious at times), What, a devil! am I to be laughed at? Lord Davers, I hope *you're* not bewitched too, are you?

Indeed, Sir Jacob, I am. My sister B—— is my doating-piece.

Whew, whistled he, with a wild stare. And how is it with *you*, youngster?

With me, Sir Jacob? said Mr. H——: I'd give all I'm worth in the world, and ever shall be worth, for such another wife.

He ran to the window, and throwing up the sash, looking

into the courtyard, said, Hollo—So-ho—Groom—Jack—Jonas—get me my horse!—I'll keep no such company!—I'll be gone! Why, Jonas! calling again.

You're not in earnest, Sir Jacob? said Mr. B——.

I am, by my soul!—I'll away to the village this night! Why, you're all upon the high game!—I'll—But who comes here?—For just at that instant the chariot brought me into the courtyard.—Who's this? Who is she?

One of *my* daughters, started up the countess: my youngest daughter Jenny!—She's the pride of my family, Sir Jacob!

By my soul, said he, I was running; for I thought it was the grand enchantress.

Out stepped Lady Davers to me: Dear Pamela, said she, humour all that's said to you. Here's Sir Jacob come. You're the Countess of C——'s youngest daughter Jenny—that's your cue.

Ah! but, madam, said I, Lady Jenny is not married—looking (before I thought) on a circumstance that I think too much of sometimes, though I carry it off as well as I can.

She laughed at my exception. Come, Lady Jenny, said she (for I just then entered the great door), I hope you've had a fine airing?

A very pretty one, madam, said I, as I entered the parlour. This is a pleasant country, Lady Davers—(*Wink when I'm wrong, whispered I.*)—Where's Mrs. B——?—Then, as seeing a strange gentleman, I started half back, into a more reserved air; and made him a low courtesy.

Sir Jacob looked as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at Mr. B——: but the dear gentleman put him quite out of doubt, by taking my hand: Well, Lady Jenny, did you meet my fugitive in your tour?

No, Mr. B——, replied I. Did she go my way? I told you I would keep the great road.

Lady Jenny C——, said Mr. B——, presenting me to his uncle. A charming creature! added he: Have you not a son worthy of such an alliance?

Ay, marry, nephew, this is a lady indeed! Why the plague, whispered he, could you not have pitched your tent here?—Miss, by your leave! And saluting me, turned to the countess: By my soul, madam, you've a charming daughter! Had my rash nephew seen this lovely creature, and you'd have condescended, he'd never have stooped to the cottage, as he has done.

You're right, Sir Jacob, returned Mr. B——; but I always ran too fast for my fortune: yet these ladies of family never bring out their jewels into bachelors' company; and when, too late, we see what we've missed, we are vexed at our precipitation.

Well said, however, boy. By my soul, I wish thee repentance, though it is out of thy power to amend! Be that one of thy curses, when thou seest this lady, as I make no doubt it is.

Again, taking my hand, and surveying me from head to foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty practice with him to a stranger lady (and a modest one too, you'll say, miss)—Why, truly, you're a charming creature, miss—Lady Jenny, I would say—By your leave, once more!—Upon my soul, my lady countess, she is a charmer!—But—but—staring at me, are you married, madam?

I looked a little silly; and my new mamma came up to me, and took my hand: Why, Jenny, you are dressed oddly to-day!—What a hoop you wear! It makes you look I can't tell how!

Upon my soul, madam, I thought so! What signifies lying?—But 'tis only the hoop, I see.—Really and truly, Lady Jenny, your hoop is enough to make half a hundred of our sex despair, for fear you should be married. I thought it was something! Few ladies escape my notice. I always kept a good look out; for I have two daughters of my own. But it is the hoop, I see plainly enough. You are so slender everywhere but *here*, putting his hand upon my hip, which quite dashed me: and I retired behind my lady countess's chair.

Fie, Sir Jacob! said Mr. B——; before us young gentle-

men, to take such liberties with a maiden lady!—You give a bad example.

Hang him that sets you a bad example, nephew. But I see you are right; I see Lady Jenny's a maiden lady, or she would not have been so shamefaced, I'll swear for her, on occasion. Ha, ha, ha!—I'm sure, repeated he, she's a maiden—for our sex give the married ladies a freer air in a trice.

How, Sir Jacob? said Lady Davers.

Oh fie, said the countess!—Can't you praise the maiden ladies, but at the expense of the married ones? What do you see of freedom in me?

Or in me? said Lady Davers.

Nay, for that matter, you are very well, ladies, I must needs say.—But will you pretend to blush with that virgin rose?—Will ye?—Od's my life, miss—Lady Jenny, I would say, taking my hand, come from behind your mamma's chair, and you two ladies stand up now together.——There, so you do—Why now, blush for blush, and Lady Jenny shall be three to one, and a deeper crimson by half. Look you there, look you there else! A hundred guineas to one against the field!—Then stamping with one foot, and lifting up his hands and eyes—O Christ! Lady Jenny has it all to nothing!—By my soul, she has!—Ha, ha, ha!—You may well sit down both of you; but you're a blush too late, I can tell you that.—Well hast thou done, Lady Jenny, tapping my shoulder with his rough paw.

I was hastening away; and he said, But let's see you again, miss; for now I will stay, if they bring nobody else —and away I went; for I was quite out of countenance. What a strange creature, thought I, is this!

Supper being nearly ready, he continued calling out for Lady Jenny; for the sight of her, he said, did him good. But he was resolved he would not sit down at table with *somebody else.*

The countess said, she would fetch her daughter: and stepping out, returned, saying, Mrs. B—— understands that Sir Jacob is here, and that he does not choose to see

her; so she begs to be excused; and my Jenny and she desire to sup together.

The very worst tidings I have heard this twelvemonth. Why, nephew, let your girl sup with anybody, so we may have Lady Jenny back with us.

I know, said the countess (who was desirous to see how far he would carry it), Jenny won't leave Mrs. B——; so if you see *one,* you must see *t'other.*

Nay, then, if it must be so, I must sit down contented —But yet I should be glad to see Lady Jenny; that I should. But I will not sit down at table with Mr. B——'s girl—that's positive.

Well, well, let them sup together, and there's an end of it, said Mr. B——: I see my uncle has as good a judgment as anybody of fine ladies—(*That I have, nephew:*)—But he can't forego his humour, in compliment to the finest lady in England.

Consider, nephew, consider—'tis not thy doing a foolish thing, and calling a girl wife, shall cram a niece down my throat, that's positive. The moment thy girl comes down to take place of these ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.

Well then, shall I go up and oblige Pamela to sup by herself, and persuade Lady Jenny to come down to us?

With all my soul, nephew—A good motion.—But, Pamela—did you say?—A queer sort of name! I've heard of it somewhere!—Is it a Christian or a Pagan name?—Linsey-wolsey—half one, half t'other—like thy girl—Ha, ha, ha!

Let me be *hanged,* whispered Mr. H—— to his aunt, if Sir Jacob has not a power of wit; though he's so whimsical with it. I like him much.

But hark ye, nephew, said Sir Jacob, as Mr. B—— was going out of the parlour—one word with you. Don't fob upon us your girl with the Pagan name for Lady Jenny. I have set a mark upon her, and should know her from a thousand, although she had changed her hoop.—Then he laughed again, and said, He hoped Lady Jenny would

come—and come without anybody with her.—But I smell a plot, said he.—By my soul, I won't stay, if they both come together. I won't be put upon—But here comes one or both—where's my whip?—I'll go.

Indeed, Mr. B——, I had rather have stayed with Mrs. B——, said I, as I entered—as he had bid me.

'Tis she, 'tis she!—You've nobody behind you?—No, she han't.—Why now, nephew, you're right: I was afraid you'd have put a trick upon me.—You'd *rather*, repeated he to me, have stayed with Mrs. B——. Yes, I warrant. —But you shall be placed in better company, my dear child.

Sister, said Mr. B——, will you be pleased to take that chair? for Pamela does not choose to give my uncle disgust, who so seldom comes to see us.

My lady took the upper end of the table, and I sat next below my new mamma. So, Jenny, said she, how have you left Mrs. B——?

A little concerned—but she was the easier, as Mr. B—— himself desired I'd come down.

My Lord Davers sat next me; and Sir Jacob said, Shall I beg a favour of you, my lord; to let me sit next to Lady Jenny?

Mr. B—— said, Won't it be better to sit over against her, uncle?

Ay, that's right. I'faith, nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will.—He accordingly removed his seat, and I was very glad of it; for though I was sure to be stared at sufficiently by him, yet I was afraid, if he sat next to me, he would not keep his hands off my hoop.

He ran on a deal in my praises, after his manner; but so rough at times, that he gave me pain; and I was under a difficulty too, lest he should observe my ring; but he stared so much in my face, that that escaped his notice.

After supper, the gentlemen sat down to their bottle, and the ladies and I withdrew, and about twelve they broke up, Sir Jacob talking of nothing but Lady Jenny, and wished Mr. B—— had married so happily as with

such a charming creature: One, he said, that carried tokens of her high birth in her face, and whose every feature and look showed her to be nobly descended.

They let him go to bed with his mistake: But the countess said next morning, She thought she never saw a greater instance of stupid pride and churlishness, and she should be sick of the advantage of birth or ancestry, if this was the natural fruit of it. For a man, said her ladyship, to come to his nephew's house, and to suffer the mistress of it to be closeted up (as he thinks), and not permitted to appear, in order to humour his absurd and brutal insolence, and to behave as he has done; is such a ridicule upon the pride of descent, that I shall think of it as long as I live. O Mrs. B——, said she, what advantages have you over every one who sees you; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily!

I expect to be called to breakfast every minute, and shall then perhaps see how this matter will end. I wish, when it is revealed, he is not in a fury, and don't think himself imposed on. I fear it won't go off so well as I wish; for everybody seems to be grave, and angry at Sir Jacob.

—o—

Thursday.

I NOW proceed with my tale. At breakfast time, when every one was sat, and a chair left for me, Sir Jacob began to call out for Lady Jenny. But, said he, I'll have none of your girl, nephew; although the chair at the tea-table is left for somebody.

No, said Mr. B——, we'll get Lady Jenny to supply Mrs. B——'s place since you don't care to see her.

With all my heart, replied he.

But, uncle, said Mr. B——, have you really no desire, no curiosity, to see the girl I have married?

No, none at all, by my soul.

Just then I came in, and paying my compliments to the

company, and to Sir Jacob, Shall I, said I, supply Mrs. B——'s place in her absence? And down I sat.

After breakfast, and the servants were withdrawn, Lady Jenny, said Lady Davers, you are a young lady, who have all the advantages of birth and descent; and some of the best blood in the kingdom runs in your veins; and here Sir Jacob Swynford is your great admirer: cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double grace, convince him that he does an unkind thing, at my brother's house, to keep the person my brother has thought worthy of making the mistress of it, out of company? And let us know your opinion, whether my brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable distaste?

Why, how now, Lady Davers! This from you! I did not expect it.

My uncle, said Mr. B——, is the only person in the kingdom that I would have humoured thus: And I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in so high a point, he would have acted a more generous part than he has yet done. But, Lady Jenny, what say you to my sister's questions?

If I must speak my mind, replied I, I should take the liberty to be very serious with Sir Jacob, and to say, that when a thing is done, and cannot be helped, he should take care how he sows the seeds of indifference and animosity between man and wife: and how he makes a gentleman dissatisfied with his choice, and perhaps unhappy as long as he lives.

Nay, miss, said he, if all are against me, and you, whose good opinion I value more than all, you may e'en let the girl come, and sit down, if you will.—If she is but half as pretty, and half as wise and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be helped, as you say, be ready to think better of the matter. For, 'tis a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appeared before all the good company, to have her kept out of the way on my account.

Really, Sir Jacob, said the countess I have blushed for you *more* than once on this occasion. But the mistress of

this house is more than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: And in hopes you will return me back some of the blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my daughter Jenny, whom you have been so justly admiring, the mistress of the house, and the lady with the pagan name.

Sir Jacob sat aghast, looking at one, and at another, and at me, each in turn, and then cast his eyes on the floor. At last, up he got, and swore a sad oath: And am I thus tricked and bamboozled? (that was his word), am I?—There's no bearing this house, nor her presence, now, that's certain, and I'll be gone.

Mr. B——, looking at me and nodding his head towards Sir Jacob, as he was in a flutter to be gone, I rose from my chair, and went to him, and took his hand. I hope, Sir Jacob you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see that there is no other difference but that of descent, between the supposed Lady Jenny, whom you so kindly praised, and the girl your dear nephew has so much exalted.

Let me go, said he; I'm most confoundedly bit!—I cannot look you in the face!—By my soul, I cannot!—For 'tis impossible you should forgive me!

Indeed, it is not, sir: you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear nephew can; for to him was the wrong, if any, and I'm sure he can overlook it.—And for his sake, to the uncle of so honoured a gentleman, to the brother of my late good lady, I can, with a bent knee, *thus*, ask your blessing, and desire your excuse for joining to keep you in this suspense.

Bless you!—O Christ! said he, and stamped—who can choose but bless you? And he kneeled down, and wrapped his arms about me.—But, curse me, that was his strange word, if ever I was so touched before!

My dear Mr. B——, for fear my spirits should be too much affected (for the rough baronet, in his transport, had bent me down lower than I kneeled), came to me, and held me by my arm; but permitted Sir Jacob to raise me, only saying, How does my angel? Now she has made this conquest, she has completed all her triumphs.

Angel did you call her!—By my soul, I'm confounded with her goodness, and her sweet carriage!—Rise, and let me see if I can stand myself!—And, believe me, I am sorry to have acted so much like a bear as I have done: and the more I think of it, the more I shall be ashamed of myself.—And the tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough cheeks; which moved me a good deal: for to see a man with so hard a countenance weep, was a touching sight.

Mr. H——, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, his aunt said, What's the matter, Jackey?—The matter! answered he; I don't know how the d—l it is—But here's strange doings as ever I knew.—For here, day after day, one's ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for joy or sorrow!—What a plague's the matter with me, I wonder!—And out he went; the two ladies, whose charming eyes, too, glistened with pleasure, smiling at the effect the scene had upon Mr. H——, and at what he said.

Well, madam, said Sir Jacob, approaching me; for I had sat down, but then stood up—you will forgive me; and from my heart I wish you joy. By my soul, I do—and saluted me—I could not have believed there had been such a person breathing. I don't wonder at my nephew's loving you!—And you call her sister, Lady Davers, don't you?—If you do, I'll own her for my niece.

Don't I?—Yes, I do, said her ladyship, coming to me, and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* comfort, though to *my own* shame, that I used her worse than you have done before I knew her excellence; and have repented of it ever since.

I bowed to her ladyship—and kissing her hand—My dearest lady, said I, you have made me such rich amends since, that I am sure I may say, *It was good for me that I was afflicted.*

Why, nephew, she has the fear of God, I perceive, before her eyes too! I'm sure I've heard those words. They are somewhere in the scripture, I believe!—Why, who knows but she may be a means to save your soul?—Hey, you know!

Ay, Sir Jacob, she'll be a means to save a hundred souls, and might go a great way to save yours, if you were to live with her but one month.

Well, but, nephew, I hope *you* forgive me, too; for, now I think of it, I never knew you take any matter so patiently in my life.

I knew, said the dear gentleman, that every extravagance you insisted upon was heightening my charmer's triumph, and increasing your own contrition; and as I was not *indeed* deprived of her company, I could bear with everything you said or did.—Yet, don't you remember, that I cautioned you that the less you said against her, the less you'd have to unsay, and the less to repent of?

I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to account for all I have said against her, in her own hearing; and when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my soul, I believe 'twill make me *more* than half mad.

At dinner (when we had Mr. Williams's company) the baronet told me, he admired me now as much as he did when he thought me Lady Jenny; but complained of the trick put upon him by us all, and seemed now and then a little serious upon it.

He took great notice of the dexterity which he imputed to me in performing the honours of the table. And every now and then he lifted up his eyes, God take me! Very clever, by my soul!—Why, madam, you seem to me to be born to these things!—I will be helped by nobody but you!—And you'll have a task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping stomach; and were there fifty dishes, I always taste of every one. And indeed John was in a manner wholly employed in going to and fro between the baronet and me, for half an hour together.

He went from us afterwards to Mrs. Jervis, and made her answer him abundance of questions about me, and how all these matters had *come about*, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank coffee, said, I have been *confabbing*, that was his word, with Mrs. Jervis, about

you, niece. By my soul, I never heard the like! She tells me you can play on the harpsichord, and sing too! Will you let a body have a tune or so? My Mab can play pretty well, and so can Dolly:—I'm a judge of music, and would fain hear you. I said, if he was a judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be asked twice, when we had taken our coffee.

Accordingly, he repeating his request, I gave him a tune, and, at his desire, sung to it: Od's my life, said he, you do it purely!—But I see where it is—my girls have got *my* fingers! And then he held both hands out, and a fine pair of paws showed he!—Plague on't, they touch two keys at once; but those slender and nimble fingers, how they sweep along! My eye can't follow 'em.—Whew—whistled he—They are here and there, and everywhere at once!—Why, nephew, I believe you have put another trick upon me. My niece is certainly of quality! And report has not done her justice.—One more tune, one more song.—By my faith, your voice goes sweetly to your fingers. 'Slife—I'll thrash my jades—that was his polite phrase—when I come home. Lady Davers, you know not the money they have cost me to qualify them; and here's a mere baby to them, outdoes 'em by a bar's length, without any expense at all bestowed upon her. Go over that again—Confound me for a puppy! I lost it by my prating.—Ay, there you have it!—That's it! By my soul, it is! Oh, that I could but dance as well as thou singest! I'd give you a sarabạnd, as old as I am.

After supper we fell into a conversation, of which I must give you some account, because it was upon a topic that Mr. B—— has been blamed for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his friends, even after they have, in kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, *The example that he has set to young gentlemen of family and fortune to marry beneath them.*

It was begun by Sir Jacob, who said, I am in love with

my new niece; that I am: But still one thing sticks with me in this affair; and that is, what will become of degree and distinction, if the practice of gentlemen's marrying their mothers' waiting-maids (excuse me, madam), should come into vogue? Already, young ladies and young gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away in this manner, and to disgrace their families. We have too many instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

That, said Lady Davers, is the *only* thing!—I must needs say, Sir Jacob has hit upon the point that would make one wish this example had not been set by a gentleman of such an ancient family; till one comes to be acquainted with this dear creature; and then everybody thinks it ought not to be otherwise than it is.

Ay, Pamela, said Mr. B——, what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this charge? This is a point that has been often objected to me: Try for one of your pretty arguments in my behalf.

Indeed, sir, replied I, looking down, it becomes not me to say anything to this.

But indeed it does, if you can: And I beg you'll help me to some excuse, if you have any at hand.

Won't you, sir, dispense with me on this occasion? Indeed I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *word* to this subject.—For it is my absolute opinion, that degrees, in general, should be kept up; although I must always deem the present case a happy exception to the rule.

Mr B——, looking as if he still expected I should say something, Won't you, sir, dispense with me? repeated I. Indeed I should not speak to this point, if I may be my own judge.

I always intend, my dear, you shall judge for yourself; and you know I seldom urge you farther when you use those words. But if you have anything upon your mind to say, let's have it: For your arguments are always new and unborrowed.

I would then, if I *must*, sir, ask, if there be not a nation,

or if there has not been a law in some nation, that, whenever a young gentleman, be *his* degree what it would, has seduced a poor creature, be *her* degree what it would, obliges the gentleman to marry that unhappy person?

I think there is such a law in some country, I can't tell where, said Sir Jacob.

And do you think, sir, whether it be so or not, that it is equitable it should be so?

Yes, by my troth—though I must needs own, if it were so in England, many men that I know would not have the wives they now have.

You speak to your knowledge, I doubt not, Sir Jacob? said Mr. B——.

Why, indeed—why, truly—I don't know but I do.

All then, said I, that I would infer, is, whether another law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the gentleman, who is repulsed from a principle of virtue and honour, should not be censured for marrying a person he could *not* seduce? And whether it is not more for both their honours, if he does; inasmuch as it is nobler to reward a virtue than to repair a shame; were that shame to be repaired by matrimony, which I take the liberty to doubt? But I beg pardon; you commanded me, sir—else this subject should not have found a speaker to it in me.

This is admirably said!—By my soul, it is! said Sir Jacob.

But yet this comes not up to the objection, said Mr. B——. The setting an example to waiting-maids to aspire, and to young gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the subject myself; and the rather, because, as I go along, I will give Sir Jacob a faint sketch of the merit and character of my Pamela, of which he cannot be so well informed, as he has been of the disgrace which he imagined I had brought upon myself by marrying her.

In order to this, give me leave to say, that I think it necessary that as well those persons who are afraid the example should be taken, as those who are inclined to follow it, should take *all* the material parts of it into their con-

sideration: Otherwise, I think the precedent may be justly cleared: and the fears of the one be judged groundless, and the plea of the other but a pretence, in order to cover a folly into which they would have fallen, whether they had this example or not.

For instance: in order to lay claim to the excuses which my conduct, if I may suppose it of force enough to do either good or hurt, will furnish, it is necessary;

That the object of their wish should be a girl of exquisite beauty (and that not only in their own blinded and partial judgments, but in the opinion of *every one* who sees her, friend or foe), in order to justify the force which the *first* attractions have upon him;

That she be descended of honest and conscientious, though poor and obscure parents; who having preserved their integrity, through great trials and afflictions, have, by their examples, as well as precepts, laid deep in the girl's mind the foundations of piety and virtue:

It is necessary, that to the charms of person, this waiting-maid should have a humble, teachable mind, fine natural parts, a sprightly, yet inoffensive wit, a temper so excellent, and a judgment so solid, as should promise for her (by the love and esteem these qualities should attract to herself from her fellow-servants, superior and inferior), that she would become a higher station, and be respected in it:

It is necessary, that after so good a foundation laid by her parents, she should have all the advantages of female education conferred upon her: The example of an excellent lady, improving and building upon so worthy a foundation: A capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her: An attention, assiduity and diligence, almost peculiar to herself, at her time of life: insomuch as, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, to be able to vie with any young ladies of rank, as well in the natural genteelness of her person, as in her acquirements: And that in nothing but her *humility* she should manifest any difference between herself and the high-born:

It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a

mind above temptation; that she should resist the *offers* and *menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly happiness seemed to depend; the son of a lady to whom she owed the greatest obligations; a person whom she did not *hate* but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful heart would have been *glad* to oblige; and who sought to prevail over her virtue, by all the inducements that could be thought of, to *attract* a young inexperienced virgin, at one time; or to *frighten* her, at another, into his purposes; who offered her high, very high terms, her circumstances considered, as well for herself as for parents she loved better than herself, whose circumstances at the same time were low and distressful:

Yet to all these *offers* and *menaces*, that she should be able to answer in such words as these, which will always dwell upon my memory:—* 'I reject your proposals with 'all my soul.'—'May GOD desert me, whenever I make 'worldly grandeur my chiefest good!'—'I know I am in 'your power; I dread your will to ruin me is as great as 'your power.'—'Yet, will I dare to tell you, I will make 'no free-will offering of my virtue. All that I *can* do, 'poor as it is, I *will* do, to show you, that my will bore 'no part in the violation of me.'—And when future marriage was intimated to her, to induce her to yield, to be able to answer, 'The moment I yield to your proposals, 'there is an end of all merit, if now I have any. And I 'should be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I 'will pronounce I should be most unworthy of it.'

If, I say, my dear friends, such a girl can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* eye, and not partially so only in a young gentleman's *own;* and after that (what good persons would infinitely prefer to beauty), thus piously principled; thus genteelly educated and accomplished; thus brilliantly witty; thus prudent, modest, generous, undesigning; and having been thus tempted, thus tried, by the man she hated not, pursued (not intriguingly pursuing), be thus inflexibly virtuous, and proof against temptation: Let her

* See vol. i. p. 212, et seq.

reform her libertine, and let him marry her: And were he of princely extraction, I dare answer for it, that no *two* princes in *one* age, take the world through, would be in danger. For, although I am sensible it is not to my credit, I will say that I never met with a repulse, nor a conduct, like this; and yet I never sunk very low, for the subjects of my attempts, either at home or abroad.

These are obvious inferences, added the dear gentleman, and not refinements upon my Pamela's story; and if the gentleman were capable of thought and comparison, would rather make such an example, as is apprehended, *more*, than *less* difficult than *before*.

But if indeed, added he, the young fellow be such a booby that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the case *with all its circumstances* together, I think, his good papa or mamma should get him a wife to their own liking, as soon as possible; and the poorest girl in England, who is honest, would rather have reason to bless herself for escaping such a husband, than to glory in the catch she would have of him. For such a young fellow as that would hardly do honour to his family in any *one* instance.

Indeed, said the countess, it would be pity, after all, that such a one should marry any lady of prudence and birth; for 'tis enough, in conscience, that he is a disgrace to *one* worthy family: it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy.

Why, really, nephew, said Sir Jacob, I think you have said a great deal to the purpose. There is not so much danger from the example, as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* minds. I did not consider this matter thoroughly, I must needs say.

All the business is, said Lady Davers—you'll excuse me, sister—there will be more people will hear that Mr. B—— has married his mother's waiting-maid than will know his inducements.

Not many, I believe, sister.—For when 'tis known I have some character in the world, and am not quite an idiot (and my faults, in having not been one of the most

virtuous of men, will stand me in some stead in *this* case, though hardly in *any other*), they will naturally inquire into my inducements.

But see you not, when we go abroad to church, or elsewhere, what numbers of people her character draws to admire the dear creature? Does not this show that her virtue has made her more conspicuous than my fortune had made me? For I passed up and down quietly enough before (handsome as my equipage always was), and attracted not anybody's notice: And indeed I had as lief these honours were not so publicly paid *her;* for even, were I *fond* of show and parade, what are they but a reproach to me?—And can I have any excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my persecutions of her, done but common justice to her merit?

This answers your objection, Lady Davers, and shows that *my* inducements and *her* story must be equally known. And upon my conscience, I think (everything I have said considered, and everything that might still farther be urged, and the conduct of that dear creature in the station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped, or could flatter myself with, from the most promising appearances) that she does *me* more honour than I have done *her;* and if I am capable of putting myself in a third person's place, I think I should be of the same opinion, were I to determine upon such another pair exactly circumstanced as we are.

You may believe, my friend, how much this generous defence of the step he had taken, attributing everything to me, and depreciating his worthy self, affected me. I played with a cork one while; with my rings another, turning them round my fingers; looked down, and on one side; and every way I looked, but on the company: for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful eye now and then upon the dear man: and when it would overflow, catch in my handkerchief the escaped fugitives, that would start unbidden beyond their proper limits, though I often endeavoured, by a twinkling

motion, to disperse the gathering water, before it had formed itself into drops too big to be restrained.

All the company praised the dear generous speaker: and he was pleased to say farther, Although, my good friends, I can truly say, that with all the pride of family, and the insolence of fortune, which once made me doubt whether I should not sink too low, if I made my Pamela my mistress (for I should then have treated her not ungenerously, and should have suffered her perhaps to call herself by my name), I have never once repented of what I have done: On the contrary, I have always rejoiced in it; and it has been, from the first day of our marriage, my pride and my boast (and shall be, let others say what they will), that I can call such an excellence, and such a purity, which I so little deserve, mine; and I look down with contempt upon the rashness of all such as reflect upon me; for they can have no notion of my happiness, or her merit.

Oh, dear sir, said I, how do you over-rate my poor merit! —Some persons are happy in a life of *comforts*, but mine's a life of *joy!*—One rapturous instance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.

Whew!—whistled Sir Jacob—whereabouts am I?—I hope, by and by, you'll come down to our pitch, that one may put in a word or two with you.

May you be long thus blest, and thus happy together! said Lady Davers. I know not which to admire most, the dear girl that never was bad; or the dear gentleman, that having been bad, is now so good!

Said my Lord Davers, There is hardly any bearing these moving scenes, following one another so quick, as my sister says.

The countess was pleased to say, That, till now, she had been at a loss to form any notion of the happiness of the first pair before the fall: But now, by so fine an instance as this, she comprehended it in all its force.—God continue you to one another, added her ladyship, for a credit to the state, and to human nature.

Mr. H——, having his elbows on the table, folded his

hands, shaking them and looking down, Egad, this is uncommon life, that it is!—Your two souls, I can see that, are like well-tuned instruments: But they are too high set for me a vast deal.

The best thing, said Lady Davers (always severe upon her poor nephew), thou ever saidst. The music must be equal to that of Orpheus which can make such a savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another word to-night.

Why, indeed, aunt, returned he, laughing, I believe it *was* pretty well said for your foolish fellow: Though it was by chance, I must confess: I did not think of it.

That I believe, replied my lady;—if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.

Sir Jacob and Mr. B—— afterwards fell into a family discourse; and Sir Jacob gave us an account of two or three courtships *by* his three sons, and *to* his two daughters, and his reasons for disallowing them: And I could observe he is an absolute tyrant in his family, though they are all men and women grown, and he seemed to please himself how much they stood in awe of him.

One odd piece of conversation I must tell you, miss, because of the inference that followed it.

Sir Jacob asked Mr. B—— if he did not remember John Wilkins, his steward? He was an honest fellow, said he, as ever lived.—But he's dead. Alas, for him, poor Jack!—He physicked himself out of his life.—He would be always taking slops: Had I done so, I should have gone to the dogs long ago.—But whom do you think, nephew, I have got in his place?—Nay, you can't know him neither. Why 'tis Jerry Sherwood, a boy I took upon charity, and taught to read and write; or paid for't, and that's the same thing—hey, you know!—And now Jerry's a gentleman's fellow, and is much respected by all our hunters; for he's a keen sportsman, I'll assure you. I brought him up to that myself, and many a jerk has the dog had from me, before I could make anything of him. Many and many a good time have I thwacked the rascal's

jacket; and he owes all he is, and will be, to me: And I now suffer him to sit down at table with me, when I have no guests.

But is not this a bad example, said Mr. B——, to promote so low a servant to the command of the family, under you? What do *gentlemen* say to this?

Gentlemen say to it?—Why, what gentlemen have anything to do with my family management?—Surely I may do as I will in my own house, and in my own family; or else it would be very hard.

True, Sir Jacob; but people will be meddling, where they have least business. But are not all the gentlemen uneasy, for fear their *lowest servants,* from the example set by so leading a man as you, a chairman of the sessions, a colonel of militia, a deputy lieutenant, and a justice of quorum, should want to be made their *stewards?*

Why, I can't say that anybody has taken it into their heads to question me upon this subject. I should think them plaguy impertinent if they had, and bid them mind their own business.

But you'll allow, Sir Jacob, that every one who knows you have raised your foot-boy to be your steward, will not know your *inducements;* although, I doubt not, they are very good ones.

Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, saying, Very well, sir! very well!

Sir Jacob cried out, Oh ho, nephew; are you thereabouts with your bears! Why, I can't say but you're in with me now.—Let's see, what have I said?—Ay, by my soul, you have nabbed me cleverly. Faith and troth, you have convinced me, by an example of my own, that I was impertinent to trouble my head about the management of your family.—Though near kindred makes some excuse for me, too.—And besides a *steward* and a *wife* are two things.

So I'd have 'em be, Sir Jacob. But good wives are but stewards to their husbands in many cases; and mine is the best that ever man had.

Pretty expensive ones, nephew, for all that, as the world

runs.—Most gentlemen find, I believe, stewards of this sort run them out more than they save: but that's not your case, I daresay.—I'faith, though, you have nicked me cleverly; that you have.

But, my witty brother, said my lady, I believe you'd better, for all your fling at me, as to *inducements*, stick to your first defence, as to the example sake; for, who stands upon birth or degree in the office of a steward?

It will answer several purposes, sister, and come nearer the point in what you object, than you are aware of, were we to dispute upon it. But I have gained my end in the observation: Sir Jacob takes the force of the comparison, and is convinced, I daresay, there is some justice in it.

Ay, ay, a great deal, said Sir Jacob; for a wife is, or ought to be, her husband's steward. I'm sure, when mine was living, I made her so, and had no other; for she made memorandums, and I digested them into a book; and yet she brought me a noble fortune too, as you all know.

Here, miss, I conclude my tedious narrations.—Be so good as to skim them over lightly, that you may not think the worse of me; and then return them (with some of your charming penmanship), that I may send them on to Kent. To be sure, I would not have been so tediously trifling, but for the sake of my dear parents: and there is so much self-praise, as it may seem, from a person repeating the fine things said of herself, that I am half of opinion I should send them to Kent only, and to think you should be obliged to me for saving you so much trouble and impertinence.

Do, dear miss, be so free as to forbid me to send you any more long journals, but common letters only, of How you do? and who and who's together? and of respects to one, and to another, and so forth.—Letters that one might despatch, as Sir Jacob says, in a *twinkling*, and perhaps be more to the purpose, than the tedious scrawl which kisses your hands, from

Yours, most sincerely,

P. B——.

Do, dear, good Sir Simon, let Miss Polly add to our delights, by her charming company. Mr. Murray, and the new affair, will divert *you*, in her absence.—So pray, since my good Lady Darnford has consented, and she is willing, and her sister can spare her, don't be so cross as to deny me.

—o—

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

My dear Mrs. B——,—You have given us great pleasure in your accounts of your conversations, and of the verses put so boldly and wickedly under your seat; and in your just observations on the lines, and the occasion.

I am quite shocked, when I think of Lady Davers's passionate intentions, at her first coming down to you to the Hall, but have let nobody into the worst of the matter, in compliance with your desire. We are delighted with your account of your family management, and your Sunday's service.—What an excellent lady are you! And how happy, and how good, you make every one who knows you, is seen by the ladies joining in your evening service, as well as their domestics.

We go on here swimmingly with our courtship. Never was there a fonder couple than Mr. Murray and Miss Nancy. The moody girl is quite alive, easy and pleased, except now and then with me.—We had a sad falling-out t'other day. Thus it was:

She had the assurance, on my saying, they were so fond and so free beforehand that they would leave nothing for improvement afterwards; to tell me, She had for some time perceived that my envy was very disquieting to me. This she said before Mr. Murray, who had the good manners to retire, seeing a storm rising between us.

Poor foolish girl! cried I, when he was gone, provoked to great contempt by her expression before him, thou wilt make me despise thee in spite of my heart!—But pr'ythee manage thy matters with common decency at least.

Good lack! *Common decency,* did you say? When my sister Polly is able to show me what it is, I shall hope to be better for her example.

No, thou'lt never be better for anybody's example? Thy ill-nature and perverseness will keep thee from that, as it has always hitherto done.

My ill-temper, you have often told me, is *natural* to me; so it must become *me:* But upon such a sweet-tempered young lady as Miss Polly, her late assumed petulance sits but ill!

I must have had no bad temper, and that every one says, to bear with thy sullen and perverse one, as I have done all my life.

But why can't you bear with it a little longer, sister?—Does anything provoke you *now* (with a sly leer, and affected drawl), that did not *formerly?*

Provoke me!—What should provoke me?—I gave thee but a hint of thy fond folly, which makes thee behave so before company that every one smiles at thee; and I'd be glad to save thee from contempt for thy *new* good humour, as I used to try to do for thy *old* bad nature.

Is that it?—What a kind sister have I!—But perhaps I see it vexes you; and *ill-natured* folks love to tease, you know.—But, dear Polly, don't let the affection Mr. Murray expresses for me put such a good-tempered body out of humour, pray don't!—Who knows (continued the provoker who never says a tolerable thing that is not ill-natured, that being her talent), but the gentleman may think himself happy, that he has found a way, with so much ease, to dispense with the difficulty that eldership laid him under? —But as he did you the favour to let the repulse come from you, don't be angry, sister, that he took you at the *first* word.

Indeed, indeed, said I, with a contemptuous smile, thou'rt

in the right, Nancy, to take the gentleman at *his* first word. Hold him fast, and play over all thy monkey tricks with him, with all my heart! Who knows but it may engage him more? For should *he* leave thee, I might be too much provoked at thy ingratitude, *to turn over* another gentleman to thee.—And let me tell thee, without such an introduction, thy temper would keep anybody from thee, that knows it.

Poor Miss Polly!—Come, be as easy as you can! Who knows but we may find out some cousin or friend of Mr. Murray's, between us, that we may persuade to address you? Don't make us your enemies: We'll try to make you easy, if we can—'Tis a little hard that you should be so cruelly taken at your word, that it is.

Dost think, said I, poor, stupid, ill-judging Nancy, that I can have the same regret for parting with a man I could not like, that thou hadst, when thy vain hopes met with the repulse they deserved from Mr. B——?

Mr. B—— come up again! I have not heard of Mr. B—— a great while.

No, but it was necessary that one nail should drive out another; for thou'dst been repining still, had not Mr. Murray been *turned over* to thee.

Turned over! You used that word once before, sister: such great wits as you, methinks, should not use the same word twice.

How dost *thou* know what wits *should,* or should *not* do? Thou hast no talent but ill-nature, and 'tis enough for thee, that *one* view takes up thy whole thought. Pursue that—But I would only caution thee, not to *satiate* where thou wouldst *oblige,* that's all: Or, if thy man can be so gross as to like thy fondness, to leave something for *hereafter.*

I'll call him in again, sister, and you shall acquaint us how you'd have it. Bell (for the maid came in just then), tell Mr. Murray I desire him to walk in.

I'm glad to see thee so teachable all at once!—I find now what was the cause of thy constant perverseness: for had the unavailing lessons my mamma was always incul-

cating into thee, come from a *man* thou couldst have had hopes of, they had succeeded better.

In came Sir Simon, with his crutch-stick—But can you bear this nonsense, Mrs. B——? What! sparring, jangling again, you sluts!—Oh, what fiery eyes on one side, and contemptuous looks on t'other!

Why, papa, my sister Polly has *turned over* Mr. Murray to me, and she wants him back again, and he won't come —that's all the matter!

You know your daughter Nancy, papa—She never could *bear* reproof, and yet would always *deserve* it!—I was only gently remarking, for her instruction, on her fondness before company, and she is as she *used to be!*—Courtship, indeed, is a new thing to the poor girl, and so she knows not how to behave herself in it.

So, Polly, because you have been able to run over a long list of humble servants, you must insult your sister, must you?—But are you really concerned, Polly?—Hey!

Sir, this, or anything, is very well from you.—But these imputations of envy, before Mr. Murray, must make the man very considerable with himself. Poor Nancy don't consider that.—But, indeed, how should she? How should *she* be able to reflect, who knows not what reflection is, except of the spiteful sort? But, papa, should the poor thing add to *his* vanity, which wants no addition, at the expense of that pride which can only preserve her from contempt.

I saw her affected, and was resolved to pursue my advantage.

Pr'ythee, Nancy, continued I, canst thou not have *a little* patience, child?—My papa will set the day as soon as he shall think it proper. And don't let thy man toil to keep pace with thy fondness; for I have pitied him many a time, when I have seen him stretched on the tenters to keep thee in countenance.

This set the ill-natured girl into tears and fretfulness; all her old temper came upon her, as I designed it should; for she had kept me at bay longer than usual; and I left

her under the dominion of it; and because I would not come into a fresh dispute, got my mamma's leave, and the chariot, and went and begged a dinner at Lady Jones's; and then came home as cool and as easy as I used to be; and found Nancy as sullen and silent, as was her custom before Mr. Murray tendered himself to her ready acceptance. But I went to my spinnet, and suffered her to swell on.

We have said nothing but No, and Yes, ever since; and I wish I was with you for a month, and all their nonsense over without me. I am, my dear, obliging, and excellent Mrs. B——,

Your faithful and affectionate

POLLY DARNFORD.

The two following, anticipating the order of time, for the reasons mentioned in page 298, we insert here.

—o—

LETTER XXXV.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

MY DEAR MRS. B——,—Pray give my service to your Mr. B——, and tell him, he is very unpolite in his reflections* upon me, in relation to Mr. Murray, when he supposes I regret the loss of him. You are much more favourable and *just* too, I will say, to your Polly Darnford. These gentlemen, the very best of them, are such indelicates! They think so highly of their saucy selves, and confident sex, as if a lady cannot from *her* heart despise them: But if she turns them off, as they deserve, and happens to continue her dislike, what should be interpreted in her favour, as a just and *regular* piece of conduct, is turned against her, and it must proceed from spite.

Mr. B—— may think he knows a good deal of the sex. But perhaps were I as malicious as he is reflecting (and

* See page 387.

yet, if I have any malice, he has raised it), I could say, that his acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he had the happiness to know you: And he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do justice to those who are proud to emulate your virtues.

But I can't bear, *it seems*, to see my sister addressed and complimented, and preferred by one whom I had thought in my own power! But he may be mistaken: With all his sagacity, he *has been* often. Nor is it so mortifying a thing to me, as he imagines, to sit and see two such antics playing their pug's tricks, as he calls them, with one another.

But you hardly ever saw *such* pug's tricks played as they play, at so early a time of courtship. The girl hangs upon his arm, and receives his empty head on her shoulder, already, with a freedom that would be censurable in a bride, before folks. A stiff, sullen, proud, scornful girl, as she used to be, she now puts on airs that are not natural either to her features or her character; and judge then how it must disgust one; especially when one sees her man so proud and vain upon it, that, like a *true* man, he treats her with the less ceremony for her condescensions, putting on airs of consequence, while her easiness of behaviour makes him secure of acceptance, and a kind reception, let him be as *negligent* or as *forward* as he pleases.

I say, Mrs. B——, there can be no living with these men upon such beginnings. They ought to know their distance, or be taught it, and not to think it in their power to confer that as a favour which they should esteem it an honour to receive.

But neither can I bear, it seems, the preparatives to matrimony, the fine clothes, the compliments, the *busy novelty*, as he calls it, the new equipages, and so forth. That's his mistake again, tell him: For one, who can look forwarder than the nine days of wonder, can easily despise so flashy and so transient a glare. And were I fond of compliments, it would not perhaps be the way to be pleased, in that respect, if I were to marry.

Compliments in the single state are a lady's due, whether courted or not; and she receives them, or ought always to receive them, as such: but in courtship they are poured out upon one like a hasty shower, that one knows will soon be over.—A mighty comfortable consideration this, to a lady who *loves to be complimented!*—Instead of the refreshing April-like showers, which beautify the sunshine, she shall stand a deluge of complaisance, be wet to the skin with it; and then—What then?—Why, be in a Libyan desert ever after;—experience a constant parching drought, and all her attributed excellences will be swallowed up in the quicksands of matrimony.

It may be otherwise with you; and it *must* be otherwise; because there is such an infinite variety in your excellence.—But does Mr. B—— think it must be so in *every* matrimony?

'Tis true, he improves every hour, as I see in your kind papers, in his fine speeches to you. But it could not be Mr. B——, if he did not: your merit *extorts* it from him: and what an ungrateful, as well as absurd churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian lustre, that dazzles the eyes of every one else?

But let me observe, moreover, that you had so few of these fine speeches *beforehand*, that you have all the reason in the world to expect them *now:* and this lessens his merit a good deal, as the most he can say is but common justice, on *full proof;* for, can the like generosity be attributed to him, as might to a gentleman who praises *on trust?*

You promise, if I will come to you, you will join with me against Mr. B—— on this subject. 'Tis very kindly offered: but when Mr. B—— is in the question, I expect very little assistance from you, be the argument what it will.

But 'tis not *my* fault I don't come. I am quite tired with the perverse folly of this Nancy of ours. She every day behaves *more* like a fool to Mr. Murray, and *less* like a sister to me, and takes delight to tease and vex me, by all the little ways in her power. And then surliness and

ill-temper are so natural to her, that I, who can but throw out a spiteful word, by way of flourish, as I may say, and 'tis over, and I am sorry for it as soon as spoken, am no match for her:—For she *perseveres* so intolerably, and comes back to the attack, though never so often repulsed, rising like *Anteus*, with fresh vigour for every fall, or like the *Lernæan Hydra*, which had a new head sprouting up, as fast as any one of the seven was lopt off, that there is no bearing her. Wedlock, in fine, must be her Hercules, and will furnish me, I doubt, with a revenge I wish not for.

But let me thank you for your delightful narratives, and beg you to continue them. I told you how your Saturday's conversation with Lady Davers, and your Sunday employments, charmed us all: so regular, and so easy to be performed!—That's the delightful thing!—What everybody may do.—And yet so beautiful, so laudable, so uncommon in the practice; especially among people in genteel life.

Your conversation and decision in relation to the two parsons (more than charm) transport us. Mr. B——, let me tell you, judges right, and acts a charming part, to throw such a fine game into your hands. And so excellently do you play it, that you do as much credit to your partner's judgment as to your own. Never, surely, was so happy a couple!

He has a prodigious merit *with* me, I can tell him, though he thinks not so well *of* me as I would have him. To *see*, to *praise*, and to *reward* a virtue, is *next* to having it *one's self:* and in time he will make as good a *man* (these fine appearances encourage one to hope so) as he is a *husband.*

Your notions of dispensations and double livings are admirably just. Mr. Williams is more my favourite than ever.—And the amply rewarded Mr. Adams, how did that scene affect us!

Again, and again, I say (for what can I say else, or more —since I can't find words to speak all I think?) you're a charming lady!—Yet, methinks, poor Mr. H—— makes but a sorry figure among you.

We are delighted with Lady Davers: but still more, if possible, with the countess; she is a fine lady, as you have drawn her: but your characters, though truth and nature, are the most shocking, or the most amiable, that ever I read.

We are full of impatience to hear of the arrival of Sir Jacob Swynford. We know his character pretty well: but when he has sat for it to your pencil, it must be an original indeed.

I will have another trial with my papa, to move him to let me attend you. I am rallying my forces for that purpose: I have got my mamma on my side again; who is concerned to see her girl vexed and insulted by her younger sister; and who yet minds no more what *she* says to her than what I say; and Sir Simon loves at his heart to make mischief between us, instead of interposing to silence either: and, truly, I am afraid the delight of this kind which he takes will make him deny his Polly what she so ardently wishes for.

I had a good mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three days, to give it the better appearance: But then my mamma, who loves not deceit, would blame me if she knew my stratagem; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. I know fasting, when one has a stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortified air.

What would I not do, in short, to procure to myself the inexpressible pleasure that I should have in your company and conversation! But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next best.*—I am,

Your most obliged and obedient

POLLY DARNFORD.

—o—

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Darnford to Mrs. B——.

My dearest Mrs. B——,—I am all over joy and rapture. My good papa has given me leave to tell you, that he will put his Polly under your protection when you go to London. If you have but a *tenth part* of the pleasure I have on this occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that Mr. B—— signs some acknowledgment, which I am to carry along with *me*, that I am intrusted to his honour and yours, and to be returned to him *heart-whole* and *dutiful*, and with a reputation as unsullied as he receives me.

But do, dearest Mrs. B——, continue your Journals till then; for I have promised to take them up where you leave off, to divert our friends in these parts. There will be presumption! But yet I will write nothing but what I will show you, and have your consent to send: For I was taught early not to tell tales out of school; and a school, the best I ever went to, will be your charming conversation.

We have been greatly diverted with the trick put upon that *barbarian* Sir Jacob. His obstinacy, repentance, and amendment, followed so irresistibly in one half hour, from the happy thought of the excellent lady countess, that I think no plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a lucky mine in a siege, that blew up twenty times more than was expected from it, and answered all the besiegers' ends at once.

Mr. B——'s defence of his own conduct towards you is quite noble: and he judges with his usual generosity and good sense, when, by adding to your honour, he knows he enhances his own. Mr. Pitt's fine diamond met with a world of admirers; but all turned upon this reflection, What a happy man is Mr. Pitt, who can call such a jewel his own!—How greatly do you excel this diamond!—and how much does Mr. B—— outdo Mr. Pitt!—who has contributed to give so rich a jewel a polish so admirable: and

then has set it in so noble a light, as makes its beauty conspicuous to every eye!

You bid me skim over your writings lightly; but 'tis impossible. I will not flatter you, my dear Mrs. B——, nor will I be suspected to do so; and yet I cannot find words to praise so much as I think you deserve: So I will only say that your good parents, for whose pleasure you write, as well as for mine, cannot receive or read them with more delight than I do.—Even my sister Nancy (judge of their effect by this!) will at any time leave Mr. Murray, and forget to frown or be ill-natured, while she can hear read what you write.—And angry as she makes me sometimes, I cannot deny her this pleasure, because possibly, among the innumerable improving reflections they abound with, some one may possibly dart in upon her, and illuminate her, as your conversation and behaviour did Sir Jacob.

But your application in P.S. to my papa pleased him, and confirmed his resolution to let me go.—He snatched the sheet that contained this: That's to me! said he;—I must read this myself. He did—and said—I'faith she's a sweet one!—*Do, dear good Sir Simon,* repeated he aloud, *let Miss Polly add to our delights!*—So she shall then; if that will do it!—And yet this same Mrs. B—— has so many delights already, that I should think she might be contented. But, Dame Darnford, I think I'll let her go. These sisters then, you'll see how they'll love at a distance, though always quarrelling when together. He read on—*The new affair will divert you— Lady Darnford has consented—Miss is willing; and her sister can spare her*—Very prettily put, faith—*And don't you be so cross*—Very sweet!—*to deny me!*

Why, dear Mrs. B——, I won't be so cross then; indeed I won't!—And so, Polly, let 'em send word when they set out for London, and you shall join 'em there with all my heart: But I'll have a letter every post, remember that, girl.

Anything, anything, dear papa, said I; so I can but go! He called for a kiss for his compliance. I gave it most willingly, you may believe.

Nancy looked envious, although Mr. Murray came in

just then.—She looked almost like a great glutton whom I remember, one Sir Jonathan Smith, who killed himself with eating: He used, while he was heaping up his plate from one dish, to watch the others, and follow the knife of everybody else, with such a greedy eye, as if he could swear a robbery against any one who presumed to eat as well as he. This is a gross simile: But all greedy and envious folks look alike about the eyes; and thinking of Nancy on this occasion (who envied a happiness she knew I preferred to that she has in prospect), I could not but call to mind Sir Jonathan at the same time.

Well, let's know when you set out, and you shan't have been a week in London, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my tongue, as now by my pen, how much I am

Your obliged admirer and friend,

POLLY DARNFORD.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. B—— to Miss Darnford.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I now proceed with my Journal, which I had brought down to Thursday night.

Friday.

THE two ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent round* (as they, after we returned, would call it), which I generally take once a week, among my poor and sick neighbours; and finding I could not get off, I set out with them, my lady countess proposing Mrs. Worden to fill up the fourth place in the coach.

We talked all the way of charity, and the excellency of that duty; and my Lady Davers took notice of the text, that it would hide a *multitude of faults.* And if, she was pleased to say, there was to be any truth in the popish

doctrine of supererogation, what abundance of *such* merits would arise from the life and actions of our dear friend here! kindly looking at me.

I said, that when we had the pleasure to reflect that we served a Master who exacted no hard terms from us, but in every case almost that could be thought of, only required of us to do justice and show mercy to one another, and gave us reason to think He would judge us by those rules, it must be a mighty inducement to acts of charity and benevolence. But indeed, added I, were there not that inducement, the pleasure that attends such acts is a high reward; and I am sure the ladies I have the honour to speak to must have found it in a hundred instances.

The countess said, she had once a much better opinion of herself, than she found she had reason for within these *few days* past: And indeed, Mrs. B——, said she, when I get home, I shall make a good many people the better for your example. And so said Lady Davers; which gave me no small inward pleasure: and I acknowledged, in suitable terms, the honour they both did me.

The coach set us down by the side of a large common, about five miles distant from our house; and we alighted, and walked a little way, choosing not to have the coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little notice of as possible; and they entered with me into two mean cots with great condescension and goodness; one belonging to a poor widow and five children, who had been all down in agues and fevers; the other to a man and his wife bedrid with age and infirmities, and two honest daughters, one a widow with two children, the other married to a husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable cordials and good physic, were pretty well to what they had been.

The two ladies were well pleased with my demeanour to the good folks: to whom I said, that, as I should go soon to London, I was willing to see them before I went, to wish them better and better, and to tell them that I should leave orders with Mrs. Jervis concerning them, to whom they must make known their wants; and that Mr. Barrow would

take care of 'em, I was sure; and do all that was in the power of physic for the restoration of their healths.

Now you must know, miss, that I am not so good as the old ladies of former days, who used to distil cordial waters, and prepare medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I were so inclined, my dear Mr. B—— would not have been pleased with it, because, in the approbation he has kindly given to my present method, he has twice or thrice praised me that I don't carry my charity to extremes, and make his house a dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the opportunity of doing any good at all in these respects; and, besides, as the vulgar saying is, One must creep before one goes. But this is my method:

I am upon an agreement with this Mr. Barrow, who is deemed a very skilful and honest apothecary, and one Mr. Simmonds, a surgeon of like character, to attend all such cases and persons as I shall recommend; Mr. Barrow to administer physic and cordials, as he shall judge proper; and even, in necessary cases, to call in a physician. And now and then by looking in upon them one's self, or sending a servant to ask questions, all is kept right.

Besides, one can take this method without the ostentation, as some would deem it, which would attend the having one's dear friend's gate always crowded with unhappy objects, and with some who deserve no countenance perhaps, and yet would possibly be the most clamorous: And then one does not subject the poor neither to the insolence of servants, who sometimes in one's absence might, were they some servants, show that they were far from being influenced by the same motives as their principals: Besides, the advantage the poor have from the skill and experience which constant practice gives to the gentlemen I employ, and with whom I agree but by the quarter, because, if there were a just foundation of complaint, for negligence, or hardness of heart, I would not be tied down from changing; for, in such cases, in a crisis, the poor people depending on the assistance of those gentlemen might look no farther, and

so my good intentions might not only be frustrated, but do harm.

My Lady Davers observed a Bible, a Common Prayer-book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each cot, in leathern outside cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the children; and was pleased to say, it was right: And her ladyship asked one of the children, a pretty girl, who learnt her her catechism? And she courtesied, and looked at me; for I *do* ask the children questions, when I come, to know how they improve. 'Tis as I thought, said my lady; my sister provides for both parts. God bless you, my dear! said she, and tapped my neck.

My ladies left tokens of their bounty behind them to both families; and all the good folks blessed and prayed for us, at parting: And as we went out, my Lady Davers, with a serious air, was pleased to say to me, Take care of your health, my dear sister; and God give you, when it comes, a happy hour; for how many real mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the fruits of your piety!

God's will must be done, my lady, said I. The same Providence that has so wonderfully put it in my power to do a little good, will raise up new friends to the honest hearts that rely upon Him.

This I said, because some of the good people heard my lady, and seemed troubled, and began to redouble their prayers for my safety and preservation.

We walked thence to our coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two farmers' families, about a mile distant from each other. One had the mother of the family, with two sons, just recovering, the former from a fever, the latter from tertian agues; and I asked, When they saw Mr. Barrow? They told me, with great commendations of him, that he had but just left them. So having congratulated their hopeful way, and wished them to take care of themselves, and not go too early to business, I said, I should desire Mr. Barrow to watch over them, for fear of a relapse, and should hardly see 'em again for some time; and so, under

the notion of my foy, I slid a couple of guineas into the good woman's hand: for I had had an hint given me by Mrs. Jervis, that their illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other farm, where the case was a married daughter, who had had a very dangerous lying-in, and a wicked husband, who had abused her, and ran away from her: But she was mending apace, by good comfortable things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her old father had been a little unkind to her, before I took notice of her; for she married against his consent; and indeed the world went hard with the poor man, and he could not do much; and besides, he had a younger daughter, who had lost all her limbs, and was forced to be tied in a wicker chair, to keep her up in it; which (having expended much to relieve her) was a great *pull-back*, as the good old woman called it. And having been a year in arrear to a harsh landlord, who, finding a good stock upon the ground, threatened to distress the poor family, and turn them out of all, I advanced the money upon the stock; and the poor man has already paid me half of it (for, miss, I must keep within compass too); which was fifty pounds at first; and is in a fair way to pay me the other half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. Barrow, and he gave me an account of the success of two other cases I had recommended to him; and told me that John Smith, a poor man, who, in thatching a barn, had tumbled down and broken his leg, and bruised himself all over, was in a fair way of recovery.

This poor creature had like to have perished by the cruelty of the parish officers, who would have passed him away to Essex, where his settlement was, though in a burning fever, occasioned by his misfortune: but hearing of the case, I directed Mr. Simmonds to attend him, and provide for him, at my expense; and gave my word, if he died, to bury him.

I was glad to hear he was in so good a way; and told Mr. Barrow, I hoped to see him and Mr. Simmonds together at Mr. B——'s, before I set out for London, that we might

advise about the cases under their direction, and that I might acquit myself of some of my obligations to them.

You are a good man, Mr. Barrow, added I: God will bless you for your care and kindness to these poor destitute creatures. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your humanity to them.

Oh, my good lady! said he, who can forbear following such an example as you set? Mr. Simmonds can testify as well as I (for now and then a case requires us to visit together), that we can hardly hear any complaints from our poor patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the praises and blessings they bestow upon you.

It is good Mr. B—— that enables and encourages me to do what I do. Tell them, they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. Simmonds: We all join together, you know, for their good.

The countess and Lady Davers asked the poor lying-in woman many questions, and left with her, and for her poor sister, a miserable object indeed!—(God be praised, that I am not such an one!)—marks of their bounty in gold, but I saw not how much; and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up their hands, could not say a word, till they were in the coach: And so we were carried home, after we had just looked in upon a country school, where I pay for the learning of eight children.

And here (I hope I recite not this with pride, though I do with pleasure) is a cursory account of my *benevolent weekly round*, as my ladies will call it.

I know you will not be displeased with it; but it will highly delight my worthy parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet good in their neighbourhood: For, indeed, miss, a little matter, *prudently* bestowed, and on true objects of compassion (whose cases are soon at a crisis, as are those of most labouring people), will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for 'em, according to the exigencies of their respective cases.—For such poor people, who live generally low, want very seldom anything but [redacted]ing cordials at first, and good wholesome kitchen physic

afterwards; and then the wheels of nature being unclogged, new oiled, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with pleasantness and ease, for a good while together, by virtue of that exercise which their labour gives them; while the rich and voluptuous are forced to undergo great fatigues to keep theirs clean and in order.

This is well remarked in a manuscript poem in Mr. B——'s possession, written in answer to a friend, who recommended a poor man of genius to the favour of the author, in order to induce the benevolent gentleman to lift him into a higher life than that to which he was born; and as I am sure you will be pleased with the lines, I will transcribe them for your entertainment.

Warmly, once more, this rustic's cause you press,
Whom genius dignifies, amidst distress:
All, that you wish, my friendship renders dear,
And weeping industry demands a tear.
Ease we his pangs,—but let the means be weighed;
Lest anguish meet him in the form of aid.
—Where'er kind help can want's bleak waste repair,
Whate'er touched pity owes to chill despair,
That shall be his.—For he who claims your grief,
To mine brings title that commands relief.

Premising this, permit me to maintain,
That wishing happiness, you purpose pain:
What, though he sweats along the scorching soil,
Till every aching sinew burns with toil?
Health, and contempt of spleen—and sleep's soft call—
And unobstructed spirits—balance all.

Nor let fatigue, like his, presume complaint,
Where exercise, of choice, out-works constraint.
What length'ning furrow, turned with tott'ring fall,
Heats like the racket when it hunts the ball?
What lab'rer toils like him, o'er hill or dale,
Whose triumph is the fox's ear or tail?
All un-inured to bear—in life's weak dawn,
Boy-sportsmen tire and shame those sons of brawn.

'But, shall a fire, like his, want room to flame?
And what is peace, to one who pants for fame?'

Blessed in his low-born quiet, would he dare
Adopt distinction to induce despair?
Would he, for envy, give up safe neglect?
And hazard calumny, to gain respect?
Blow up ambition's storm, to blast his race?
And scorn obscurity, to court disgrace?

True he is poor,—and so are kings no less:
They want, whate'er they wish, and not possess:
While swains, who scorn to feel by others' sense,
Are rich in their own right of competence.
Bread, and self-satisfied, is wealth within;
Nor call that gain—which wisdom shuns to win.

From what proud root could this vain error grow,
That poverty is want? and rest is woe?
Weigh—but let reason hold th' impartial scale,
When peace is purposed, what does rank avail?
Is it, to live in noise, that makes us blessed?
Is it, to hear our flattered faults caressed?
Is it, in idle ease to yawn untaught,
And, fatt'ning folly, pine the famished thought?
True happiness, disdaining all extreme,
Is measured continence—and reas'ning phlegm.
This if your rustic knows, confess him great,
Beyond the proudest slave, that guides a state.
This if he knows not, should he empire gain,
'Twere sharpened appetite, for strengthened pain.

'But wit like his, you say, by nature graced,
To charm in cities, is in shades misplaced.'

Shines he so bright, within his rural sphere?
There let him still shine out—and still shine clear!
Superior genius, there, may gain him weight
To polish rudeness, civilise debate.
Warn the too easy heart, excite the cold,
Impel the backward, and repulse the bold;
Compose small jars, ere bitterness increase;
And smile the factious cottage into peace:
Wipe out each spot that fades the flow'ry plains,
And reign, pacific father of the swains.

Remote from cities, peaceful nature dwells;
There, exiled justice sits, in silent cells,
There truth, in naked plainness, dares be seen:
There, pride provokes no envy,—shame no spleen,
There, unsupported worth can reverence draw;
And probity disdains the help of law;

There, maids no caution need!—for man is just:
There, love is tenderness, and friendship trust.
There, infelt flushes tinge the conscious heart;
And modest semblance is not yet an art.

How weak a judge, dear friend, is human pride;
To loathe known good and long for ills untried!
Stretching our greedy eye to distant height,
The bliss beneath us lies too low for sight;
Impatient thirst of power but little thinks
What troubled waters fev'rish greatness drinks:
Nor dreams distrustless vanity, what cares,
What weights, what torments, rash distinction bears,
Hence, fears no awkward actor to sustain
His part of danger, in those scenes of pain:
Yet, out of character, mistakes his cue,
And hissed unheard, bawls on—and blunders through.

Or, grant him safe, behind some guardian screen,
Some patron's transient int'rest pushed between;
Grant, that his suppliant soul can sense destroy,
Can bear dependence, with unfeeling joy:
Yet comes a time when all his props decay,
And each dishonoured ruin drops away.
Then the bleak tott'rer shakes, in every blast;
Dreads the dim future; wishes for the past:
Finds his first loss; and, with corrected view,
Envies the humble cot, from which he flew.

And yet perhaps 'twas Heaven's commissioned plan,
That passion's restless whirl should actuate man;
That pride, by envy plagued, should pity know;
And wealth and joy take birth from want and woe.
Were hushed content to stop the busy swing,
The stagnant virtues all might lose their spring:
One tideless lake of life ingulf mankind:
And the still mass corrupt—for want of wind.

The Almighty, then,—who sees beyond our sense,
Did various parts, for various minds, dispense.
The meanest slave, who lives to hedge and ditch,
Is useful, in his rank, to feed the rich.
The rich, in retribution, wastes his store,
And streams refreshful floods, to float the poor:
Nor let the peer the peasant's lot disdain;
Each link, howe'er remote, connects the chain;
Both but two diff'rent marks, in one great view,
Extend God's landscape, and adorn it too:

And both, without distinction,—king and slave,
At last lie levelled in the silent grave.

This known, your choice directs my ready will,
Say,—Shall your rustic be a rustic still?
With ease augmented, hold his safe degree?
Live, and grow old, in pangless poverty?
Or, shall he tread the world's great wild of hope?
Despise his danger—and enlarge his scope?—

Choose for his wish whate'er his virtues claim:
And tax *my* fortune—or restrain *his* aim.

I don't remember ever to have read anything of this subject placed in these natural, easy, and, I therefore think, uncommon lights, and believe you'll allow them to be right lights: For there are certainly no cases in the world that require more judgment and distinction than charitable ones. And except a casual distress among those who make a trade of begging, such persons (especially if I see them often and so much in the same place, as if they were as tenacious of their stand as others of their freehold) move not my compassion or notice. They cannot be lower in spirit, nor (being frequently brought up to it) do they often wish to be higher in calling, or to change their idle state for a laborious one: But the poor industrious souls who are reduced by sickness or misfortune, or even mistake, not wilful or persisted in, who sigh in secret, and cannot make known what they suffer; such unhappy objects are worthy of one's *pains* to find out and relieve.

—o—

Saturday morning.

It is hardly right to trouble either of you, my honoured correspondents, with an affair that has vexed me a good deal, and indeed *should* affect me more than any other mistress of a family, for reasons which will be obvious to you, when I tell you the case. And this (it is so at present with me) I cannot forbear doing.

A pretty genteel young body, my Polly Barlow, as I call her, having been well recommended, and indeed behaved with great prudence till this time, is the occasion.

My dear Mr. B—— and the two ladies agreed with me to take a little airing in the coach, and to call in upon Mr. Martin, who had a present made him for his menagerie, in which he takes great delight, of a rare and uncommon creature, a native of the East Indies. But just as Sir Jacob was on horseback to accompany them, and the ladies were ready to go, I was taken with a sudden disorder and faintishness; so that Lady Davers, who is very tender of me, and watches every change of my countenance, would not let me go with them, though my disorder was going off, and my dear Mr. B—— was pleased to excuse me; and just meeting with Mr. Williams as they went to the coach, they took him with them, to fill up the vacant place. So I retired to my closet, and shut myself in.

They had asked Mr. H—— to go with them, for company to Sir Jacob; but he (on purpose, as I believe, by what followed) could not be found, when they set out: So they supposed he was upon some ramble with Mr. Colbrand, his great favourite.

I was writing to you, being pretty well recovered, when I heard Polly, as I supposed, and as it proved, come into my apartment; and down she sat, and sung a little catch, and cried hem! twice; and presently I heard two voices. But suspecting nothing, I wrote on, till I heard a kind of rustling and struggling, and Polly's voice crying, Fie!—How can you do so!—Pray, sir.

This alarmed me much, because we have such orderly folks about us; and I looked through the key-hole, and to my surprise and concern saw Mr. H——, foolish gentleman!—taking liberties with Polly, that neither became him to offer, nor, more foolish girl! her to suffer. And having reason to think that this was not their first interview and freedom—and the girl sometimes encouragingly laughing, as, at other times, inconsistently struggling and complaining, in an accent that was too tender for the

occasion, I forced a faint cough. This frightened them both: Mr. H—— swore, and said, Who can that be? Your lady's gone with them, isn't she?

I believe so! I hope so! said the silly girl—yet that was like her voice!—Me'm, are you in your closet, me'm? —said she, coming up to the door, Mr. H—— standing like a poor thief, half behind the window curtains, till he knew whether it was I.

I opened the door; away sneaked Mr. H——, and she leaped with surprise, not hoping to find me there, though she asked the question.

I thought—indeed—Me'm—I thought you were gone out.

It is plain you did, Polly.—Go and shut the chamber-door, and come to me again.

She did, but trembled, and was so full of confusion, that I pitied the poor creature, and hardly knew how to speak to her, or what to say.—For my compassion got the upper hand of my resentment; and as she stood quaking and trembling, and looking on the ground with a countenance I cannot describe, I now and then cast my eye upon her, and was as often forced to put my handkerchief to it.

At last I said, how long have these freedoms passed, Polly, between you and Mr. H——?

She said never a word.

I am loath to be censorious, Polly: but 'tis too plain that Mr. H—— would not have followed you into my chamber if he had not met you at other places before.

Still the poor girl said never a word.

Little did I expect, Polly, that you would have shown so much imprudence. You have had instances of the vile arts of men against poor maidens: have you any notion that Mr. H—— intends to do honourably by you?

Me'm—Me'm—I believe—I hope—I daresay Mr. H—— would not do otherwise.

So much the worse, that you believe so, if you have not very good reason for your belief.—Does he pretend he will marry you, Polly?

She was silent.

Tell me, Polly, if he does?

He says he will do honourably by me.

But you know there is but one word necessary to explain that other precious word *honour*, in this case. It is *matrimony*. That word is as soon spoken as any other; and if he *means* it, he will not be shy to *speak* it.

She was silent.

Tell me, Polly (for I am really greatly concerned for you), what you think *yourself:* Do you *hope* he will marry you?

She was silent.

Do, good Polly, I hope I may call you *good* yet!—answer me.

Pray, madam! and she wept, and turned from me, to the wainscot—Pray, madam, excuse me.

But indeed, Polly, I cannot *excuse* you. You are under my protection. I was once in as dangerous a situation as you *can* be in. And I did not escape it, child, by the language and conduct I heard from you.

Language and conduct, me'm!

Yes, Polly, language and conduct. For you have heard my story, no doubt: All the world has. And do you think, if I had sat me down in my lady's bed-chamber, and sung a song, and hem'd twice, and Mr. B—— had come to me upon that signal (for such I doubt it was), and I had kept my place, and suffered myself to be rumpled, and only, in a soft voice and with an encouraging laugh, cried, How can you do so? that I should have been what I am.

Me'm, I daresay my lord (so all the servants call him, and his aunt often, when she puts Jackey to it) means me no hurt.

No hurt, Polly! What, and make you cry *fie!*—Or do you intend to trust your honour to his mercy, rather than to your own discretion?

I hope not, me'm!

I hope not too, Polly!—But you know he was free

enough with you, to make you say *fie!*—And what might have been the case, who knows? had I not coughed on purpose; unwilling, for your sake, Polly, to find matters so bad as I feared, and that you would have been led beyond what was reputable.

Reputable, me'm!

Yes, Polly, reputable: I am sorry you oblige me to speak so plain. But your good requires it. Instead of flying from him, you not only laughed all the time you cried out, *Fie!* and *How can you do so?* but had no other care than to see if anybody heard you; and you observe how he slid away, like a guilty creature, as soon as I opened my door.—Do these things look well, Polly! Do you think they do?—And if you hope to emulate my good fortune, do you think *this* is the way?

I wish, me'm, I had never seen Mr. H——: For nobody will look upon me, if I lose your favour!

It will still, Polly (and I took her hand, with a kind look), be in your own power to keep it; and I will not mention this matter, if you make me your friend, and tell me all that has passed.

Again she wept, and was silent.

This made me more uneasy. Don't think, Polly, said I, that I would envy any other person's preferment, when I have been so much exalted myself. If Mr. H—— has talked to you of marriage, tell me.

No, me'm, I can't say he has *yet.*

Yet, Polly! Then he *never* will. For when men *do* talk of it, they don't always *mean* it: But whenever they *mean* it, how can they confirm a doubting maiden, without *mentioning* it? But, alas! alas for you, poor Polly!—The freedoms you have permitted to him, no doubt, previous to those I heard, and which would have been greater, possibly, had I not surprised you with my cough, show too well that he *need* not make any promises to you.

Indeed, me'm—Indeed, said she, sobbing, I might be too little upon my guard; but I would not have done any ill for the world.

I hope you would not, Polly: but if you suffer these freedoms, you can't tell what you'd have permitted.—Tell me, do you love Mr. H——?

He is a very good-humoured gentleman, madam, and is not proud.

No, 'tis not his business to be proud, when he hopes to humble you.—Humble you, indeed! beneath the lowest person of your sex that is honest.

I hope——

You *hope!* interrupted I—you *hope* too much; and I *fear* a *great deal* for you, because you fear *so little* for yourself.—But tell me, how often have you been in private together?

In private, me'm!—I don't know what your ladyship calls *private!*

Why that is *private*, Polly, when, as just now, you neither imagined nor intended anybody should see you.

She was silent; and I saw, by this poor girl, how true lovers are to their secret, though perhaps their ruin depends upon keeping it. But it behoved *me*, on more accounts than it would anybody else, as I hinted before, to examine this matter narrowly; because, if Mr. H—— should marry her, it would have been laid upon Mr. B——'s example.—And if Polly should be ruined, it would be a sad thing; and people would have said, Ay, she could take care enough of herself; but none at all of her servant: *Her* waiting-maid had a much more remiss mistress than Pamela found, or the matter would not have been thus.

Well, Polly, I see, continued I, that you will not speak out to me. You may have *several* reasons for it, possibly, though not *one* good one. But as soon as Lady Davers comes in, who has a great concern in this matter, as well as Lord Davers, and are answerable to Lord H——, in a matter of so much importance as this, I will leave it to her ladyship's consideration, and shall no more concern myself to ask you questions about it—for then I must take her ladyship's directions, and part with you, to be sure.

The poor girl, frightened at this (for everybody fears Lady Davers), wrung her hands, and begged, for God's sake, I would not acquaint Lady Davers with it.

But how can I help it?—Must I not connive at your proceedings, if I do not? You are no fool, Polly, in other cases. Tell me, how is it possible for me, in my situation, to avoid it?

I will tell your ladyship the whole truth; indeed I will —if you will not tell Lady Davers. I am ready to sink at the thoughts of Lady Davers's knowing anything of this.

This looked sadly. I pitied her, but yet was angry in my mind; for I saw too plainly that her conduct could not bear a scrutiny, not even in *her own* opinion, poor creature!

I said, Make me acquainted with the whole.

Will your ladyship promise——

I'll promise nothing, Polly.—When I have heard all you think proper to say, I will do what befits me to do; but with as much tenderness as I can for you—and that's all you ought to expect me to promise.

Why then, madam—but how can I speak it?—I can speak sooner to anybody than to Lady Davers and you, madam—For her ladyship's passion, and your ladyship's virtue—How shall I?—And then she threw herself at my feet, and hid her face with her apron.

I was in agonies for her almost; I wept over her; I raised her up, and said, Tell me all—you cannot tell me worse than I apprehend; nor, I hope, so bad! O Polly! tell me soon—for you give me great pain——

And my back, with grief and compassion for the poor girl, was ready to open, as it seemed to me.—In my former distresses I have been overcome by fainting next to death, and was deprived of sense for some moments—but else I imagine I must have felt some such affecting sensations, as the unhappy girl's case gave me.

Then, madam, I own, said she, I have been too faulty.

As how!—As what!—In what way!—How faulty?—

asked I, as quick as thought: You are not ruined, are you? —Tell me, Polly?

No, madam, but——

But what?—Say, but what?

I had consented——

To what?

To his proposals, madam.

What proposals?

Why, madam, I was to *live* with Mr. H——.

I understand you too well—But is it too late to break so wretched a bargain?—Have you already made a sacrifice of your honour?

No, madam; but I have given it under my hand.

Under your *hand!*—Ah! Polly, it is well if you have not given it under your *heart* too. But what foolishness is this! What consideration has he made you?

He has given it under his hand, that he will always love me, and when his lordship's father dies, he will own me.

What foolishness is this on both sides!—But are you willing to be released from this bargain?

Indeed I am, madam, and I told him so yesterday. But he says he will sue me, and ruin me, if I don't stand to it.

You are ruined, if you do!—And I wish—but tell me, Polly, are you not ruined as it is?

Indeed I am not, madam.

I doubt then you were upon the brink of it, had not this providential indisposition kept me at home.—You met, I suppose, to conclude your shocking bargain.—Oh, poor unhappy girl!—But let me see what he has given under his hand?

He has 'em both, madam, to be drawn up fair, and in a strong hand, that shall be like a record.

Could I have thought, miss, that a girl of nineteen could be so ignorant in a point so important, when in everything else she has shown no instances like this stupid folly?

Has he given you money?

Yes, madam, he gave me—he gave me—a note. Here it is. He says anybody will give me money for it.

And this was a bank note of fifty pounds, which she pulled out of her stays.

I instantly thought of those lines of Cowley, which my dear lady several times made me read to her; though these supposed an infinitely more excusable case—*Marriage* for money.

> Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid!
> Nor be by glitt'ring ills betrayed,!
> Thyself for money! Oh, let no man know
> The price of beauty fall'n so low!
> What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
> When Love, that's blind, is by blind Fortune led!

The result was, he was to settle one hundred pounds a year upon her and *hers;* poor, poor girl—and was to *own* her, as he calls it (but as wife or mistress, she stipulated not), when his father died, and he came into the title and estate.

I told her it was impossible for me to conceal the matter from Lady Davers, if she would not, by her promises to be governed entirely by me, and to abandon all thoughts of Mr. H——, give me room to conclude that the wicked bargain was at an end.

And to keep the poor creature in some spirits, and to enable her to look up, and to be more easy under my direction, I blamed *him* more than I did *her:* Though considering what virtue requires of a woman, and custom has made shameless in a man, I think the poor girl inexcusable, and shall not be easy while she is about me. For she is more to blame, because, of the two, she has more wit than the man.

But what can I do? thought I. If I put her away, it will be to throw her directly into his hands. He won't stay here long; and she *may* see her folly. But yet her eyes were open: she knew what she had to trust to.—And by their wicked beginning, and her encouraging repulses, I doubt she would have been utterly ruined that very day.

I knew the rage Lady Davers would be in with both. So this was another difficulty. And yet, should my good intentions be frustrated, and they should conclude their vile bargain, and it appeared that I knew of it, but would not acquaint her, then should I have been more blamed than any mistress of a family circumstanced as I am.

Upon the whole, as to the girl, I resolved to comfort her as well as I could, till I had gained her confidence, that my advice might have the more weight with her, and, by degrees, be the more likely to reclaim her: For, poor soul! there would be an end of her reputation, the most precious of all jewels, the moment the matter was known; and that would be a sad thing.

And as to the man, I thought it best to take courage (and you, that know me, will say I must have a good deal more than usual) to talk to Mr. H—— on this subject.

And the poor body consenting I should, and with great protestations declaring her sorrow and repentance, begging to get her note of hand again, on which she laid a foolish stress, and desiring me to give him back his note of fifty pounds, I went down to find him.

He shunned me, as a thief would a constable at the head of a hue and cry. As I entered one place or room, he went into another, looking with conscious guilt, but yet confidently humming a tune. At last I fixed him speaking to Rachel, bidding her tell Polly, he wanted to send a message by her to her lady. By which I doubted not he was desirous to know what she had owned, in order to govern himself accordingly.

His back was towards me; and I said, Mr. H——, here I am myself, to take your commands.

He gave a caper half a yard high—Madam, I wanted—I wanted to speak to—I would have spoken with——

You wanted to send Polly to me perhaps, Mr. H——, to ask if I would take a little walk with you in the garden.

Very true, madam!—Very true indeed!—You have

guessed the matter.—I thought it was pity, this fine day, as everybody was taking an airing.——

Well then, sir, please to lead the way, and I'll attend you.

Yet I fancy, madam, the wind is a little too high for you. —Won't you catch cold?

No, never fear, Mr. H——, I am not afraid of a little air.

I will attend you presently, madam: You'll be in the great gravel walk, or on the terrace—I'll wait upon you in an instant.

I had the courage to take hold of his arm, as if I had like to have slipt; for, thought I, thou shalt not see the girl, worthy friend, till I have talked to thee a little, if thou dost then.—Excuse me, Mr. H——, I hope I have not hurt my foot—I must lean upon you.

Will you be pleased, madam, to have a chair? I fear you have sprained your foot.—Shall I help you to a chair?

No, no, sir, I shall walk it off, if I hold by you.

So he had no excuse to leave me, and we proceeded into the garden. But never did anything look so silly—so like a *foolish fellow*, as his aunt calls him. He looked, if possible, half a dozen ways at once, hem'd, coughed, wriggled about, turned his head behind him every now and then, and started half a dozen silly subjects, in hopes to hinder me from speaking.

I appeared, I believe, under some concern how to begin with him; for he would have it I was not very well, and begged he might step in one minute to desire Mrs. Jervis to attend me.

So I resolved to begin with him; lest I should lose the opportunity, seeing my eel so very slippery: And placing myself on the seat, at the upper end of the gravel walk, I asked him to sit down. He declined it, and would wait upon me presently, he said, and seemed going. So I began —It is easy for me, Mr. H——, to penetrate the reason why you are so willing to leave me: but 'tis for your *own* sake that I desire you to hear me, that no mischief may

ensue among friends and relations, on an occasion to which you are no stranger.

Laud, madam! what can you mean?—Surely, madam, you don't think amiss of a little innocent liberty or so!

Mr. H——, replied I, I want not any evidence of your inhospitable designs upon a poor unwary young creature, whom your birth and quality have found it too easy a task to influence.

Inhospitable designs, madam!—A harsh word, by Gad!—You very nice ladies cannot admit of the least freedom in the world!—Why, madam, I have kissed a lady's woman before now, in a civil way or so, and never was called to an account for it, as a breach of hospitality.

'Tis not for me, Mr. H——, to proceed to *very nice* particulars with a gentleman who can act as you have done by a poor girl, that could not have had the assurance to look up to a man of your quality, had you not levelled all distinction between you, in order to level the weak creature to the common dirt of the highway. I must tell you that the poor girl heartily repents of her folly; and to show you that it signifies nothing to deny it, she begs you will give her back the note of her hand you have extorted from her foolishness; and I hope you'll be so much of a gentleman as not to keep in your power such a testimony of the weakness of any of the sex.

Has she told you that, madam?—Why, maybe—indeed—I can't but say—truly it mayn't look so well to you, madam: But young folks will have frolics—it was nothing but a frolic—Let me *be hanged*, if it was!

Be pleased then, sir, to give up her note to me, to return to her.—Reputation should not be frolicked with, sir; especially that of a poor girl, who has nothing else to depend upon.

I'll give it to her myself, if you please, madam, and laugh at her into the bargain. Why, 'tis comical enough, if the little pug thought I was in earnest. I must have a laugh or two at her, madam, when I give it her up.

Since 'tis but a frolic, Mr. H——, you won't take it

amiss, that when we are set down to supper, we call Polly in, and demand a sight of her note, and that will make every one merry as well as you.

Not so, madam, that mayn't be so well neither!—For perhaps they will be apt to think it is in earnest; when, as I hope to live, 'tis but a jest: nothing in the world else, upon honour!

I put on then a still more serious air—As you *hope to live,* say you, Mr. H——? and *upon your honour?*—How fear you not an instant punishment for this appeal!—And what is the *honour* you swear by?—Take that, and answer me, sir; do gentlemen give away bank-notes for *frolics,* and for *mere jests,* and *nothing in the world* else?—I am sorry to be obliged to deal thus with you. But I thought I was talking to a gentleman who would not forfeit his veracity; and that in so solemn an instance as this!

He looked like a man thunderstruck. His face was distorted, and his head seemed to turn about upon his neck, like a weathercock in a hurricane, to all points of the compass; his hands clenched as in a passion, and yet shame and confusion struggling in every limb and feature.

At last he said, I am confoundedly betrayed. But if I am exposed to my uncle and aunt (for the wretch thought of nobody but himself), I am undone, and shall never be able to look them in the face. 'Tis true I had a design upon her; and since she has betrayed me, I think I may say, that she was as willing, almost, as I.

Ungenerous, contemptible wretch! thought I.—But such of our sex as can thus give up their virtue, ought to expect no better: for he that sticks not at *one* bad action, will not scruple *another,* to vindicate himself: and so, devil-like, become the tempter, and the accuser too!

But if you will be so good, said he, with hands uplifted, as to take no notice of this to my uncle, and especially to my aunt and Mr. B——, I swear to you, I never will think of her as long as I live.

And you'll bind this promise, will you, sir, *by your honour,* and as you *hope to live?*

Dear, good madam, forgive me, I beseech you; don't be so severe upon me. By all that's——

Don't swear, Mr. H——: but as an earnest that I may believe you, give me back the girl's foolish note, that though 'tis of no signification, she may not have *that* to witness to her folly.

He took out his pocket-book: There it is, madam!—And I beg you'll forgive this attempt. I see I ought not to have made it. I doubt it was a breach of the laws of hospitality, as you say. But to make it known will only expose me, and it can do no good; and Mr. B—— will perhaps resent it, and my aunt will never let me hear the last of it; nor my uncle neither—and I shall be sent to travel again—and (added the poor creature) I was once in a storm, and the crossing the sea again would be death to me.

What a wretch art thou! thought I.—What could such a one as thou find to say to a poor creature, that, if put in the scale against considerations of virtue, should make the latter kick the beam?—Poor, poor Polly Barlow! thou art sunk indeed! Too low for excuse, and almost beneath pity!

I told him, if I could observe that nothing passed between them that should lay me under a necessity of revealing the matter, I should not be forward to expose him, nor the maiden neither: but that he must, in his own judgment, excuse me, if I made everybody acquainted with it, if I were to see the correspondence between them likely to be renewed or carried on: for, added I, in that case, I should owe it to myself, to Mr. B——, to Lord and Lady Davers, and to you, and the unhappy body too, to do so.

He would needs drop down on one knee to promise this: and with a thousand acknowledgments, left me to find Mr. Colbrand, in order to ride to meet the coach on its return.

I went in, and gave the foolish note to the silly girl, which she received eagerly, and immediately burnt: and I

told her I would not suffer her to come near me but as little as possible, when I was in company, while Mr. H—— stayed; but consigned her entirely to the care of Mrs. Jervis, to whom only, I said, I would hint the matter as tenderly as I could: and for this, I added, I had more reasons than one; first, to give her the benefit of a good gentlewoman's advice, to which I had myself formerly been beholden, and from whom I concealed nothing: next, to keep out of Mr. H——'s way: and, lastly, that I might have an opportunity, from Mrs. Jervis's opinion, to judge of the sincerity of her repentance: for, Polly, said I, you must imagine, so regular and uniform as all our family is, and so good as I thought all the people about me were, that I could not suspect that she, the duties of whose place made her nearest to my person, was the farthest from what I wished.

I have set this matter so strongly before her, and Mrs. Jervis has so well seconded me, that I hope the best: for the grief the poor creature carries in her looks, and expresses in her words, cannot be described; frequently accusing herself, with tears, saying often to Mrs. Jervis, she is not worthy to stand in the presence of a mistress, whose example she has made so bad a use of, and whose lessons she had so ill followed.

I am sadly troubled at this matter, however; but I take great comfort in reflecting that my sudden indisposition looked like a providential thing, which may save one poor soul, and be a seasonable warning to her as long as she lives.

Meantime I must observe, that at supper last night, Mr. H—— looked abject, and mean, and like a poor thief, as I thought; and (conscious of his disappointed folly, though I seldom glanced my eye upon him) had less to say for himself than ever.

And once my Lady Davers laughing, said, I think, in my heart, my nephew looks more foolish every time I see him, than the last.

He stole a look at me, and blushed; and my lord said, Jackey has some grace!—He blushes! Hold up thy head, nephew!—Hast thou nothing at all to say for thyself?

Sir Jacob said, A blush becomes a young gentleman:—I never saw one before, though, in Mr. H——. What's the matter, sir?

Only, said Lady Davers, his skin or his conscience is mended, that's all.

Thank you, madam, was all he said, bowing to his aunt, and affecting a careless, yet confused air, as if he whispered a whistle.

O wretch! thought I, see what it is to have a condemning conscience! while every *innocent* person looks round, easy, smiling, and erect!——But yet it was not the shame of a bad action, I doubt, but being discovered and disappointed, that gave him this confusion of face.

What a sad thing it is for a person to be guilty of such actions, as shall put it into the power of another, even by a look, to mortify him! And if poor souls can be thus abjectly struck at such a discovery as this, by a fellow-creature, how must they appear before an unerring and omniscient Judge, with a conscience standing in the place of a thousand witnesses! and calling in vain upon the *mountains to fall upon them,* and the *hills to cover them!*

How serious this subject makes one!

—o—

Saturday evening.

I AM just retired from a kind of fatiguing service; for who should come hither to dine with Mr. B—— but that sad rake Sir Charles Hargrave, and Mr. Walgrave, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Floyd, three as bad as himself; inseparable companions, whose whole delight, and that avowedly, is drinking, and hunting, and lewdness; but otherwise, gentlemen of wit and large estates. Three of them broke in upon us at the Hall,* on the happiest day of my life, to our great regret; and they had been long threatening to make this visit, in order to see me, as they told Mr. B——.

* See vol. i. p. 397.

They whipt out two bottles of champagne instantly, for a whet, as they called it; and went to view the stud and the kennel, and then took a walk in the garden till dinner was ready; my Lord Davers, Mr. H——, and Sir Jacob, as well as Mr. B—— (for they are all acquainted), accompanying them.

Sir Charles, it seems, as Lord Davers told me afterwards, said, he longed to see Mrs. B——: She was the talk wherever he went, and he had conceived a high opinion of her beforehand.

Lord Davers said, I defy you, gentlemen, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take mind and person together.

Mr. Floyd said, he never saw any woman yet, who came up to what he expected, where fame had been lavish in her praise.

But how, brother baronet, said Sir Charles to Sir Jacob, came *you* to be reconciled to her?—I heard that you would never own her.

Oons, man, said Sir Jacob, I was taken in—I was, by my soul!—They contrived to clap her upon me, as Lady Jenny C——, and pretended they'd keep t'other out of my sight; and I was plaguily bit, and forced to get off as well as I could.

That was a bite indeed! said Mr. Walgrave: and so you fell a praising Lady Jenny, I warrant, to the skies.

Ye—s,—by my soul (drawling out the affirmative monosyllable); I was used most scurvily; 'faith I was. I bear 'em a grudge for it still, I can tell 'em that; for I have hardly been able to hold up my head like a man ever since —but am forced to sneak about, and go and come, and do as they bid me. By my troth, I never was so manageable in my life.

Your Herefordshire neighbours, Sir Jacob, said Mr. Sedley, with an oath, will rejoice to hear this; for the whole county there cannot manage you.

I'm quite cow'd now, by my soul, as you will see by and by: Nay, for that matter, if you can set Mrs. B——

a talking, there's ne'er a puppy of you all will care to open your lips, except to say as she says.

Never fear, old boy, said Sir Charles, we'll bear our parts in conversation. I never saw the woman yet who could give me either awe or love for six minutes together. What think you, Mr. B——? Have you any notion that your lady will have so much power over us?

I think, Sir Charles, I have one of the finest women in England; but I neither expect, nor desire, you rakes should see her with my eyes.

You know, if I have a mind to love her, and make court to her too, Mr. B——, I will: and I am half in love with her already, although I have not seen her.

They came in when dinner was near ready, and the four gentlemen took each a large bumper of old hock for another whet.

The countess, Lady Davers, and I, came down together. The gentlemen knew our two noble ladies, and were known to them in person, as well as by character. Mr. B——, in his usual kind and encouraging manner, took my hand, and presented the four gentlemen to me, each by his name. Sir Charles said, pretty bluntly, that he hoped he was more welcome to me now, than the last time he was under the same roof with me; for he had been told since that *that* was our happy day.

I said, Mr. B——'s friends were always welcome to me.

'Tis well, madam, said Mr. Sedley, we did not know how it was. We should have quartered ourselves upon Mr. B—— for a week together, and kept him up day and night.

I thought this speech deserved no answer, especially as they were gentlemen who wanted no countenance, and addressed myself to Lord Davers, who is always kindly making court to me: I hope, my good lord, you find yourself quite recovered of your headache?—(of which he complained at breakfast).

I thank you, my dear sister, pretty well.

I was telling Sir Charles, and the other gentlemen, niece,

said Sir Jacob, how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady Jenny.

It was a very lucky cheat for me, Sir Jacob; for it gave you a prepossession in my favour, under so advantageous a character, that I could never have expected otherwise.

I wish, said the countess, my daughter, for whom Sir Jacob took you, had Mrs. B——'s qualities to boast of.

How am I obliged to your ladyship's goodness, returned I, when you treat me even with greater indulgence than you use to so beloved a daughter!

Nay, now you talk of treating, said Sir Charles, when, ladies, will you treat our sex with the politeness which you show to one another?

When your sex deserve it, Sir Charles, answered Lady Davers.

Who is to be judge of that? said Mr. Walgrave.

Not the gentlemen, I hope, replied my lady.

Well then, Mrs. B——, said Sir Charles, we bespeak your good opinion of *us;* for you have *ours.*

I am obliged to you, gentlemen; but I must be more cautious in declaring *mine,* lest it should be thought I am influenced by your kind, and perhaps too hasty opinions of me.

Sir Charles swore they had *seen* enough of me the moment I entered the parlour, and *heard* enough the moment I opened my lips, to answer for *their* opinions of me.

I said, I made no doubt, when *they* had as good a subject to expatiate upon, as I had, in the pleasure before me, of seeing so many agreeable friends of Mr. B——'s, they would maintain the title they claimed to every one's good opinion.

This, said Sir Jacob, is binding you over, gentlemen, to your good behaviour.—You must know, my niece never shoots flying, as *you* do.

The gentlemen laughed: Is it shooting flying, Sir Jacob, returned Sir Charles, to praise that lady?

Ads-bud, I did not think of that.

O Sir Jacob, said the countess, you need not be at a

fault;—for a good sportsman always hits his mark, flying or not: and the gentlemen had so fair a one, that they could not well miss it.

You are fairly helped over the stile, Sir Jacob, said Mr. Floyd.

And indeed I wanted it; though I limped like a puppy before I was lame. One can't think of everything, as one used to do at your time of life, gentlemen.

This flippant stuff was all that passed, which I *can* recite; for the rest, at table, and after dinner, was too polite by half for me; such as, the quantity of wine each man could *carry off*, that was the phrase; dogs, horses, hunting, racing, cock-fighting, and all accompanied with swearing and cursing, and that in good humour, and out of wantonness (the least excusable and most profligate sort of swearing and cursing of all); loud laughing, with a little touching now and then on the borders of Sir Simon's beloved subject, to try if they could make a lady show she *understood* their hints by her *blushes*;* a certain indication, that those who seek a blush in others, are past it themselves; and by their turning it into ridicule when they find it in their friends, that they would not for the world have it imputed to them; talking three or four at once, and as loud as if they were in the field pursuing their game, at a quarter of a mile's distance from one another.

These were the subjects, and this the entertainment, which held the ladies and me for one hour after a tedious dinner; when we retired; and glad we were to do so. The gentlemen liked the wine so well that we had the felicity to drink tea and coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B—— (upon our inviting the gentlemen to partake with us) sliding in for a few minutes to tell us they would stick by what they had, and taking a dish of coffee with us.

I should not omit one observation: that Sir Jacob, when they were gone, said, They were *pure company:* and Mr. H——, that he never was so delighted in his *born days*— While the two ladies put up their prayers that they might

* See vol. i. p. 340.

never have such another entertainment. And being encouraged by their declaration, I presumed to join in the same petition.

Yet, it seems, these are men of wit! I believe they must be so—because I could neither like nor understand them. —Yet, if their conversation had much wit in it, I should think my ladies would have found it out.

However, this they did find out, and agree in, that these gentlemen were of the true modern cast of libertines and fox-hunters, and indifferently as they liked them, could not be easily outdone by any of the same stamp in England.

God defend my dear Miss Darnford, and every worthy single lady, from such a husband as a gentleman of this character would make!

I wonder really how Mr. B——, who chooses not this sort of conversation, and always (whatever faults he had besides) was a *sober* gentleman, can sit for hours so easy and cheerful in it; and yet he never says much when they are in their high delight.

When all's done, miss, there are very unpleasant things, which persons in *genteel* life are forced to put up with, as well as those in *lower;* and were the one to be balanced with the other, the difference, as to true happiness, would not perhaps be so great as people in the latter imagine;— if it did not turn in their favour.

The gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry, to ride ten miles by owl-light; for they would not accept of beds here. They had two French horns with them, and gave us a blast, or flourish or two, at going off. Each had a servant besides: but the way they were in would have given me more concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. B——, and less used to it. And indeed it is a happiness that such gentlemen take no more care, than they generally do, to interest anybody intimately in their healths and preservation; for these are all single men. Nor is the public, any more than the private, under any necessity to be much concerned about them; for let such persons

go when they will, if they continue single, their next heir cannot well be a worse commonwealth's man; and there is a great chance he may be better.

You know I end my Saturdays seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, my dear Miss Darnford,

Your faithful and affectionate

P. B——.

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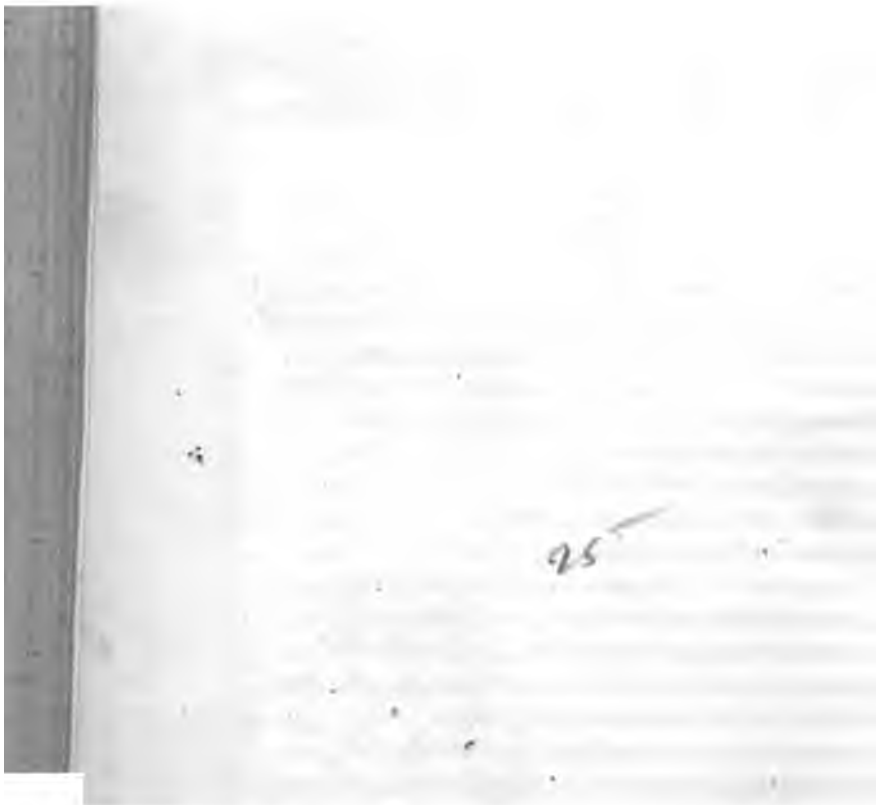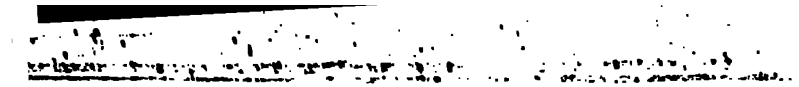
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